THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° Franklin

MARCH 15, 1913 5c. THE COPY

Beginning

John Barleycorn—By Jack London

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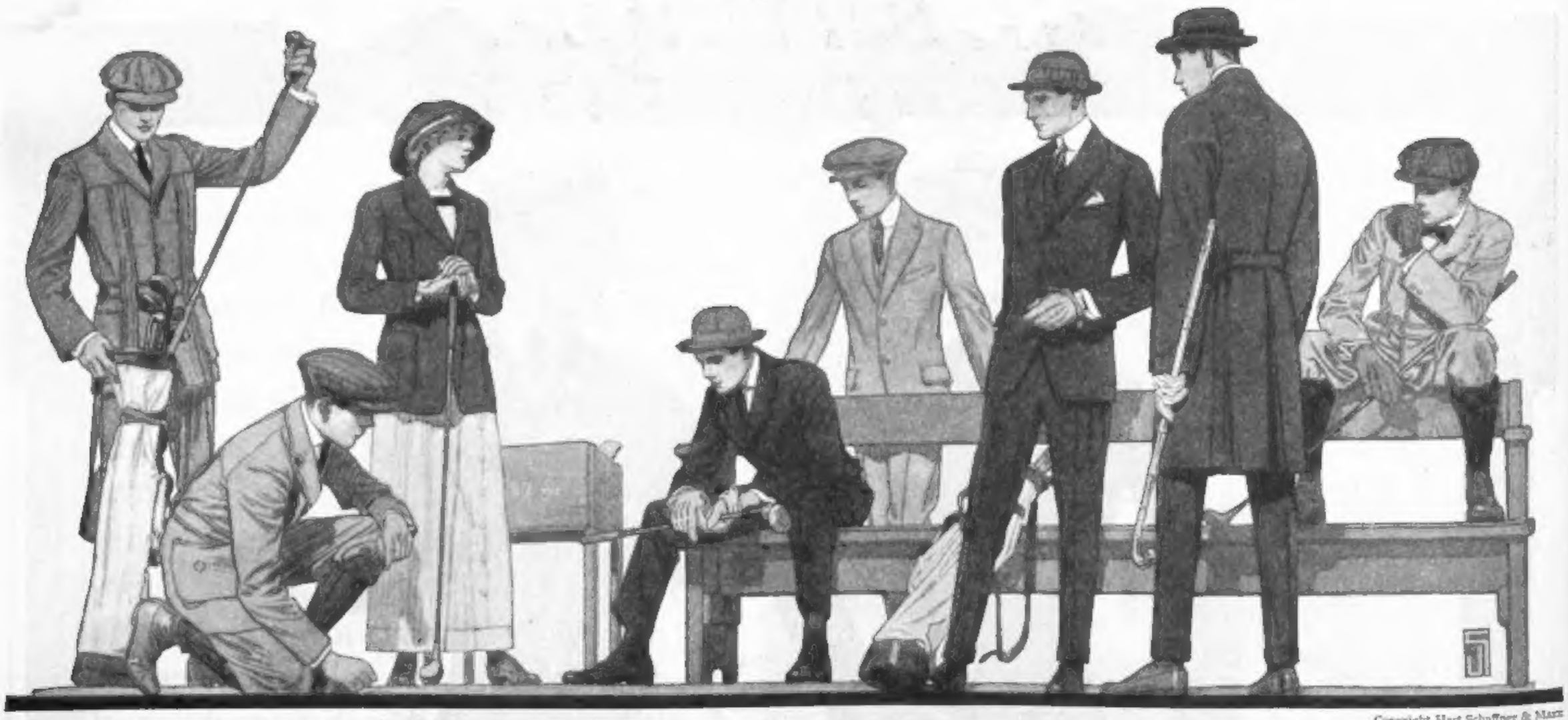

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JOHN BARLEYCORN

I Was Sent From the House, Half a Mile Away, to Carry Him a Pail of Beer

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

IT ALL came to me one election day. It was on a warm California afternoon, and I had ridden down into the Valley of the Moon from the ranch to the little village to vote Yes or No to a host of proposed amendments to the constitution of the state of California. Because of the warmth of the day I had several drinks before casting my ballot and divers drinks after casting it. Then I had ridden up through the vineclad hills and rolling pastures of the ranch and arrived at the farmhouse in time for another drink and supper.

"How did you vote on the suffrage amendment?" Charmian asked.

"I voted for it."

She uttered an exclamation of surprise. For be it known, in my younger days, despite my ardent democracy, I had been opposed to woman suffrage. In my later and more tolerant years I had been unenthusiastic in my acceptance of it as an inevitable social phenomenon. "Now just why did you vote for it?" Charmian asked.

I answered. I answered at length. I answered indignantly. The more I answered, the more indignant I became.

No—I was not drunk. The horse I had ridden was well named The Outlaw. I'd like to see any drunken man ride her!

And yet—how shall I say?—I was lighted up; I was feeling "good"; I was pleasantly jingled.

"When the women get the ballot they will vote for prohibition," I said. "It is the wives and sisters and mothers, and they only, who will drive the nails into the coffin of John Barleycorn ——"

"But I thought you were a friend to John Barleycorn," Charmian broke in.

"I am. I was. I am not. I never am. I am never less his friend than when he is with me and when I seem most his friend. He is the king of liars. He is the frankest truthsayer. He is the august companion with whom one walks with the gods. He is also in league with the Noseless One. His way leads to truth naked and to death. He gives clear vision and muddy dreams. He is the enemy of life and the teacher of wisdom beyond life's wisdom. He is a redhanded killer—and he slays youth."

And Charmian looked at me, and I knew she wondered where I had got it.

I continued to talk. As I say, I was lighted up. In my brain every thought was at home. Every thought, in its little cell, crouched ready-dressed at the door, like prisoners at midnight waiting a jailbreak. And every thought was a vision, bright-imaged, sharp-cut, unmistakable. My brain was illuminated by the clear, white light of alcohol. John Barleycorn was on a truth-telling rampage, giving away the choicest secrets on himself. And I was his spokesman. There moved the multitudes of memories of my past life, all orderly arranged, like soldiers in some vast review. It was mine to pick and choose. I was a lord of thought, the master of my vocabulary and of the totality of my experience, unerringly capable of building my exposition; for so John Barleycorn tricks and lures, setting the maggots of intelligence gnawing, whispering his fatal intuitions of truth, flinging purple passages into the monotony of one's days.

I outlined my life to Charmian and expounded the makeup of my constitution. I was no hereditary alcoholic. I had been born with no organic, chemical predisposition toward alcohol. In this matter I was normal in my generation. Alcohol was an acquired taste. It had been painfully acquired. Alcohol had been a dreadfully repugnant thing—more nauseous than any physic. Even now I did not like the taste of it. I drank it only for its "kick." And from the age of five to that of twenty-five I had not learned to care for its kick. Twenty years of unwilling apprenticeship had been required to make my system rebelliously tolerant of alcohol; to make me, in the heart and the deeps of me, desirous of alcohol.

I sketched my first contacts with alcohol, told of my first intoxications and revulsions, and pointed out always the one thing that in the end had won me over—namely, the accessibility of alcohol. Not only had it always been accessible, but every interest of my developing life had drawn me to it. A newsboy on the streets, a sailor, a miner, a wanderer in far lands—always where men came together to exchange ideas, to laugh and boast and dare, to relax, to forget the dull toil of tiresome nights and days—always they came together over alcohol. The saloon was the place of congregation. Men gathered to it as primitive men gathered about the fire of the squatting-place or the fire at the mouth of the cave.

I reminded Charmian of the canoe houses from which she had been barred in the South Pacific, where the kinky-haired cannibals escaped from their womenkind and feasted and drank by themselves—the sacred precincts taboo to women under pain of death. As a youth, by way of the saloon I had escaped from the narrowness of women's influence into the wide, free world of men. All ways led to the saloon. The thousand roads of romance and adventure drew together in the saloon, and thence led out and on over the world.

"The point is," I concluded my sermon, "that it is the accessibility of alcohol that has given me my taste for alcohol. I did not care for it. I used to laugh at it. Yet here I am, at the last, possessed with the drinker's desire. It took twenty years to implant that desire; and for ten years more that desire has grown. And the effect of satisfying that desire is anything but good. Temperamentally I am wholesome-hearted and merry. Yet when I walk with John Barleycorn I suffer all the damnation of intellectual pessimism. But," I hastened to add—I always hasten to add—"John Barleycorn must have his due. He does tell the truth. That is the curse of it. The so-called truths of life are not true. They are the vital lies by which life lives, and John Barleycorn gives them the lie."

"Which does not make toward life," Charmian said.

"Very true," I answered. "And that is the perfectest hell of it. John Barleycorn makes toward death. That is why I voted for the amendment today. I read back in my life and saw how the accessibility of alcohol had given me the taste for it. You see comparatively few alcoholics are born in a generation. And by alcoholic I mean a man whose chemistry craves alcohol and drives him resistlessly to it. The great majority

of habitual drinkers are born not only without desire for alcohol but with actual repugnance toward it. Not the first, or the twentieth, or the hundredth drink succeeded in giving them the liking. But they learned—just as men learn to smoke; though it is far easier to learn to smoke than to learn to drink. They learned because alcohol was so accessible. The women know the game. They pay for it—the wives and sisters and mothers. And when they come to vote they will vote for prohibition. And the best of it is that there will be no hardship worked on the coming generation. Not having access to alcohol, not being predisposed toward alcohol, it will never miss alcohol. It will mean life more abundant for the manhood of the young boys born and growing up—aye, and life more abundant for the young girls born and growing up to share the lives of the young men."

"Why not write all this up for the sake of the young men and women coming?" Charmian asked. "Why not write it so as to help the wives and sisters and mothers to the way they should vote?"

"The Memoirs of an Alcoholic," I sneered—or, rather, John Barleycorn sneered; for he sat with me there at table in my pleasant, philanthropic jingle, and it is a trick of John Barleycorn to turn the smile to a sneer without an instant's warning.

"No," said Charmian, ignoring John Barleycorn's roughness, as so many women have learned to do. "You have shown yourself no alcoholic, no dipsomaniac; but merely a habitual drinker, one who has made John Barleycorn's acquaintance through long years of rubbing shoulders with him. Write it up and call it Alcoholic Memoirs."

II

ERE I begin I must ask the reader to walk with me in all sympathy; and, since sympathy is merely understanding, begin by understanding me, and whom and what I write about. In the first place I am a seasoned drinker. I have no constitutional predisposition for alcohol. I am not stupid. I am not a swine. I know the drinking game from A to Zed, and I have used my judgment in drinking. I never have to be put to bed. Nor do I stagger. In short I am a normal, average man; and I drink in the normal, average way, as drinking goes. And this is the very point: I am writing of the effects of alcohol on the normal, average man. I have no word to say for or about the microscopically unimportant excessivist, the dipsomaniac.

There are, broadly speaking, two types of drinkers. There is the man whom we all know, stupid, unimaginative, whose brain is bitten numbly by numb maggots; who walks generously, with widespread, tentative legs; falls frequently in the gutter; and who sees, in the extremity of his ecstasy, blue mice and pink elephants. He is the type that gives rise to the jokes in the funny papers.

The other type of drinker has imagination, vision. Even when most pleasantly jingled he walks straight and naturally, never staggers or falls, and knows just where he is and what he is doing. It is not his body but his brain that is drunken. He may bubble with wit or expand with good fellowship. Or he may see intellectual specters and phantoms that are cosmic and logical, and that take the forms of syllogisms. It is when in this condition that he strips away the husks of life's healthiest illusions and gravely considers the iron collar of necessity welded about the neck of his soul. This is the hour of John Barleycorn's subtlest power. It is easy for any man to roll in the gutter; but it is a terrible ordeal for a man to stand upright on his two legs, unswaying, and decide that in all the universe he finds for himself but one freedom—namely, the anticipating of the day of his death.

With this man this is the hour of the white logic—of which more anon—when he knows that he may know only the laws of things—the meaning of things never. This is his danger hour. His feet are taking hold of the pathway that leads down into the grave.

All is clear to him. All these baffling head-reaches after immortality are but the panics of souls frightened by the fear of death, and cursed with the thrice-cursed gift of imagination. They have not the instinct for death; they lack the will to die when the time to die is at hand. They trick themselves into believing they will outwit the game and win to a future, leaving the other animals to the darkness of the grave or the annihilating heats of the crematory. But he, this man in the hour of his white logic, knows that they trick and outwit themselves. The one event happeneth to all alike. There is no new thing under the sun, not even immortality. But he knows, *he* knows, standing upright on his two legs, unswaying. He is compounded of meat and wine and sparkle, of sun-mote and word-dust—a frail mechanism made to run for a span, to be tinkered at by doctors of divinity and doctors of physic, and to be flung into the scrapheap at the end.

They Paired Off, Lad and Lassie, and Started Down the Sandy Road

Of course all this is soul-sickness, life-sickness. It is the penalty the imaginative man must pay for his friendship with John Barleycorn. The penalty paid by the stupid man is simpler, easier. He drinks himself into sottish unconsciousness. He sleeps a drugged sleep; and if he dream his dreams are dim and inarticulate. But to the imaginative man John Barleycorn sends the pitiless, spectral syllogisms of the white logic. He looks upon life and all its affairs with the jaundiced eye of a pessimistic German philosopher. He sees through all illusions. He transvalues all values. Good is bad, truth is a cheat and life is a joke.

From his calm-mad heights, with the certitude of a god, he beholds all life as evil. Wife, children, friends—in the clear, white light of his logic they are exposed as frauds and shams.

He sees through them, and all that he sees is their frailty, their meagerness, their sordidness, their pitifulness. No longer do they fool him.

They are miserable little egotisms, like all the other little humans, fluttering their May-fly life-dance of an hour. They are without freedom. They are puppets of chance. So is he. He realizes that.

But there is one difference: He sees; he knows. And he knows his one freedom—he may anticipate the day of his death. All of which is not good for a man who is made to live and love and be loved. Yet suicide, quick or slow, a sudden spill or a gradual oozing away through the years, is the price John Barleycorn exacts. No friend of his ever escapes making the just, due payment.

III

I WAS five years old the first time I got drunk. It was on a hot day and my father was plowing in the field. I was sent from the house, half a mile away, to carry to him a pail of beer. "And be sure you don't spill it!" was the parting injunction.

It was, as I remember it, a lard pail, very wide across the top and without a cover. As I toddled along the beer slopped over the rim upon my legs. And as I toddled I pondered. Beer was a very precious thing. Come to think of it, it must be wonderfully good—else why was I never permitted to drink of it in the house? Other things kept from me by the grown-ups I had found good. Then this too was good. Trust the grown-ups! They knew. And, anyway, the pail was too full. I was slopping it against my legs and spilling it on the ground. Why waste it? And no one would know whether I had drunk or spilled it.

I was so small that in order to negotiate the pail I sat down and gathered it into my lap. First I sipped the foam. I was disappointed. The preciousness evaded me. Evidently it did not reside in the foam. Besides, the taste was not good. Then I remembered seeing the grown-ups blow the foam away before they drank. I buried my face in the foam and lapped the solid liquid beneath. It wasn't good at all. But still I drank. The grown-ups knew what they were about. Considering my diminutiveness, the size of the pail in my lap, and my drinking out of it with my breath held and my face buried to the ears in foam, it was rather difficult to estimate how much I drank. Also I was gulping it down like medicine, in nauseous haste to get the ordeal over.

I shuddered when I started on, and decided that the good taste would come afterward. I tried several times more in the course of that long half-mile. Then, astounded by the quantity of beer that was lacking and remembering having seen stale beer made to foam afresh, I took a stick and stirred what was left until it foamed to the brim.

And my father never noticed! He emptied the pail with the wide thirst of the sweating plowman, returned it to me and started up the plow. I endeavored to walk beside the horses. I remember tottering and falling against their heels in front of the shining share, and that my father hauled back on the lines so violently the horses nearly sat down on me. He told me afterward that it was by only a matter of inches that I escaped disemboweling. Vaguely, too, I remember my father carried me in his arms to the trees on the edge of the field, while all the world reeled and swung about me, and I was aware of deadly nausea mingled with an appalling conviction of sin.

I slept the afternoon away under the trees, and when my father roused me at sundown it was a very sick little boy that got up and dragged wearily homeward. I was exhausted, oppressed by the weight of my limbs, and in my stomach was a harp-like vibrating that extended to my throat and brain. My condition was like that of one who had gone through a battle with poison. I had been poisoned.

In the weeks and months that followed I had no more interest in beer than in the kitchen stove after it had burned me. The grown-ups were right. Beer was not for children. The grown-ups didn't mind it; but neither did they mind taking pills and castor oil. As for me I could manage to get along quite well without beer. Yes, and to the day of my death I could have managed to get along quite well without it; but circumstances decreed otherwise. At every turn in the world in which I lived John Barleycorn beckoned. There was no escaping him. All paths led to him. And it took twenty years of contact, of exchanging greetings and passing on with my tongue in my cheek, to develop in me a sneaking liking for the rascal.

IV

MY NEXT bout with John Barleycorn occurred when I was seven. This time my imagination was at fault and I was frightened into the encounter. Still farming, my family had moved to a ranch on the bleak, sad coast of San Mateo County, south of San Francisco. It was a wild, primitive countryside in those days; and often I heard my mother pride herself that we were old American stock and not immigrant Irish and Italians like our neighbors. In all our section there was but one other old American family.

One Sunday morning found me—how or why I cannot now remember—at the Morrisey Ranch. A number of young people had gathered there from the nearer ranches. Besides, the oldsters had been there drinking since early dawn, and some of them since the night before.

The Morriseys were a huge breed, and there were many strapping great sons and uncles, heavy-booted, big-fisted, rough-voiced.

Suddenly there were screams from the girls and cries of "Fight!" There was a rush. Men hurled themselves out of the kitchen. Two giants, flush-faced, with graying hair, were locked in each other's arms. One was Black Matt who, everybody said, had killed two men in his time. The women screamed softly, crossed themselves or prayed brokenly, hiding their eyes and peeping through their fingers. But not I. It is a fair presumption that I was the most interested spectator. Maybe I should see that wonderful thing—a man killed. Anyway I should see a man-fight. Great was my disappointment. Black Matt and Tom Morrisey merely held on to each other and lifted their clumsy-booted feet in what seemed a grotesque, elephantine dance. They were too drunk to fight. Then the peacemakers got hold of them and led them back to cement the new friendship in the kitchen.

Soon they were all talking at once, rumbling and roaring as big-chested open-air men will when whisky has whipped their taciturnity. And I, a little shaver of seven, my heart in my mouth, my trembling body strung tense as a deer's on the verge of flight, peered wonderingly in at the open door and learned more of the strangeness of men. And I marveled at Black Matt and Tom Morrisey, sprawled over the table, each with his arms about the other's neck, weeping lovingly.

The kitchen-drinking continued and the girls outside grew timorous. They knew the drink game, and all were certain that something terrible was going to happen. They protested they did not wish to be there when it happened, and some one suggested going to a big Italian rancho, four miles away, where they could get up a dance. Immediately they paired off, lad and lassie, and started down the sandy road. And each lad walked with his sweetheart—trust a child of seven to listen and to know the love affairs of his countryside. And, behold, I too was a lad with a lassie. A little Irish girl of my own age had been paired off with me. We were the only children in this spontaneous affair. Perhaps the eldest couple might have been twenty. There were chits of girls—quite grown up—of fourteen and sixteen, walking with their fellows. But we were uniquely young, this little Irish girl and I; and we walked hand in hand, and sometimes, under the tutelage of our elders, with my arm round her waist. Only that wasn't comfortable. And I was very proud on that bright Sunday morning, going down the bleak road among the sandhills. I too had my girl and was a little man!

The Italian rancho was a bachelor establishment. Our visit was hailed with delight. The red wine was poured in tumblers for all, and the long dining room was partly cleared for dancing. And the young fellows drank and danced with the girls to the strains of an accordion. To me that music was divine! I had never heard anything so glorious. The young Italian who furnished it would even get up and dance, his arms round his girl, playing the accordion behind her back. All of which was very wonderful to me, who did not dance, but who sat at a table and gazed wide-eyed at the amazingness of life. I was only a little lad and there was so much of life for me to learn. As the time passed, the Irish lads began helping themselves to the wine, and jollity and high spirits reigned. I noted that some of them staggered and fell down in the dances, and that one had gone to sleep in a corner. Also some of the girls were complaining and wanting to leave, and others of the girls were titteringly complacent, willing for anything to happen.

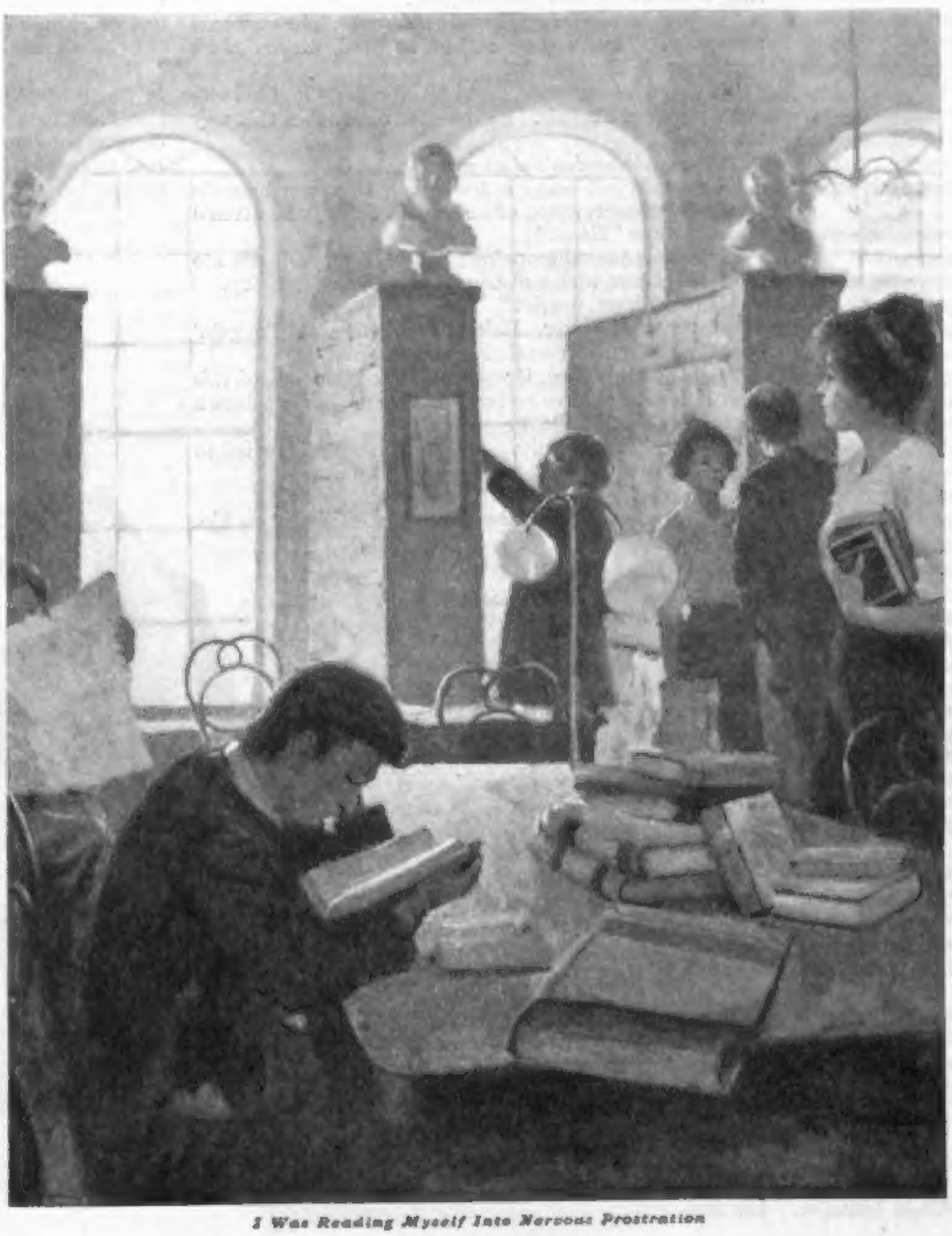
When our Italian hosts had offered me wine in a general sort of way I had declined. My beer experience had been enough for me, and I had no inclination to traffic further in the stuff or in anything related to it. Unfortunately one young Italian, Peter, an impish soul, seeing me sitting solitary, stirred by a whim of the moment, half filled a tumbler with wine and passed it to me. He was sitting across the table from me. I declined. His face grew stern and he insistently proffered the wine. And then terror descended upon me—a terror that I must explain.

My mother had theories. First, she steadfastly maintained that brunettes and all the tribe of dark-eyed humans were deceitful. Needless to say my mother was a blonde. Next, she was convinced that the dark-eyed Latin races were profoundly sensitive, profoundly treacherous and profoundly murderous. Again and again, drinking in the strangeness and the fearsomeness of the world from her lips, I had heard her state that if one offended an Italian, no matter how slightly and unintentionally, he was certain to retaliate by stabbing one in the back. That was her particular phrase—"Stab you in the back!"

Now, though I had been eager to see Black Matt kill Tom Morrisey that morning, I did not care to furnish to the dancers the spectacle of a knife sticking in *my* back. I had not yet learned to distinguish between facts and theories. My faith was implicit in my mother's exposition of the Italian character. Besides, I had some glimmering inkling of the sacredness of hospitality. Here was a treacherous, sensitive, murderous Italian offering me hospitality. I had been taught to believe that if I offended him he would strike at me with a knife precisely as a horse kicked out when one got too close to its heels and worried it. Then too this Italian, Peter, had those terrible black eyes I had heard my mother talk about. They were eyes different from the eyes I knew, from the blues and grays and hazels of my own family, from the pale and genial blues of the Irish.

Perhaps Peter had had a few drinks. At any rate his eyes were brilliantly black, and sparkling with deviltry. They were the mysterious, the unknown; and who was I, a seven-year-old, to analyze them and know their prankishness? In them I visioned sudden death, and I declined the wine half-heartedly. The expression in his eyes changed. They grew stern and imperious as he shoved the tumbler of wine closer.

What could I do? I have faced real death since in my life, but never have I known the fear of death as I knew it then. I put the glass to my lips and Peter's eyes relented. I knew he would not kill me just then. That was a relief. But the wine was not. It was cheap, new wine, bitter and sour, made of the leavings and scrapings of the vineyards and the vats, and it tasted far worse than beer. There is only one way to take medicine, and that is to take it. And that is the way I took that wine. I threw my head back and gulped it down. I had to gulp again and hold the poison down, for poison it was to my child's tissues and membranes.



I Was Reading Myself Into Nervous Prostration

Looking back now I can realize that Peter was astounded. He half filled a second tumbler and shoved it across the table. Frozen with fear, in despair at the fate which had befallen me, I gulped the second glass down like the first. This was too much for Peter. He must share the infant prodigy he had discovered. He called Dominick, a young mustached Italian, to see the sight. This time it was a full tumbler that was given me. One will do anything to live. I gripped myself, mastered the qualms that rose in my throat and downed the stuff.

Dominick had never seen an infant of such heroic caliber. Twice again he refilled the tumbler, each time to the brim, and watched it disappear down my throat. By this time my exploits were attracting attention. Middle-aged Italian laborers, old-country peasants who did not talk English and who could not dance with the Irish girls, surrounded me. They were swarthy and wild looking; they wore belts and red shirts, and I knew they carried knives; and they ringed me round like a pirate chorus. And Peter and Dominick made me show off for them.

Had I lacked imagination, had I been stupid, had I been stubbornly mulish in having my own way, I should never have got in this pickle. The lads and lassies were dancing and there was no one to save me from my fate. How much I drank I do not know. My memory of it is of an age-long suffering of fear in the midst of a murderous crew, and of an infinite number of glasses of red wine passing across the bare boards of a wine-drenched table and going down my burning throat. Bad as the wine was, a knife in the back was worse; and I must survive at any cost.

Looking back with the drinker's knowledge, I know now why I did not collapse stupefied upon the table. As I have said, I was frozen, I was paralyzed with fear. The only movement I made was to convey that never-ending procession of glasses to my lips. I was a poised and motionless receptacle for all that quantity of wine. It lay inert in my fear-inert stomach. I was too frightened even for my stomach to turn. So all that Italian crew looked on and marveled at the infant phenomenon that downed wine with the *sang-froid* of an automaton. It is not in the spirit of braggadocio that I dare to assert they had never seen anything like it.

The time came to go. The tipsy antics of the lads had led a majority of the soberer-minded lassies to compel a departure. I found myself at the door, beside my little maiden. She had not had my experience, so she was sober. She was fascinated by the titubations of the lads who strove to walk beside their girls and began to mimic them. I thought this a great game, and I too began to stagger tipsily; but she had no wine to stir up, while my movements quickly set the fumes rising to my head. Even at the start I was more realistic than she. In several minutes I was astonishing myself. I saw one lad, after reeling half a dozen steps, pause at the side of the road, gravely peer into the ditch, and gravely and after apparent deep thought fall into it. To me this was excruciatingly funny. I staggered to the edge of the ditch, fully intending to stop on the edge. I came to myself—in the ditch—in process of being hauled out by several anxious girls.

I didn't care to play at being drunk any more. There was no more fun in me. My eyes were beginning to swim and with wide-open mouth I panted for air. A girl led me by the hand on each side, but my legs were leaden. The alcohol I had drunk was striking my heart and brain like a club. Had I been a weakling of a child I am confident it would have killed me. As it was I know I was nearer death than any of the scared girls dreamed. I could hear them bickering among themselves as to whose fault it was; some were weeping—for themselves, for me and for the disgraceful way their lads had behaved. But I was not interested. I was suffocating and I wanted air. To move was agony. It made me pant harder. Yet those girls persisted in making me walk, and it was four miles home. Four miles! I remember my swimming eyes saw a small bridge across the road an infinite distance away; in fact it was not a hundred feet distant. When I reached it I sank down and lay on my back panting. The girls tried to lift me, but I was helpless and suffocating. Their cries of alarm brought Larry, a

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The Hunch of the Human Fish

By HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IN HER dressing room at Leith's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theater, Divetta, the Human Fish, exclaimed: "Gimme envelope an' paper quick! I'll see if a performer's got to have the life bothered out of her, an' me very far from bein' a strong woman, for I am not. He's sent more flowers!"

"American Beauties again? He must have a terrific roll," said Jessie, the maid.

Divetta wrote:

Horace Selby: I am not going to inform you much more that I am married to Mr. McNoodle and am his loving wife. You were told in Indianapolis that I had only scorn for a drinking man. If he finds any one trying to break up his home the person will regret it.

Send no more flowers.

Yours very truly,
AGATHA MCNOODLE.
(Divetta)

"And you got no idea who the party is?" queried Jessie.

"Well, I—don't breathe a word of this to Mr. Mac, will you?"

"There ain't a man living I give my confidence to, ma'am."

Divetta giggled. Jessie giggled. The former said softly: "Selby of Selby's Seals."

"The one who gave the swell banquet when he was on the bill with us in Indianapolis and carried on so?"

"Yes. But long before I thought of bein' remarried to Ned I let Horace Selby know where he got off at. This thing may go to court yet, an' you'd be a witness. He's not been encouraged."

Jessie interviewed a messenger waiting at the stage door. She returned with a burden of fragrant roses, having opened the box where some of the lesser acts might watch her. Forty-dollar floral tributes properly belonged to musical comedy.

"Mrs. Mangle of the Mangles' Four nearly put her eyes out staring," Jessie reported.

"Poor soul!" said Divetta. "Take her six. William Mangle hates to give her a nickel of their salary, yet his clownin' is all her inspiration."

"Selby's the added attraction at Slammerstein's, and I saw a piece in the Telegraph saying that he caught his seals up in the Arctic, and he's got ten polar-bear skins he shot. He must be a perfectly fearless man," said Jessie.

"That's all press stuff. His seals are nothing compared to Ned's, an' Ned's booked solid, with fourteen weeks on the other side. The managers know. Listen to this daffy note: 'Fairest, fly with your true knight, who lays the best seal act in vaudeville at your tiny feet. Answer by bearer.' Horace is carousin' or he'd never dare, for he's a lovely boy when he's sober. How's the house?"

"You know what a Friday is up here. The Devere Sisters' mother is in a box. She's going to wait and watch you work."

Jessie began to wind Divetta's blond hair tightly about her head. It was soft hair of an honest yellow, and Jessie's fingers had rubbed and anointed it into shining beauty. There was a thin oiled-silk cap to protect it from the water in which Divetta mystified the public as the Human Fish. Over the cap she wore a fluffed blond wig. Whether the theater was half filled or the "S. R. O." sign hung at the box-office window, her act always "went big." Leaving the stage later, she heard:

"That's her, maw. Think of drawing a thousand a week!"

Divetta smiled on the Devere Sisters' awed parent and on Little Minnie Mangle, the Marvelous Child Imitator, who brought her mother's thanks for the roses. Mr. Mangle was with his daughter.

"Mommer'n pop was havin' a peach of a battle when your maid brung 'em, an' mom throwed one at pop an' it ketched his lip, didn't it, pop?" confided Little Minnie.

"Here now, that'll do! No such thing," said Mr. Mangle angrily. "But Louisa sure was stuck on that bokay. McNoodle send 'em to you?"

"Why, no—yes, of course!" replied Divetta, slightly confused.

"He ain't been married long this time," said Mr. Mangle, laughing; "but he'll cut that out. I didn't ever start. It spoils a woman."

At six-thirty Divetta entered a Broadway grill and found her tall blond husband checking his overcoat.

"How's father's baby?" he asked fondly, and as she was not embarrassed before auditors she replied that if she felt any better she couldn't stand it.

"Did you go big, dearie?" she asked.

"Fine. Feel like a steak? All right. Au gratin potatoes, endive with French dressing, stewed tomatoes, and bring some celery if it's good. Coffee after," said McNoodle to the waiter. He regarded his wife intently, remarking:

"You're sure a pretty gal, Aggie. I wish you was on that Brooklyn bill with me, but we're doing fairly well to be this near when lots of folks don't see each other all season, and so —— Say, pipe that black-mustached guy. Is he looking at me or you?"

Divetta turned, and in the wall mirror beheld the owner of Selby's Seals bowing in her direction. She grew very busy with a roll. It would be safe enough if the bottle she saw on his table was his first; but Horace Selby was very uncertain. He might climb upon the dinner dishes and sing, as he had done in Indianapolis.

"I s'pose he's somebody I met on the road," she answered nervously. "Don't stare at him so hard, dearie. Just ignore people like that."

"He's got a tough face," said McNoodle; "and his wife must have cut his hair. He'd better not rubber this way too long."

"Please, please don't start anything!"

"I've walloped many a fresh gink that was bigger'n him." McNoodle gazed offensively at Selby, who uttered an impressive "Hem!"

The waiter placed grapefruit before them. Divetta ate the juice of hers with a distressed blue eye upon Selby.

"How's Elmer, dearie?"

"Never mind Elmer. He's still rubbering and I'm goin' to make him quit. You stick where you are."

"But, dearie! Ned, if you do I'll go right out of this place! I will not have no fuss when he really ain't done a thing. Mr. McNoodle, I mean it!"

She rose determinedly. A head waiter had hurried to Selby's table and a coat boy brought his hat.

"He's afraid, the big stiff!" jeered McNoodle.

"My gracious, to get the entire place lampin' us like this! I got no desire for notoriety, ceptin' for stage," said Divetta hotly. She was disgusted with the cowardly Selby. Fleeing before he was hurt!

McNoodle grinned. He was carving the sirloin when their waiter escorted a messenger boy to the table. The boy delivered a card to Divetta.

"I spared him for your sake," it said.

"Aggie, I want to see that," said McNoodle. "I'd bet all I got the black-haired party sent it. Hand it here."

"No," said Divetta faintly. "You shan't—it's mine—leave go or I'll scream! You can't treat me like no despot!"

McNoodle snatched at the card, men at other tables left their chairs, waiters hastened forward, and Divetta, with the card secured, rushed with a flaming face out of the restaurant. McNoodle followed, flinging a bill to his waiter.

"Aggie, listen, kiddo!"

Divetta plunged through the revolving doors with her furs over her arm.

"Say, Pipe That Black-Mustached Guy. Is He Looking at Me or You?"

"Right here, miss." The alert carriage-starter opened the door of a taxicab that stood at the curb.

"Stage, Leith's, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street," she said, and got in. So did McNoodle.

"No! You get out of my cab!"

"Drive where she told you and go through the Park," said McNoodle, slamming the door.

"Think you're smart, don't you?" said Divetta when they turned into Fifth Avenue.

"Wouldn't it make any man sore?" he asked mildly.

"Oh, if you can't trust your wife!"

"I spoke too quick, Aggie. I don't care about it now. Won't you lemme go to the showshop with you? I ain't due in Brooklyn till nine-thirty, so let's stop somewhere and order another dinner, will you?"

"Honest and truly are you sorry?"

He said he was. Divetta sighed, giving him a brief kiss, to which McNoodle responded with a loving hug.

"But I hate bein' treated like I was a woman who'd deceive her husband, when everything I do is for your best interests. I do know that party, but he's abs'lutely nothin' to me," said she.

In her dressing room after dinner they were in excellent spirits. McNoodle decided to visit his old acquaintance, William Mangle. Divetta was made up and dressed in all but her green-scaled fishtail when the voice of Little Minnie Mangle was heard. Divetta put on a pale-blue bathrobe, admitting the child wonder, who was made up for her imitation of Adeline Genée in ballet costume and a flaxen wig.

"Say, didn't Mac send you them roses?" she inquired.

"Don't you be worrying about other folks' business," advised Jessie.

"But why do you ask that, dear?"

Divetta feared the Imitator. Every one did. She disclosed the most personal matters of her family's associates to those least entitled to know them. She looked elfishly at Divetta. She winked, and Divetta was reminded that it had been Little Minnie and Baby Theodore Mangle who ravished certain love letters from the overcoat of Howard the Great, and played Post-Office all over the Poli Circuit with his secrets.

"Just 'cause," said Little Minnie coyly.

"Did your father mention the roses when Mr. Mac went in, lambie?"

Jessie's air was genial, but Little Minnie only grinned wisely.

Divetta plucked a dollar from her purse.

"Buy some candy with that, dear," said she. "You were sayin' that your poppa mentioned those roses?"

Little Minnie pouched the dollar and suddenly squealed: "Golly, he's huntin' me!"

Mr. Mangle seldom hunted without some aid beside his vocal powers. He called:

"You, Minnie! D'you know they're holdin' that stage f'you?"

The Imitator scampered out. Jessie held the door open, and half a minute afterward the orchestra stopped playing Minnie's introduction and her shrill young voice announced:

"Ladies an' gent'mun. I will now give my own imitation of Ma'm'selle Jennay."

McNoodle found Divetta pretending to read a theatrical weekly.

"I got to be breezing along, Aggie. Are you coming straight home when you're through?"

"Is there any time I ain't went straight to my home?"

"Am I accusing you, kiddo? Where'd you get the flowers?"

"Today matinée."

"Somebody with more change than brains," said McNoodle. "Well, you'll never get poor from taking."

"Men are all reg'lar old gossips," said Divetta when he was gone; "but he can't expect a professional woman not to be appreciated. Mangle's been talkin'."

"He had a funny look," said Jessie.

"I can thank Bill Mangle for tryin' to get us in a row."

When the two headliners met in their suite at a Broadway hotel McNoodle bore disquieting news. Lorenzo, his oldest seal, had refused to play his cymbals in the seal band. A younger seal also had mutinied.

"I can't make out the trouble. Lorenzo eats his fish, but his bark sounds queer; and the minute I put his hat on for the juggling he got ugly. It ain't his teeth, and his eyes are all right. The young one's behaving the same. Bill's to stay in the theater tonight and find out if they're scrapping when they're alone, as Lorenzo was jealous of Elmer before and he might be again. Elmer's getting some terrific hands for his trombone playing this week."

"Do you s'pose I could coax Lorenzo? He likes me; let me try," Divetta pleaded.

McNoodle was dubious, but he candidly said that she had a wonderful way with all of them. She was playing the Palace in Brooklyn the next week, and because of their success the Educated Seals were held over for another week at the Calumet, another Brooklyn theater. Divetta would appear at three-fifteen and nine-fifteen; the seals closed the Calumet program. She promised to visit Lorenzo daily.

McNoodle was disconsolate on Saturday night. Another seal had joined Lorenzo and Baby in active revolt. The three declined to use their instruments, endeavoring to revert to an obsolete trick of balancing a tin fish on their noses. Lorenzo, with ulterior motive, had sneaked a battered tin fish that Elmer had played with in his lighter hours since puphood. Unless the fish lay at his station during performances he was restless. Lorenzo had next bitten Elmer, his intimate for years.

"Maybe Bill's neglectin' 'em or Lorenzo's took a dislike to him. How do you know how Bill treats those animals when you're away?" said Divetta.

"But Bill's losing sleep over 'em, Aggie. That boy's an ace. It was him pointed out first the way Lorenzo was going on. It's enough to make a man desperate."

"Elmer all right?"

"He's always all right, except he got excited while I was yanking his fish away from the others. I dread tonight's show—when I'm held over too! There's a party who writes ads for The Profession, and was hounding me for a hundred-dollar write-up. I told him nothing doing, for I'd rather spend my coin where the write-up'd be seen by managers, an', besides, a recognized act getting the publicity I am doesn't need it. But he's laying for a chance to come back at me, an' like as not he'll have a piece saying I've lost my grip. I'm going to lick Lorenzo tonight before we go on."

"Oh, dearie, please don't! It hurt his feelings so in Kansas City last season; he might stay mad for a month."

"Discipline, Aggie. Lorenzo and me must have an understanding."

"Let's go to dinner and you'll cheer up."

Dinner did not comfort McNoodle. Distastefully he drank a little tea. He would not eat. Divetta lost her appetite. They sat and stared at each other.

"Are the fish right, Ned? Try a different kind."

"It ain't the fish; it's meanness."

"Are you certain sure Bill didn't let any stranger fool round their tank between shows?"

"Don't you s'pose I've looked into everything, Aggie? Not that I don't thank you. I know you're sorry."

They parted gloomily. At the theater Divetta was given a long box. Protruding rose stems were proof of what it held.

"It's a bigger box than the other," said Jessie, carrying the spoil.

"Wretch! I hate him! He says: 'My seals would never humiliate you. I will have a tourin' car awaitin' you tonight. Fly with me an' we will dwell in Elysium'—wherever that is. Fly with him! I'll hand him a good stiff wallop if he just gets in range. But this cert'nly is not the time to let Mr. Mac know anything worryin', is it?"

Jessie agreed. She was sentimental, and the ardent pursuit of Selby won her pity. After the night show Divetta delayed to tip the expressman who would convey her glass tank to Brooklyn.

Because of the law respecting vaudeville performances, neither she nor McNoodle appeared on Sunday night in New York, so tomorrow she could rest. The theater treasurer brought her salary to her, an honor only accorded notable acts. She tipped the stagehands largely.

"Is my cab out there?" she inquired.

Jessie whispered to her. Divetta tossed her blond head. She whispered to Jessie, for Little Minnie Mangle, awaiting the conclusion of her family's packing, loitered near.

"I seen a big auto outside," said the Imitator loudly. "Pop says he'd like to know what dame on this bill's got a Johnny with a car like that. I bettcha I find out."

Divetta and Jessie whispered again. "And the chauffeur handed me this note," concluded Jessie.

"Thieves! Thieves!"

"Is it Selby? Speak, Can't You?"

Under the doortender's light Divetta scanned these daring words: "Grant me a thirty-minute drive, or regret it. Do not longer link your beautiful life with a has-been. Selby's Seals will lead the world."

Divetta's blue eyes were hard and glittering. She rushed toward the stage entrance, raising an ermine muff as if intending to employ it as a weapon; but at that moment from their dressing room walked the Mangles, and Little Minnie joined them.

"Who got in it, kiddo?" called Mr. Mangle.

"I dunno yet, pop, but the Deveres ain't out yet," replied Little Minnie, and Divetta shuddered when Mr. Mangle asked if she was going their way. The Imitator pulled at her father's coat, remarking:

"She's got a lot more of them same roses, pop."

"Did you hear that the man who has the auto outside's got a big black mustache, and he gave the doorkeeper five dollars but couldn't get in? I'm just crazy to know who on earth he can be looking for." Mrs. Mangle, a spare, tall woman in a tight red gown, was putting on her gloves.

"I—I'm sure I got no idea," faltered Divetta. "An' I'm goin' out through the lobby, so good evenin'."

"We're playing the Calumet same as Mac next week," said Mr. Mangle. "An' we —— Why, there's that party now."

"Don't let him see me!" gasped Divetta. A deep voice shouted:

"Where's the little blond empress of vaudeville and of Horace Selby's soul?"

Mrs. Mangle theatrically clung to her husband. Little Minnie tittered. Divetta, followed by Jessie, scurried through a door leading to the front. A street car labeled Brooklyn Bridge was slowing down. They got aboard.

"Throw the roses away, Jessie. Did you ever see such luck? The Mangles playin' the Calumet, an' then such a scene comin' off! I ought to 'a' stayed an' faced him, but I didn't know what the fool'd say—but I'll tell Ned myself. It ain't my fault if men are perfect pests. An' Selby is. Still he ain't really bad, an' if he was sober an' the Mangles would keep still —— I hate to get Ned after him."

Divetta was asleep when McNoodle came home, and in the morning he was obviously desirous of talking only of his misfortunes. They devoted Sunday afternoon to the seals, arriving at the Calumet just as the "sacred concert" began, with Cameron and Brennigan, in original ragtime, opening the show.

"You see Lorenzo just ignores me," said McNoodle. "So do the young ones. It may be something I did or said to 'em that I've forgotten, because they're all right when Bill comes round, though they won't do their regular stuff, of course. I'll keep away while you're seeing Lorenzo."

Divetta unpinned her plumed hat of fawn felt and put her long fawn gloves and a gold bag with it. She had worn a plain-tailored dark-green costume, considering the color non-exciting. She mounted a runway to the seal tank, which stood in the animal room.

"Lorenzo? Here, Lorry," she called.

Several smooth, shiny heads came out of the water. A small seal sleeping on the platform at one end of the tank awoke, stared, and flopped toward her, barking his glee.

"Not you, Elmer, you little tike. I want to see Lorenzo. Go 'way, Mabel! No, no, Fanchette! Lorenzo? What's the matter with you, hidin' down there when I want you, sir?"

Lorenzo seemed uninterested in the lady addressing him. Elmer barked a desire to be caressed. He made playful lunges for Divetta's hand, rudely repulsing matronly Mabel and eager Fanchette.

"Lorenzo? Well, of all things!" said Divetta, irritated. "You'd think he never saw me before."

"Odd about him, isn't it, ma'am?"

Divetta whirled about at the question of Bill, McNoodle's assistant. He was a slim, foppish, dark-skinned youth who had been with McNoodle a year, and his gaze was always too bold to please her.

"Very odd," she answered sharply. "Can you get him out on the floor without the rest?"

"I could for you," said Bill.

"You're doin' it for Mr. McNoodle's wife. Keep that in your bean, young man," she retorted.

Bill flushed and silently secured Lorenzo. The seal readily swam to the platform when he showed a fish, flopping through the gate and down the runway. Elmer, Fanchette and Mabel mourned noisily as Divetta disappeared. She informed Bill that when needed she would locate him. With an uneasy manner he obeyed her.

"I got no use for him, Lorenzo," she remarked.

Lorenzo dripped about, smelling at a closed door and frequently eying her curiously. She took a fish from a pail she had brought. Lorenzo beat the floor with his tail. She unexpectedly displayed his cymbals, clashing them lightly. She stopped, extending the fish. With a greedy bark he advanced.

"No, sir, hold up your flipper and take the cymbals first."

She caught a slippery flipper, depositing a cymbal upon it. Lorenzo let the cymbal fall, raising his body as she held the fish higher.

"Not yet? Well, try your hat and cane then."

She thrust a red cap, which fitted seal noses, over his. Lorenzo pettishly shook it off. She replaced the hat, briefly balancing a cane upon it, but he showed temper, snapping at her.

"Will you do the tin fish then?" From the property box she fetched Elmer's toy. Lorenzo gave a pleased wheeze, and when she gently put the head of the fish on his nose he juggled as if content. Sighing, she removed the fish and fed him a real one. He gulped that. She started, glared into his countenance, looked round strangely. Lorenzo was an elderly seal. The hair of his throat was frosted by an uncalculated number of years and his whiskers were white.

"I'm foolish, crazy," said Divetta. "But, just the same, a month ago he didn't have half an inch of brown whiskers next his face before the white begins. Why would they grow out brown? And his eyes — they're queer. He doesn't do any of the things he did—doesn't nip at my hand. Lorenzo?"

Lorenzo yawned.

"This is uncanny," said Divetta with emotion. "He's makin' out he don't know me because he's peevish. Oh, they're intelligent! But it's queer. Baby looked different—bigger. He couldn't grow much in a month, but I'd swear he's bigger—but he can't be! There wouldn't be any sense in thinkin' he was."

Lorenzo nosed at the fishpail. Divetta pulled it from him and with a pallid face again examined his whiskers. She went up the runway, peering at the splashing seals.

"They all look wrong now. But they're not, of course. Mabel! Heinie! Fanchette! No, not you, Elmer dearie."

A head turned at each name.

"Baby! Joe!" Two seals did not stir.

"They didn't even move! But they've been sullen; Ned said so. I guess Baby's the same size as always. Those whiskers, that's what beats me!" she thought, and also that she would keep her fancies to herself. She summoned Bill and walked round the rear of the stage. She stopped in an entrance, listening to a Scotch comedian's singing. A messenger boy, a strange sight because he should have been halted by the doorkeeper, spoke to the Scotch comedian's wife.

"Indeed there's no divers here, laddie," she assured him.

"That for Divetta?"

The boy suspiciously observed the speaker.

"Blonde—blue eyes. Yup. No answer." He shot away.

In the dimmest spot available, behind Bingo Brothers' comedy horse, Divetta read Horace Selby's latest proclamation.

"Think not to trample on a true heart. Be mine and all is well; otherwise I strike!"

Divetta sniffed softly. Selby and Lorenzo's whiskers! If Selby's notes were to follow her into the theater where McNoodle was playing, with Little Minnie Mangle there for the coming week and performers jealous of her prestige and McNoodle ready to believe anything—but she would boldly repulse the next messenger. She, too, could strike.

There was another note in her scanty Sunday mail at the hotel. It only escaped McNoodle's sight because he left her to get their key while he bought cigarettes. She tore the note into sections, flinging the bits into a waste basket. Then she regretted destroying it. Suppose Selby had abruptly come to his senses, resolving to be a better man. There was good in Horace. She had a vision of making, by sisterly kindness, a sound family friend of him. If he had suddenly reformed she would help him.

Her Monday morning rehearsal at the Palace was satisfactory. The stage hands understood her needs; the electrician was a kindred soul—her name was in the largest possible letters on the electric sign in front of the theater. All omens. It would be a comfortable week. But Jessie brought a letter with superscription and contents zigzagging from corner to corner, blotted, lines crossed, disreputable:

I k'w ever move y'u make ever move he make so l'kout or he is doomed. B'k Hand.

"It was in the rack, and George and Fanny Murphy and the Eight Dancing Bortschalks were talking about it," said Jessie. "My, he ought to be stopped!"

"The Bortschalks? Are they playin' here? They'll peddle it out to the Coast by Saturday night," wailed Divetta. "It's so hard to stay married at all in the profession, an' just to think, when you're tryin' to be respected that you should get such things! The Bortschalks an' the Mangles are dear fr'en's."

McNoodle did not meet her for dinner. More trouble with the seals! She went to the Calumet as soon as her act was over that night.

"Heinie's got notions now," McNoodle related. "I had to put him off the stage at the matinée. And I was hissed. Me hissed, Aggie! It's coming fine, eh? I'm sick. Nothing looks right to me—the very seals don't. It's hard."

"Hissed? Oh, Ned!"

Performers crowded the entrance before the drop rose on McNoodle's Educated Seals. Divetta stood with Little Minnie Mangle and Mr. Mangle, listening to the whispered talk of stagehands and artists, all pleasurably aroused. If McNoodle made another "bloomer" the act was certain to be closed. He had lost his control over the seals. It had not been such a marvelous exhibition anyway. Divetta felt a touch upon her arm.

"Take 'em away!" she said fiercely. The stage doorkeeper held a long box with a Fifth Avenue florist's name on the top, a note stuck under the string, thorny stems emerging from one end.

"Boy said you'd left the Palace, so he came here."

"Take 'em away!" Divetta repeated, but she reached for the note.

"Is it the party had the big machine at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street?" asked Little Minnie. "Gee, I wish't I was big!"

Mr. Mangle motioned the Imitator to be silent. The Bingo Brothers completed their mirthful sketch. They "closed in one" before a drop showing a street scene, which went up and revealed seven seals in a more or less orderly semicircle. Divetta was watching Mr. Mangle more anxiously than the seals. Why did he not comment in his ordinary fashion upon the roses she had spurned? She whispered a remark.

"Why, the Ungrateful Dawg! Crackin' at Ned Like That!"

"Ssh!—I got no time to talk to you," he said, and set his eyes on Bill, the assistant, who, concealed in the second entrance, menaced Lorenzo with a whip.

No time to talk to her! Divetta glowed redly. One of the Mangles Four, who a few scant months ago had never played a good house, never got nearer to New York than Hoboken, daring to repulse the Human Fish! Did he realize what he was doing?

"I—see here ——" she choked.

"Don't bother me," said Mr. Mangle, waving her aside.

Divetta withdrew to an opposite entrance. Rage shook her. Her clearest thought was that her agent should be ordered to rearrange all bookings that called for her appearance on the same program as the Mangles. What had that man told Ned? The Selby matter was the only secret she had ever hidden from Ned. She had kept that back to save him worry. Now it would be used against her, and her failure to adopt decisive measures could be twisted about to make him believe she only flouted Selby's attentions before witnesses. Yes, she might draw a thousand a week and still be helpless in some ways. She felt ill; her head pained. If she only were home in their sitting room at the hotel, both of them in a big chair, she very quietly explaining. The second the seals were off she would say:

"There is something you must know; but I had a good reason for not telling."

He would understand, for Ned was a reasonable man. She saw Mr. Mangle leaning forward to a point where he must be visible to the audience, his gaze on the assistant who was near her. Scorned by a Mangle! It was too bitter. She became conscious that McNoodle's act was going badly. Another seal refused to work. It must be Fanchette, for it was her station that was vacant. McNoodle with his whip, wearing his beautiful stage smile, was trying to drive the rebellious seal upon the end of the plank used in the "seesaw." With admirable composure he eliminated the seesaw.

"Take her off. And get a move on or I'll make you," he said to the assistant. Divetta forgot herself. Mentally she was out there with Ned. She could have struck Fanchette as the seal was hauled past her by Bill. An unpleasant smile flickered on his anemic face. Divetta started. What was it he muttered? "You won't make me do nothin' much longer."

"Why, the ungrateful dawg! An' Ned givin' him work an' help when Horace Selby let him go for bein' late, an' he's gettin' five more a week besides. Crackin' at Ned like that! His best fr'en'!"

She looked at Bill, who averted his head. She reflected that he was probably irritated from being forced to give more time to the seals recently. He was taking the recalcitrant seal to the animal room, and Divetta on impulse followed him. Through a half-closed door she heard him say:

"Get up there, girlie. Go on, girlie."

Divetta retreated. So he had his own names for them. That might be partly responsible for the present trouble. He had no right to use pet names to them. She was back in her place when the large medicine ball was rolled upon the stage. With a joyful bark Elmer bunted it with his nose to Mabel, who sent it to Lorenzo. But Lorenzo was placidly juggling a tin fish. When the ball hit Baby the latter flopped, barking, into the wings. Two other seals became unruly, which left only Elmer and Mabel to play, and lacking the usual support Mabel lost much of her animation. She stopped by Lorenzo, reproaching him with a melancholy look. The other seals barked with all their lungs. McNoodle kicked the ball into an entrance and distributed hats, canes and fishes. Each seal should have juggled a cane balanced on his nose, with a fish poised on the cane. Mabel and Elmer were the only ones to perform the trick. McNoodle, still smiling, ordered Heinie off and distributed instruments for the band. Mabel beat monotonously upon a bass drum; seals that should have been in the circle were flopping confusedly across the stage. Lorenzo dropped his fish. McNoodle's commands grew sharper. His whip struck Joe, who knocked Mabel and her drum over while fleeing from punishment. The stage had to be cleared of all but Mabel, who loyally drummed, and Elmer, the world's most talented seal, performing earnestly upon a seal-size slide trombone. The noises he made were hoarse and scarcely melodious. It was not a Pryor solo, but relatively it was just as fine. There could be no McNoodle Glide, no American Flag Finish, in which each seal carried a flag tied to his flippers; but the act received great applause because of Elmer. Divetta knelt and put her arms round Elmer's sleek neck when the drop had fallen and McNoodle was bowing on the other side of it.

"You little pet, you just saved my Ned's act," she said tearfully, and Elmer beamed at her.

McNoodle said he would remain by the seal tank all night. His professional reputation and his living were involved.

"I'll stay too," said Divetta.

"No, I'm better alone, Aggie. I got reasons."

"Is—is—what are the reasons?"

(Continued on Page 32)

Figuring the Net Value of Efficiency

THE EXPERT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE SYSTEM

By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY HENRY J. JOULEN

AN EXPERT accountant had built up a snug auditing practice. In going round among corporations, banks, mercantile houses and manufacturing concerns he found opportunities to compare the good and bad in different business routines. Very often, when the regular audit was finished, he would lay before his client a suggestion for improving the methods, or a curve indicating progress or the reverse, or a vivid little table that gave a general view of the business. This was purely an afterthought and gratuitous, like the remarque an etcher adds in the margin of his picture. These accounting remarques proved so useful to clients that after a time his auditing work gave place to studies of business routine, and he developed an organization for gathering, analyzing, coördinating and interpreting facts about business routine, with the purpose of improving methods.

In another case a steel mill was using several dozen different brands of tool-steel. Superintendents had their personal preferences, and salesmen added new kinds from time to time. Some kinds gave better service than others. If a man could not prove superiority for his pet brand he would still back it with belief. An engineer in that mill set to work to find out which were best by actual experiments. He not only revealed the scientific basis of quality, but was drawn into a long series of tests to determine the best ways of working with tool-steels. Eventually the routine of that mill was so modified that the engineer became famous and was in demand as an improver of routine in other plants.

In still another instance a chemist, specializing in industrial analyses, found that clients needed a comprehensive advisory service much more than bald statements of chemical findings, so he set up shop in a broader way—as an adviser prepared to deal with the whole chemical scope of a business. Then a contractor, investigating the question of why one bricklayer could lay so many more bricks than others, found points highly interesting and practical, and wrote a book about motion study. A factory manager, who had rehabilitated a rundown metal-working plant by better shop methods, wrote a book on management. Other books of this nature were written by men who had accomplished much in cutting costs in railroad shops.

Efficient Advertising for Scientific Management

BY-AND-BY there were several dozen experts who made a business of studying other people's business with a view to improving methods, and quite a respectable literature had grown up on the subject. For years, though, these experts were not known widely outside of technical circles, and the literature was confined chiefly to engineers. Very often the wish was expressed that the public knew more about scientific management or production engineering, as it was called, for the owner of a business that really needed such service might have heard just enough about it to be hostile when approached.

"You're one of these business doctors, eh!" he would say; and the door of his mind seemed to shut with a snap. "Well, some people may be willing to pay you to come round and show 'em how to run their own business, but I built this concern from the ground up, my friend, and I'm going to run it myself."

Suddenly the field of scientific management was thrown into the full light of publicity. It happened at Washington. Eastern railroads were asking for a general increase in freight rates, pleading that it was more and more difficult to meet growing expenses. Shippers opposed to higher rates sent before the Interstate Commerce Commission an attorney who had made a study of scientific management. This lawyer maintained that an increase in rates was unnecessary, because the railroads might easily save a million dollars a day by efficient management. To back up his argument he called well-known scientific management experts as witnesses.

That concrete way of stating the matter brought scientific management or efficiency into worldwide notice, and since then it has been discussed from a thousand angles. Books explaining the general principles have multiplied until they form a library, while the application of these principles to special business conditions has been dealt with at such length in trade and technical journals that the articles would make a much larger library.

Yet, with all the explanation and discussion, the whole subject of efficiency is still rather up in the air. One employer or manager has tried it in his own organization and got good results. He is warm in his praise. Another will have tried it with no benefit—perhaps loss or damage. He will be just as warm in his condemnation. For each man who has made actual trials there may be half a dozen who warmly praise or condemn without experience and with not always a clear idea of the real issue.

Half of them believe efficiency is the solution for all industrial problems, whereas the others are just as certain it is a passing fad. In some of the newer lines of business, where managers have engineering training, wonder is expressed that so much fuss should be made over something that is not even new. These men point to efficiency methods at work in their own organizations, where they have been in operation for years.

Today the average business man wants the net on efficiency. Maybe it first came to his attention only two years ago; but since then it has been prominent. He has followed the discussions and articles, and knows instances where it has proved beneficial, or the contrary, for other concerns. Now he would like to know what it can do for himself in his own business.

Also he wants the net on the efficiency experts. These have multiplied amazingly since their specialty became famous, and they have aggressive canvassers. Hardly a month passes by but the average business man is visited by some confident young man who assumes that the former's methods are not perfect, and urges him to have a scientific study made of conditions and scientific methods and suggestions mapped out.

"How much is there in what these fellows claim anyway?" the average business man asks himself. "How much of it is sense and how much just selling talk?"

The answer seems to be that it depends upon the nature of the business and the ability of the efficiency expert. Some of the more notable achievements of the efficiency expert have been brought about where business had run down and got into a bad way. Absentee landlords are common enough in business. So are officers with the vacation or European travel habits, running the home office by long-distance telephone or cable. Business concerns are left to widows and orphans, or run by relatives; or old gentlemen out of touch with present-day methods keep them going while their sons are in college. The politician and the gangster fasten to business as well as to public affairs.

Again and again the efficiency expert has taken hold of a concern like these and by very simple means accomplished wonders. Perhaps he discharged the crooks on the payroll, or stopped waste, or introduced a cost system, or routed the work more economically, or brought in a little old-fashioned unscientific management at some other point where it was badly needed, and that made the difference between loss and profit. If the average business man's conditions are like these, probably the callowest expert can help him by making little adjustments and improvements in his routine.

Again, where business is thoroughly progressive there may be unsuspected leaks that the expert, coming in from the outside, can stop easily and with marked dramatic effect. No industry is more alive than the automobile business, for example. Yet in one of the largest auto plants, where ingenious machinery and standard methods have brought about highly economical production, a chemical adviser found that employees, bothered by the dust on a private track used for testing cars, sprinkled it with fifteen hundred gallons of high-priced lubricating oil. Far better results could have been secured with a cheap petroleum, at a saving of hundreds of dollars.

Very often, though, the outside expert's service may go no further than a detail of this sort. The men running that automobile factory are young fellows and right on the job twelve hours every day. They make automobiles over and over—fifty to a hundred of them daily. They keep abreast of all developments in their special field, perfect many new devices themselves, and probably nobody but an aggressive competitor could show them anything radically new. It happened, however, that they had only one testing track, which needed oiling but once in a season and, not having paid much attention to oils and taking what was handiest, the expert caught them napping and scored. He was an oil expert, among other things, and it was his business to know instantly what could be bought to the best advantage for that purpose.

Preaching the Gospel of Cost-Keeping

A GREAT many business concerns have reached a high degree of efficiency because the very nature of their business has made it necessary. Their products have been new. That circumstance called for special machinery and processes and the training of employees along special lines. Their executives and superintendents have been men of thorough scientific training, accustomed to solve problems on scientific principles. After the goods were ready it was necessary to create new trade channels to get them to the consumer. With each department of such a business in charge of a man who has developed original methods to keep pace with growth, and an organization of employees infused with fine corps spirit, the professional efficiency expert does not find it easy to point out shortcomings or make sweeping improvements. Cost-keeping is one of his resources; but, instead of finding a lot of heathens ready to listen to the complete gospel of cost-keeping, he will probably discover much that is new to himself. Arrangement of work, standardization, the stopping of leaks and waste, the use of analyses and technical information, the methods of rewarding employees, and so on, all these will be found figured down to fine shades and with reference to the peculiar needs of that particular concern.

Yet, at the same time, the openmindedness of men running these first-rate business concerns often makes them good customers of the outside efficiency expert. A knowledge of what the latter is able to do for them and where his usefulness ceases gives a fair idea of the net value of both efficiency and the efficiency expert.

There are experts and experts.

Some of the efficiency practitioners are men of wide experience, and their business records are equivalent to a favorable rating. They go into a factory to standardize, route the work, group the machines, put men on bonus

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MOLL OF THE GREEN HILLS

"Say, Lady, Won't Yer Let Me Carry de Keester?"

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. J. WATSON

THE six-o'clock crowd, an overflow of which jammed the platform of a West Madison Street car, was unusually circumspect, and "the punk," aged fourteen years and six months—parentage unknown—saw no prospect of coming by a dinner through the nimble use of his ten pocket-searchers. He was in despair. He had eaten nothing since noon but two apples and a banana snatched from the stand of a somnolent "wop." Yet he was far from being poverty-stricken. In the depths of his long, frayed trousers he had a dime hidden; but this fortune he intended, if possible, to keep intact for a lodging later on. The night was too cold for sleeping out of doors—a practice in which he had indulged long before it had become a fad.

Suddenly, as the car rattled and hurried along, the punk, whose near-set black eyes were in perpetual motion, espied a young girl fighting her way westward against a buffeting lake wind that now and again threatened to blow her in a direction she did not want to go. The heavy suitcase she carried seemed to be ballast rather than freight. At any rate, she made light of her burden and her difficulties, for her lips were puckered in a whistle, and his ears—they were as sharp as his eyes and favored by the wind—caught the notes of Alexander's Ragtime Band, which rose piercingly high above the clamor of the town.

The punk, swiftly arriving at a decision, flipped off the car just as the conductor extended his hand for a legitimate tribute. It is not on record he wanted to carry the satchel in order that he might earn a nickel and so pay the conductor the fare out of which he had cheated him. That outraged dignitary called him a hard name, and the kid, in reply, stuck his thumb to his nose and wiggled his outspread fingers. This retort courteous almost cost the life of a taxi, which grazed a heavy truck in order to avoid the ready-witted lad. The drivers of the cab and of the wagon united, contrary to custom, in cursing the offender instead of cursing each other.

The punk, his dignity suddenly become monarchical, paid attention to neither. His lean, long legs spread out as far as they would go, he confronted the girl on the sidewalk. His position was such that she was forced either to come to a halt or to knock him over. Smiling broadly, she chose the former alternative.

"Say, lady," he asked, extending his hand, "won't yer let me carry de keester?"

"'Keester,'" she laughed; "that's a new one on me! I must remember that."

"A Moll of de green hills, eh?" he grinned.

"And what may that mean?" she asked, her soft voice evincing more amusement than irritation.

"It means de same as a lady rube, or ——"

"Oh, I see," she interrupted. "I love that!" And she repeated as if to make sure she should not forget: "Moll of the green hills!"

Highly flattered by the tribute she was paying to his erudition, he grinned again.

"You've told me my name—now tell me yours, won't you?" she pleaded archly, sure that his answer, if it were forthcoming, would be rich in contrast.

"My monaker? Sure!" That any one wanted to know his name, that anybody considered him enough of an entity to have a name, pleased him highly. "Dey calls me Punk, which is de slang fer kid, which is de slang fer ——"

"Oh, I know! Punk! Oh, that's just grand!" she exploded again. Her girlish laughter, fresh and pure as the verdant hills from which he had insisted she hailed, was infectious, and his own laughter pealed with hers. "And how did you know I was a—a Moll of the green hills?" she asked when her laughter ebbed.

He shrugged his shoulders, unwilling to divulge that her fat cheeks, tanned to the color of an old piece of bronze; her square, flat-heeled shoes; her yellowish-brown suit and her green hat—both built on ancient models—had furnished him with the clew. Moreover, he had heard her whistle in the city streets; above all he had heard her whistle Alexander's Ragtime Band, which was old stuff and long ago taboo in the third-class vaudeville houses. Not for whole worlds would he have hurt her feelings. Her good nature, her naïveté, the terms of unquestioning equality with which she seemed to accept him at once, had won his sophisticated heart. Besides, to quote the phrase that was flitting through the back of his head, he was "stuck on her mug"! The gold-blue rays of the electric arclights showed it fresh and beautiful. The standard of beauty in this case was the kid's and not our own. He was partial to blondes; and her big blue eyes, her fluffy hair, her white teeth and full, red lips struck him where he was weakest—at the heart.

"Ye're goin' ter let me carry de keester, ain't yer?" he asked.

"I'd like to," she said with a constrained air, looking sympathetically at his pale, hungry face, the pallor of which was accentuated by the big brown freckles that spotted it, "but I promised not to let it go out of my hands. That's straight!" The impulse to offer him a dole was strong in her, but she conquered it, fearing that he was a sturdy soul whom a proffer of charity would offend.

"All right," he returned. "It ain't de coin so much, but a young Moll of de green hills like you oughtn't to be runnin' round dis big town alone." Her friendliness, he thought, gave him the right to assume a protective air.

"I am eighteen; I guess I can take care of myself," she answered, flushing. "You needn't act so smart!" The reproof was administered as if to an older brother. It argued in itself a certain degree of familiarity with the one so reproved.

The punk, not at all relishing the idea of badgering a girl—especially this girl—touched his hat and ran on. He was—explain it by whatever quirk of ataviam you like—a thoroughbred and a man of quality.

"There, Fanny Grayson," she said to herself sharply, "that will teach you another lesson. If you hadn't been so quick you might have found some excuse for buying that poor little kid a square meal."

And the punk, darting ahead, whispered to himself as if the low tones betokened reverence:

"A little peach all de same—dat whistlin' Moll of de green hills!"

Some fifteen minutes later, after other ineffectual attempts to come by his dinner, when the punk passed the portico of the Northwestern Depot he caught sight of Big Tunnison, the fly cop, leaning against one of the huge pedestals from which the tall pillar sprang, his hands in his pockets. He seemed put there to demonstrate the relative size of mankind and the pedestals.

"What's his lay, I wonder?" thought the punk. He had added to his income on several occasions by shadowing for Tunnison. He was an adept "tail."

Scorning the crudity of direct questions, which he knew Tunnison would not answer anyhow, the punk resolved to rely on the subtlety acquired in the streets in order to come by the desired information. Accordingly he dodged behind Tunnison's back, slipped his long slender hand in the detective's hip pocket and triumphantly drew forth a folded copy of the Police Bulletin. Then he popped inside the vast marble structure and, finding a remote but well-lit corner near the stairway, unfolded the sheet and started to spell his way through its foursquare columns of type.

A picture attracted his eye before the labors involved in the printed word repelled it. The paper fluttered out of his hand. It was a photograph of the whistling Moll of the green hills! He picked the Bulletin up from the floor, half afraid to read the verbiage under the photograph knowing not what illusions it might destroy, and muttering to himself: "Dis is a world fer yer! Dis is a world fer yer!" His worst fears were unfounded; his faith in human nature—the female part of it, at any rate—was restored. The notice was merely to appraise the police that one Fanny Grayson, daughter of Mr. Ralph C. Grayson, banker, Mapleville, Illinois, had disappeared from her home. Elopement was given as the probable cause, and a reward of two hundred and fifty dollars was offered for information concerning her whereabouts.

"Just like that cute little Moll of de green hills—just like her!" murmured the punk to himself.

Profound and intense as was his romantic interest in Fanny Grayson, it was momentarily thrust aside by the violent claims another photograph, published just below the girl's, made on his attention. It was that of Alfred Burley, a "peter" man, to whose exploits and biography the Bulletin paid the homage of fully twenty lines. It roused the punk's detective instincts at the expense of his merely sentimental emotions, and he rushed outside, planted himself just beyond the reach of Big Tunnison's long arms and bawled:

"Hello, Tunny! Lend me one man, will yer? I'm hungry, and I ain't even got doss dough."

"You've got yer nerve!" declared the sleuth, recognizing the would-be borrower. "It's early yet; get out and work the shorts."

"All right," he flung back as he edged away. "I'll get even wid yer. Yer don't ketch me givin' yer no more tips. Does yer think I'm goin' ter tell yer where yer kin pinch Alfred Burley, alias Handsome Al, alias de Toronto Prowler? No—not me!" The punk stepped backward.

"Come here, Punk!" wheedled Tunnison, stepping forward slyly.

"I seen him—not a block from here," bragged the punk triumphantly. "He was carryin' de keester full of kale which he blowed out of de box in Winnipeg. Ho! Ho! Ho! I follered him all de way from Rock Island. See if yer can pick him when yer sees him. He's five feet nine, squarely built. Three tiny strawberry marks near his right cheekbone. Peepers maroon. Hair black. Kisser smooth. He had a brown beater and a stiff lid and patent-leather gums on him. Also gold cheaters. Ho! Ho! Ho! An' you a fly cop!"

Tunnison's enormous mouth buttoned, hiding his yellow tobacco-stained teeth. His quarry edged farther away.

"Come here, Punk!" he commanded as he lunged forward.

The Arab wheeled and ran. Big, hulking Tunnison started in swift pursuit. Those few imaginative ones among the host of bystanders who witnessed the start-off were reminded of an elephant trying to catch a flea. The flea, it would seem, needed but to fly on the elephant's back or crawl into his ear to outwit and baffle the monster. But the punk, scorning to take both a natural and an unnatural advantage over a dick, ran the race for the mere joy of racing. Doubling corners, slipping between trucks, cars and autos, his blood warmed and his nerves thrilled with the excitement that was more necessary to his existence than the bread and butter he had learned to do without for reasonable periods of time. But to sustain a whole day and a hard race at the end of it on two apples and a banana was beyond the endurance of even the Spartan punk, who could let hunger gnaw at his vitals and not whimper. His spindly legs, which were a disgrace to his strong spirit, gave way under him, and as he dragged along through the muck of the unpaved alley Tunnison's deep voice growled nearer and nearer in his ears:

"Come here, Punk! Punk! I won't hurt you. I'll lend you the dollar."

"What pipes he has!" said the punk enviously to himself; and then, in scornful confession of his own weakness, he resorted to strategy. Mounting an ash-barrel, he swung himself up the rungs of a fire-escape and listened to the plop-plop of Tunnison's big feet as they sank in the mire and pulled themselves out of it.

When he slid to the ground with the agility of a four-footed rather than a two-footed animal he plunged his hands into the depths of his pockets and grunted scornfully to himself:

"An' he's got de gall ter call himself a fly cop! Why, he couldn't ketch de fat lady in a circus ring!"

In the streets the wind puffed wearily and half-heartedly as if its powers had been overtaxed. Already a thick gray mist, like endless clouds of white smoke pouring from enormous stacks, was sweeping over the city. To the punk the wayfarers looked cold and wet. They seemed to be struggling through the opaque atmosphere like so many fantastic black fish through the dense silvery waters of a queer aquarium. His teeth chattered disagreeably. On his skin, still hot from his long run, the mist congealed like tiny beads of ice. He tottered where he had merely wabbled before, and his common sense, which compared favorably with a university professor's, told him that he would be a physical bankrupt if he made any further draft on his stock of vitality.

Wisely changing his financial policy to suit the change in events, he resolved to invest his lodging money for "stool" money. Accordingly he entered a lunchroom and, bestriding one of the high stools in front of the counter, ordered coffee and a ham sandwich. Ordered is the word—for his lordly and dictatorial manner so angered the waiter that he asked angrily: "Say, kid, ain't you in de wrong joint? The Blackstone is looking for trade like yourn." And the punk, scorning an obvious reply, wreaked more material revenge by stealing another sandwich when the back of the offender was turned. Thus he slipped into his pocket, determined to save it for breakfast on the morrow. His self-restraint was admirable; likewise it was necessary. He marched on the supplies he carried.

He had dined at his own expense, but he feared as he faced the streets again that there was small chance of his getting a bed for the night at the expense of another. Still, the great city he loved never had betrayed him. His faith in Chicago far outstripped that of its most prominent citizens. If the necessity arose it would tear the lord high mayor from his pillow and elder to search out a bunk for a waif to whom the word home never had been explained by the parents who had abandoned him. All Chicago was his home—a definition which did not define.

His faith, past all understanding of the secure and the comfortable, was rewarded. That one child might not wander the streets sleepless a miracle, far exceeding that of rousing His Honor from his slumbers, was performed; for lo! scarcely a block and a half ahead of him there was suddenly emblazoned on the cloth of silver woven by the fog in golden electric letters: Hotel Europe. Until it was recalled to his attention in a blaze of glory he had forgotten the very existence of the Europe, and yet its proprietor had put a room at his disposal the year round, free of all charge. The room lay in the alley, adjoining the boilers, engines and exhaust pipes. It was airy and light, having exposure on at least three sides; and rarely was it too cold there in summer or too hot in winter. At any rate, whatever its defects or merits, he could do no better in that part of the town for the price, and he hastened toward the haven.

Intending to omit the formality of registering, the punk steered for the rear of the Europe by way of a side street, under the iron canopy that sheltered the entrance for ladies. Destiny's moving finger, which had poked him in the ribs several times that night, had paused long enough now to beckon him thither. Under the arch of the canopy stood the whistling Moll of the green hills! The green feathers that bedecked her outlandish hat bobbed energetically up and down as with a half-averted face she talked to a man whose square back was turned toward the punk and away from the street. A suitcase and a satchel lay on the sidewalk near her. An almost irresistible impulse to salute the girl whose manner had been so appealing, whose ways were so friendly, welled in the punk's heart; the very words of the salutation framed themselves in his mind; but with a fierce and sudden determination he locked his throat. Her escort, who wore patent-leather shoes—he stood five feet nine inches in them according to the punk's swift but accurate measurement—a black derby and a brown overcoat, laid claim on the punk's intellectual energies and his attention.

Stooping, he plucked at a skirt of the man's brown ulster. With nervous swiftness the victim of that prank pirouetted on his heel and fastened his gaze on the boy's deeply inquiring eyes. The punk, taking a whole inventory at a glance, swung beyond the canopy's reach and rounding the brick wall shot into the alley. He carried with him the photograph of a round, smooth face, near the right cheekbone of which gleamed three strawberry spots and in which, behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, there burned and glowed a pair of eyes whose color was chestnut.

"Poor little Moll!" he murmured to himself. "Poor little Moll of de green hills!"

And Alfred Burley, alias Handsome Al, alias the Toronto Prowler, declared in vexed tones to his young companion: "I'll swear that little devil tried to pick my pocket!" He wished to be the instrument of, not the sufferer from, professionalism.

She looked in the direction his head jerked. A sea of mist stretched before her, gray-white and unruffled. A moment later the punk swam so to speak through its waters to the narrow, poorly lighted doorway of the ladies' entrance. From the depths of that submerged cavern he saw Alfred Burley look at his watch and overheard him say: "They must have ordered a truck—not a taxi—for us, Fanny! Ain't it ever coming?"

The commonplace remark inspired the punk's highly suggestible mind. He bounded out of his hiding-place, looped the corner and, planting himself in the middle of the thoroughfare, gazed in every direction through the fog, like the watch in a crow's-nest for passing ships on the seas. The headlights of a taxi dug two golden paths through the mist of the night. The punk, refusing to budge, waved his short arms over his head frantically. The driver threw on his emergency brake.

"What's the matter with you, Punk?" he bawled, identifying a character more or less well known to most of those who gained their livelihood on the streets. "Do you want to commit suicide without spending money for gas?"

"No," answered the punk calmly, recognizing Red Williams, whose car was so often employed by the police on peculiar missions. "I've got a fare for you over to the Hotel Europe. Do you declare me in?"

"Sure!" laughed Red.

The punk clambered aboard the vehicle, the front shade of which was closely drawn, and seated himself beside the driver. "I'll go along. I'm tailing the party for Big Tunnison," he explained.

"What's the lay?" asked Red.

"That's my business—see?" he returned. His dignity exacted homage that his elders refused to pay his years.

The taxi glided smoothly up to the curb beside the overarching canopy of the Hotel Europe.

"To 1864 Aberdeen Square," Burley directed the driver as he assisted the girl and lifted the suitcase and the satchel inside the cab. The door slammed; the taxi whirled off.

"Doctor Welby, the sky pilot, lives there," grunted Red. "Been there often with parties what wanted to be hitched in a hurry. Holds the blue ribbon for knot-tying!"

Knowingly, though he had been far from knowing, the Arab nodded. The taxi plowed on slowly and cautiously through the fog, sounding a warning horn at frequent intervals. When it veered toward the southwest, half a mile away from Aberdeen Square, the punk plucked the chauffeur by the sleeve and said dictatorially:

"Play horse wid yer engine an' monkey round here for fifteen minutes."

"All right," laughed Red, to whom the kid afforded what he craved most in the world—endless amusement.

The punk glided off the seat and drew, as he scudded ahead, a faint black line athwart the argentine fog. A few minutes later he mounted the front steps of a brick cottage in the Square and pulled as angrily at the bell as if it were its fault that a door intervened between him and what he wanted.

The light that burned at the front window of the second story wavered and receded, will-o'-the-wisp-like. It disappeared altogether; the door opened, creaking. The lank, wasted figure of a graybeard stood on the threshold, a kerosene lamp in hand. The torch snatched the shape of the waif from the dead gray of the fog, which had changed from silver to lead. The old man surveyed him long and curiously.

"What is it, my son?" he asked at length.

"A party down here is croakin' and wants a sky pilot to start him right," said the punk. The name and address supplied by his too glib tongue lent the air of truth to that bit of romantic fiction.

"You mean that one who is dying would have the ministrations of a servant of God," corrected the old man gently. "Come in, my son." He laid a palsied hand on the lad's head.

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"Me Leave Chicago! Me a Farmer! Me a Spinach-Chin!"

"I Promised to Marry a Young Couple This Evening. I Wouldn't Disappoint Them for Worlds"

THE TRAINING OF BETTY

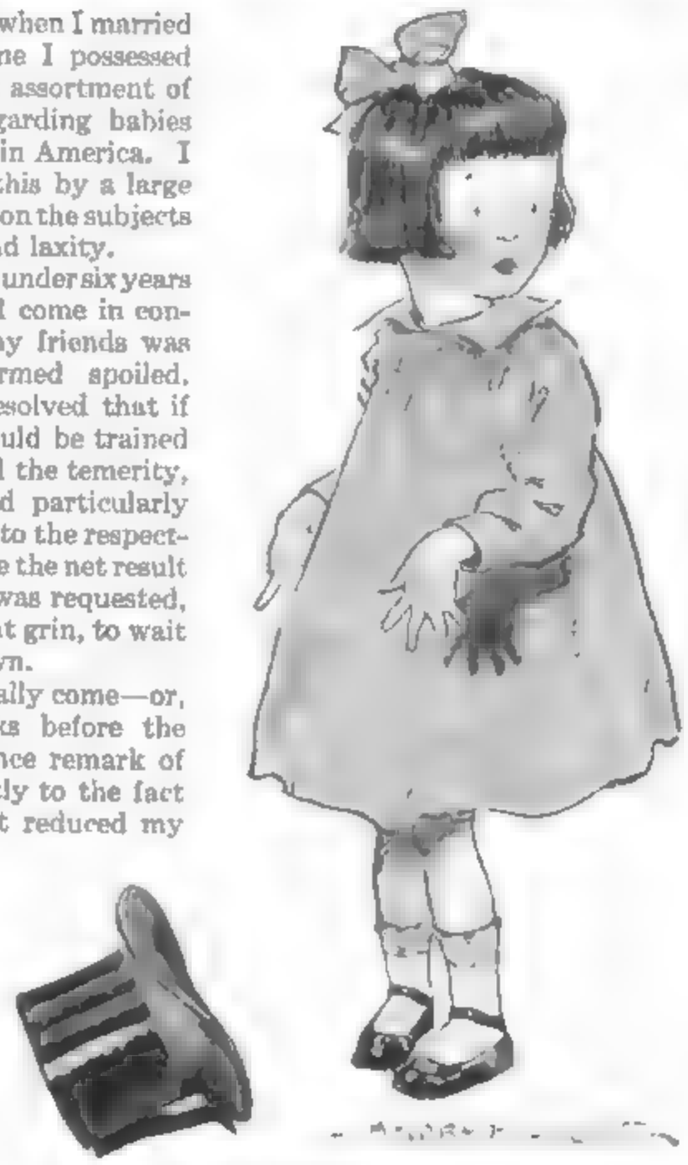
By HER FATHER

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

I WAS forty years old when I married Laura. At that time I possessed probably the largest assortment of negative knowledge regarding babies of any potential father in America. I likewise supplemented this by a large group of firm convictions on the subjects of parental ignorance and laxity.

Practically every child under six years of age with whom I had come in contact in the homes of my friends was what is commonly termed spoiled. Scores of times I had resolved that if I ever had a child it should be trained differently; in fact I had the temerity, in instances that seemed particularly flagrant, to mention this to the respective fathers. In every case the net result was about the same—I was requested, usually with a complacent grin, to wait until I had one of my own.

When my time did finally come—or, rather, about two weeks before the arrival of Betty—a chance remark of Laura's woke me abruptly to the fact that I had not only not reduced my oft-mentioned theories to any practical formula whereby I was to succeed where others had failed, but that I entirely lacked any knowledge, fundamental or otherwise, on which to work them out.



She Is a Normal Child, Happy, High-Spirited

I had heard a lot of talk time and again of the mother-lore handed down from mother to daughter, but if there was any such thing as father-lore it had completely escaped my notice. Besides, if the much-vaunted mother-lore was responsible for the spoiled infants in the homes of my friends I felt it could well be dispensed with.

As a matter of fact it chanced to be non-existent in my particular household. My wife was an only child. Her mother, now a dear old lady with rather positive opinions, had been ill for several years after Laura's birth, and in consequence had little or no part in the infant care and training of her daughter.

An Embarrassed Reception Committee

I REALLY got a bit panicky when all this dawned so suddenly on me. Here were three people, all intensely interested and anxiously awaiting the coming of a highly important addition to the family circle; and yet I doubt if there ever existed a more unprepared reception committee. This, too, despite the certainty that the biggest desire in any of our hearts was to give the very welcome little stranger the best possible start in the big game we call life.

I had a bad half-hour when I realized all this. The time I might have spent in quietly acquiring information of value had passed, leaving me now almost face to face with a crisis I was in no way fit to meet.

Keenly awakened to my own colossal ignorance, I at once began—as subtly as possible, so as not to arouse her suspicions—to probe the depths of Laura's knowledge. Luckily I had little hope. The sweet, happy seriousness with which she discussed the baby's future, her slender, gentle fingers meanwhile caressing innumerable dainty frilly devices into which Betty was eventually to be inserted, would have been beautiful if it had not been so alarming. To be sure, the dear girl had definitely decided on several things. If a boy he was to go to Yale; if a girl, Smith. The name was to be Benjamin or Elizabeth. The baby book was almost ready, and mother had discovered an excellent remedy for croup. I may have elicited some other information and probably did; but these were the most specific of the thoughts Laura had to offer.

Convinced that my wife's knowledge struck a dead level with my own, there remained one other member of the family to consult. Five minutes' discussion with Laura's mother rendered me more desperate than ever. Here I found not a negative but, to my excited mind, a positive danger—an ideal doting grandmother of the old school.

My one chance of expert advice and assistance lay now in our family physician. He had several children, but whether they fell into the spoiled classification I did not know. Furthermore, at that minute I did not care. They were alive at any rate; and when a man is about to welcome a baby into a household where facts are lacking he is liable to be willing to garner a few at the expense of any abstract theories he may possess. I'm sure I was.

That night I called on Doctor Chadwick. I stated my case with as much *sang-froid* as I could assume. "You see, it's this way, doctor," I began: "Laura and I want to give this little tyke as fair a start in the world as possible, and we don't know a blessed thing about babies. I've always had a sort of nebulous idea that most babies were trained wrongly and that I'd do differently when my turn came; but now it looks as if I am going to be up against it hard."

Doctor Chadwick took off his glasses, twirled them meditatively round his forefinger, his eyes twinkling with amusement beneath their shaggy gray brows. Then he became serious, grunted out a professional Hm-m-m! in preface, and said:

"You're several weeks overdue, Blanton. They usually get here at least a month or two ahead of time."

"They! Who, doctor?"

"Oh, all of you novitiate fathers who find out ahead of time that you don't know it all! Don't look sheepish. You're not in a class by yourself by any means. Moreover there seems to be a special providence to protect infants from fool parents—or they'd never live through it."

I began to breathe easier. Evidently I was not such a criminal after all. With my relief there quickly revived the hope of not only a live heir but of one such as I had dreamed of.

"That's just the point, doctor!" I exclaimed. "I want to be in a class by myself. I don't want a squalling, spoiled baby. There must be some way to raise one just a little differently. There is—isn't there?"

A queer little smile twitched at Chadwick's mouth.

"And you think that request puts you in a class by yourself? Man, man—that's what they all ask!"

"But there must be a way," I persisted. "Surely babies don't come into the world with their habits already formed!"

"Oh, yes, they do," he replied. "And we unform them as rapidly as possible—and give 'em worse ones very often. But, Blanton," he continued, "there is a way, provided your baby comes into the world a healthy, normal infant."

"Ah!" I breathed an audible sigh of relief and leaned eagerly forward. I knew Chadwick would not deceive me. I began to wish I had known and studied his children.

"Books have been written on it—some good, most of them bad or faddish in theory. I myself have naturally formed some ideas in thirty years' practice, and I've given many of them to prospective fathers. I still hope to live long enough to see some one of you carry them out."

"I'll do it!" I asserted confidently.

"Don't be too sure," smiled Chadwick. "I've tried four times in my own home; and, though I haven't had much success to speak of, I may win out with the next one."

The mercury of my hopes was nearing the freezing-point.

"Just what do you mean by that, doctor?"

"I mean just this, Blanton: I am convinced that any father, possessed of sufficient knowledge—and that I will gladly supply—honestly aided by a sane, self-sacrificing mother, will be able to produce and train the type of child we all want, and thereby earn the everlasting gratitude of every one concerned. But there's a grandmother to be reckoned with in my home and you'll have the same handicap. These dear old ladies did mighty well—at least some of them did—by their children forty or fifty years ago; and they very naturally can't see that times and conditions, as well as their own viewpoints, have changed. Many a grandmother who aids in spoiling children today was a darned strict mother thirty years ago! Nothing beats a trial though, and I'm willing to give you the results of my experience and plug the game along all I can for you. I do really want to see one baby properly raised before I die."

I know now that Doctor Chadwick was laughing at me, but it was too serious a matter just then for me to appreciate the humor of it. He suggested that I come in and see him in a few days, and meantime he would reduce to written form the vital points deducted from his experience and observation.

Doctor Chadwick's Wonderful Prescription

THE next day I talked it over with Laura, giving her a somewhat expurgated and revised account of my interview. I did not want to bear too hard on the grandmother theme or any other radical departure until I knew just what I was talking about. The way I put it was successful. Laura agreed enthusiastically.

"Why, Tom dear, of course we'll do exactly as the doctor says. As you say, we don't know. Mother does—a little; but Doctor Chadwick's advice will be ever so much better."

There was the same disconcerting twinkle in Doctor Chadwick's eyes when he handed me a batch of typewritten sheets he had facetiously headed: Prescription for Raising a Good Baby—Perhaps.

"The 'Perhaps' pertains to you, Blanton—not the baby!" he laughed. "Really, though, you're devilish serious about this thing and you're old enough actually to show some judgment in handling your own case; so I'll admit I do have some hope of you."

"All right, Doctor Chadwick. Go as far as you like. I'm getting used to it. I'll tell you one thing though: I don't know what's in here"—I slapped the folded sheets he had given me—"but that baby will be given a square deal if this will do it!"

Doctor Chadwick's face reflected the seriousness of my own as he replied:

"I've joked you a bit, old man, because you were so amusingly in earnest; but there's no joke in those pages except the title. They'll guide you on the right path, you may be sure; but it's mainly up to Mrs. Blanton and you to make good. Common sense and its constant application are big factors in your success, as they must be in everything."

I shut myself in my library and got busy. It was by long odds the most thrilling stuff I ever read. Never before had it occurred to me that just why infants should be allowed to cry for a certain period possessed an interest transcending the liveliest best-seller ever written. And the instructions to be followed months later, when the

habits of the baby were really being formed! Kipling in his happiest moments was merely an also-ran.

When I had read and reread it all, however, and settled back with my pipe to think it over, that famous old cloud, "no larger than a man's hand," began to rise on my mental horizon. Yes, it was larger—about the size of the two hands of a woman, held out appealingly toward a baby they were both certain to worship, which these instructions decreed was never to be held in its mother's arms except to nurse—not be caressed, or rocked, or sung to, or any blooming thing that every one I had ever heard of always associated with tiny kiddies. I began to question the sanity of Doctor Chadwick's instructions and wonder where he got his ideas! The fact that it all tended directly toward the accomplishment of my desire escaped me for the moment. I had acquired the fatherly viewpoint a week ahead of time.

I was on the point of going to him and arguing the matter when a vision of those twinkling eyes and that sarcastic smile rose before me. I reconsidered and concluded to stand by my guns.

Poor Laura! When I carried that fatal document to her she received it joyously!

"Wasn't it kind of him to go to all this trouble for us? He's a dear! I almost want to kiss him for it!"

I stifled a strong desire to wager with her on that point after she had read a while, and left her smiling over the title. When I returned several hours later it was a rather crumpled little woman making a tremendous effort to be brave who greeted me.

"What is it, honey girl?" I asked. "Isn't Chadwick going to get that kiss?"

"Don't tease me, Tom—please! I'm almost ready to cry now. Do you really believe he means this?" Laura drew the offending manuscript from her workbasket and held it out gingerly.

"Of course he does. That contains the result of his entire thirty years' experience and the best thoughts of many eminent specialists on infants," I replied.

Laura looked at me curiously.

"You sound like a medical review," she commented. "Well, I won't argue it. I said I'd follow his instructions, and I'll be game and do it; but it's hard to believe he ever had any children. He certainly was never a mother!" And Laura said it seriously too.

"No, honey—I'm sure he never was. By-the-way, has—ahem!—your mother read it?"

Laura smiled in spite of herself.

"No; and you know very well what will happen when she does. You are going to have your two hands full, young man!"

Not Much Like a Beautiful Doll

"WELL, little woman," I said, slipping down beside her and kissing the delicate white hands, "we surely don't know, and Chadwick surely does! He says I'm not the first to ask his help and then backslide on him. I know it's going to be hard; but, after all, isn't it our own selfish pleasure and your entirely natural but still selfish desire to play with a human doll of your own that stand in the way of most of what he advises?"

"Oh, but she'll only be a little bit of a baby for such a short time, Tom!" Laura pleaded.

"She?" I laughed.

"Well, I don't care. We both want a girl; and I won't call my baby 'it' even if she isn't here yet."

"Am I not right, though, Laura?" I insisted. "Putting the case only for the baby's welfare, doesn't it sound sensible?"

"Yes, a man's idea of sensible!" Laura retorted. "I've said I'd try. You don't expect me to be happy over it, do you? Don't talk about it any more right now. Take away your cold-blooded old paper—and kiss me! I wouldn't advise Doctor Chadwick to go hungry until I kiss him though!"

Ten days later Betty arrived. She was about three hours old when the nurse allowed me the pleasure of gazing for the first time on my offspring. Evidently something in my face or manner proclaimed the shock, for I recollect pulling myself together and hearing her inform me in a rather haughty tone that it was a splendid, beautiful baby girl. Then I took another look, but it didn't help much. The thought that Darwin was certainly the foremost scientist of his age was uppermost in my mind.

Betty Let Out a Howl Which Served the Purpose Excellently

Laura's voice from the next room gave me an excuse that I quickly grasped; and, with some half-hearted comment intended to pacify the nurse, I fled from the presence of my daughter.

I shall never forget the peace and joy of young motherhood that radiated from my dear wife as she lay among the pillows, welcoming me with a smile of happiness on her lips and the lovelight shining in her eyes.

"Oh, Tom!" she whispered as she drew my head down on the pillow beside her. "Isn't she beautiful?"

"You—you've seen it—her, I mean?" I stammered.

"Why, of course I have! Doctor Chadwick says she is the prettiest baby he has ever seen."

Mentally I took off my hat to Doctor Chadwick and concluded not to be outlied in my own house.

"You bet she is, honey!" I announced emphatically. "Absolutely the prettiest I have ever seen! Whom do you think she's going to look like?"

"You," said Laura calmly—"both doctor and nurse think so too."

"That's too bad!" I managed to murmur. "It's a pity she isn't going to be a beauty like her mother."

"But she is!" insisted Laura. "I think she will look like your mother—and she was beautiful." And, strange as it may seem, the professional predictions of Betty's likeness came to pass—she does look like me or, rather, like my mother, whose eyes and form of features mine resemble in a masculine way.

Our trained nurse, who proved exceptionally efficient, remained with us for two weeks. She had specialized on babies, had served many times on Doctor Chadwick's cases, and was in thorough sympathy with his ideas. We shortly became good friends, and she rendered invaluable assistance in talking calmly but persistently to Laura's mother and thwarting some of her notions regarding Betty. The old lady seemed to have capitulated; and I looked forward to a rather easy task, even after the nurse left.

One of Doctor Chadwick's strictest injunctions was to let Betty alone when she cried, find out at once whether any pins were misplaced and whether she was comfortably arranged in her crib. This done, let her alone unless her crying continued forty minutes. If so send for the doctor; otherwise she needed the exercise to develop and strengthen her lungs.

This ruling was almost too much for the grandmother. "I think it's brutal and cruel," she declared, when the nurse kept her away; "and I don't care what you think about it either! I don't know what's come over people nowadays! If this baby can't be rocked or sung to, or petted, and has to lie there and cry its dear, precious little heart out, somebody's going to get punished for it in the next world—you mark my words!" And the old lady flounced out.

It was three or four days after the nurse left that I had my first and only real clash for authority over Betty. The little lady had now entirely lost her broiled-lobster complexion; her features found their normal positions on her face and stayed put; and altogether she ceased to be such a strong reminder of our simian ancestry.

Laura still spent considerable time in bed. Betty's crib was in an adjoining room, in plain sight through the open doorway between. On the other side, with a connecting door also, was my library and workroom. On the day I have mentioned Betty began to cry at about three o'clock. As usual I at once glanced at my watch to measure the period of her lung exercise, which so far had occurred several times daily, rarely lasting over fifteen or twenty minutes. Twenty minutes passed, Betty still "exercising" with undiminished vigor. Presently her grandmother began to pace the floor in Betty's room, talking loudly to Laura about the "outrage," and condoling with Betty.

This in itself was strictly against our agreement, but I had a strong hunch there would be more trouble shortly; so I stepped quietly to the door and waited. A minute or two later it came.

"I don't care a picayune about all this nonsense!" Mrs. Nicolls cried, her dear old voice breaking with distress and anger. "I'm not going to let that baby strain herself—not for Doctor Chadwick or anybody else!"

I stepped quickly into the room just as she was about to lift Betty from the crib.

"Mother!" I said sternly. She looked at me defiantly and without answering started to slip her hand under the baby. I stepped forward and caught her arm. "I shall have to ask you to let Betty alone. You know she is not to be taken up under forty minutes. It's not twenty-five yet."

A Little Rough on Mother Nicolls

"PLAGUE take your old rules!" she snapped back at me. "If you haven't any heart in your body I have." She shook her arm loose from my detaining hand and turned on me with eyes flashing through the tears. "This poor little baby isn't a machine—or a soldier, to be punished according to regulations! I suppose your baby's life is nothing to you if it breaks your rules!"

"You will at least admit that it is my baby and not yours, won't you?" I asked coldly, stung by her unjust perversion of my action.

"It's my daughter's baby, sir; and Laura's lying in there sobbing her poor heart out to take her own flesh and blood in her arms and quiet its suffering—and she is going to do it too!"

I could hear Laura crying softly, and the pain in my own heart at the part I was forced to play nearly maddened me. I knew if I gave in now it was all off. I had had over two weeks to watch and study Chadwick's theory, and I knew he was right. This and the certainty that if I gave in I might just as well quit nerved me to my task.

"Laura and I agreed to this plan, and you will have to!" I turned her gently aside and stepped in front of the crib.

"Yes; and if Laura had taken my advice she never would have permitted it!" she stormed. "And I'm not going to have her heart broken by you—or that child killed either."

My patience was at an end. I pointed to the door.

"Mrs. Nicolls, this is my house. While you are in it you will conform to any rules I deem it necessary to make. When they dissatisfy you, you will not have to remain."

"Mother! Mother!" Laura's pleading voice came to us. "Please—please stop! I can't stand it!" The next moment she stood in the doorway, her eyes suffused with tears. "Come in here, mother, and let baby alone. I asked you not to interfere."

I had stepped to Laura's side while she was speaking. Her mother, giving us a look that spoke volumes, walked silently out of the room. The tempest over, I glanced at the cause of it all. Betty was quietly, peacefully sleeping!

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Dining With the Lord Mayor

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"I SUPPOSE you have nothing like this in your country?" said little Mrs. Hollins.

"No," I replied, abashed—"unless it is when the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston turns out."

"Yours is a wonderful country!" she continued.

"Would you mind saying that again?" I asked her. "That is the only kind thing about my country—that sounded real—I ever heard an English person say since I began coming over here."

She laughed.

"Oh," she said, "I am not English. I am Irish!" Just then the trumpets out in the corridor flourished a loud flourish and little Mrs. Hollins tapped me on the arm with her fan. "Look!" she directed. "A real bigwig is coming!"

And it was a real bigwig who came, a real bigwig with a real big wig—none other than the Chancellor who is a large, red-faced, imposing person and who was preceded by a man in purple evening clothes, who wore one of those gold chains about his neck the English so much affect on show occasions; another man in uniform, who carried a sword; a third man, who shouldered a great golden mace, the emblem of authority—and then the Chancellor, wearing his big wig, and a cloak so heavily embroidered with gold it looked like all gold with incidental cloth instead of cloth with incidental gold. A very dignified person with whiskers, and a sash about him, walked behind and carried the train of the Chancellor's cloak lest it should sweep the floor.

The man in the red coat at the end of the reception room stepped forward and shouted: "His Excellency, the Right Honourable Lord Chancellor!" The next man in a red coat down the line took up the cry; and the Lord Chancellor and his attendants began their stately march toward the dais at the end of the room, where the Lord Mayor stood, while those sitting alongside clapped their hands vigorously and the Lord Chancellor looked as if he were not getting so much applause as he expected.

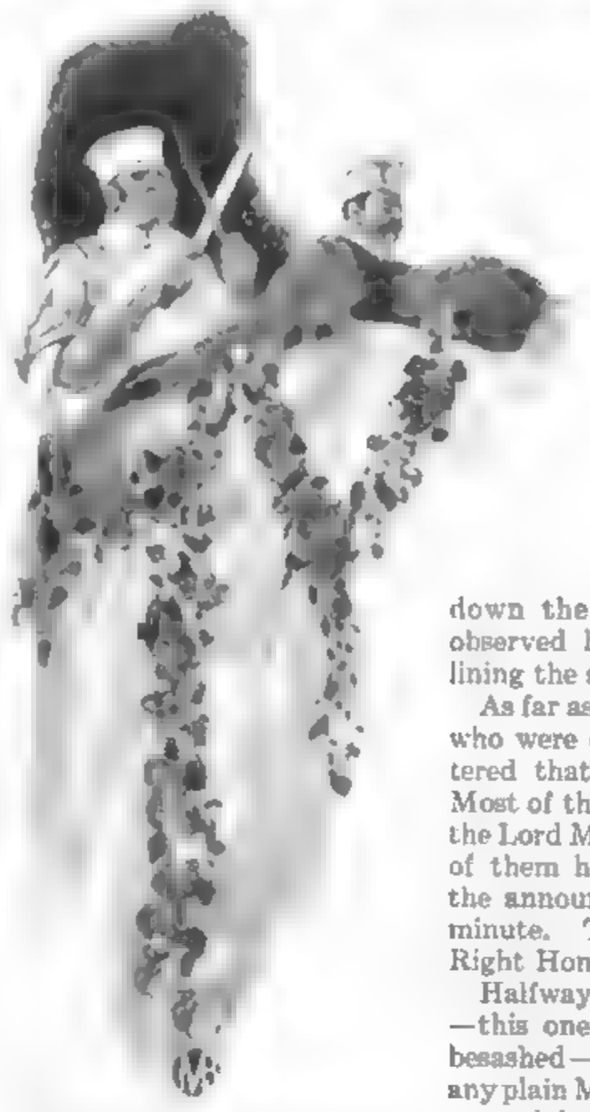
For several hundred years, beginning long before we were discovered even, the newly elected Lord Mayor of London has given a grand dinner on the night of the ninth of November, which is the immemorial date of the election for this office. He gave one on the night of the ninth of November, 1912, and he asked *me* to be one of the company. Though it is quite true he asked six hundred and ninety-nine other persons to be of the company at the same time I imagine there were few other Americans there that night; for my Hear! Hear!—English method of saying Hooray!—sounded very lonesome and cheepy when there was a reference by one of the speakers to the United States.

One afternoon a man wearing a bright livery came to my hotel with a big, square envelope addressed to me. It contained an illuminated card half as large as a newspaper, which informed me I was expected to dine with the Lord Mayor on the night aforesaid, and sundry other cards and circulars that gave me explicit instructions how to dispose myself and my carriage, and told me I was expected to appear in levee dress. Being somewhat unfamiliar with the particulars of levee dress, I went my American sartorial limit and took a chance. There were several others present without uniforms or gowns, I discovered, so I was not taken for a waiter so frequently as might be imagined. One splendid person, who wore a red coat, a sword, a cocked hat, many miles of gold lace, and various other garments of various other colors, including a most amazing fur-trimmed cape, and as many medals as a victorious *Schützenfester* displays at a German picnic, directed me to get him a cup of coffee. I told him I would trade him the cup I had for a cigar, much to his astonishment and, I fear, somewhat to his disgust.

The instructions were to be there at six o'clock, and I was there at that exact moment. A large number of others were there at the same time. The string of carriages, motors and taxicabs that crawled through Cheapside to King Street was half a mile long, but I finally arrived and disposed of my utilitarian and non-levee hat, coat and stick. There were many men in the corridor, gowned and uniformed and carrying long staves. They motioned me down a hall, through another turning and up a flight of stairs. As I went up these stairs there stretched away on each side lines of red-coated, bearskin-shakoed English soldiers, running to a blurred red point in the far perspective. The plot was to walk up through the lines of soldiers to the library, where the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress and the High Sheriffs were receiving their guests.

It had dawned on me before this that a man in plain evening clothes in this assemblage of gorgeously uniformed men and beautifully gowned women was a rather inconspicuous object; and I was intensely astonished when, halfway between the lines of soldiers, I saw an officer pop out at the head of the line and heard him shout, "Gr-urmm-pp Tump!"—which was followed by the soldiers presenting arms and the trumpeters blowing a fine flourish. I wished I had an American flag with me so I might wave it, and wondered why they were paying me such distinction—when I suddenly discovered it wasn't for me at all, but for a very important gentleman in a gold-trimmed uniform who was stalking behind me.

Sufficiently chastened, I proceeded between the red coats until I reached another flight of stairs that led into the great library of the Guildhall. Climbing this, I was in the library; and as I pushed along through the crowd a most gorgeous sight burst on me. The library is an immense room, with bookcases running out from each wall like teeth in a comb, forming a succession of alcoves, but leaving a very wide space in the center of the room. Little galleries about three feet wide extend round these protruding bookcases.



Two Carvers Carved Barons of Beef Weighing One Hundred and Sixty Pounds Each

At the far end of the room there was a platform; and standing on that was the Lord Mayor who wore knee-breeches, a coat heavily crusted with gold, and the biggest cloak or gown I ever saw on a man, tremendous in its scope and regal in its magnificence. He glittered like the front window of a jewelry store. His wife stood beside him, and back of him were ranged about a dozen pretty English girls in white frocks, carrying bunches of flowers, much interested and exceedingly animated. They were the maids of honor. The High Sheriffs of the city, also uniformed—that word "gorgeous" is the only one that applies to all of them, so it must be understood hereafter—stood in front; and one held up a big golden mace. Stretched along the sides of the room, in front of the projecting bookcases, but leaving a wide space in the middle, were rows of seats; and these seats were filled with ladies in evening dress, who were there to watch the parade down this carpeted space between them to the Lord Mayor's receiving stand. The dresses were of all colors, and the red carpet seemed like a bright stretch of carmine between two lateral rainbows. Back of the ladies stood many men in gaudy uniforms. The brilliance of the room was bewildering. It was a kaleidoscopic mass of red and yellow and green and blue and purple; and the bullion on their coats and the jewels on the ladies glittered in the bright light with exceeding magnificence.

At the near end of the open space, which was fully a hundred feet from the Lord Mayor on his dais, there was a man with a red coat; and flanking him there were more men in gowns and uniforms, bearing staves. You pushed along until you reached the man with the red coat, who took your name. Then you started down the center space, critically observed by all those in the seats lining the sides.

As far as I observed, very few of us who were only plain Mister encountered that battery of critical eyes. Most of those who sashayed along to the Lord Mayor were titled, and some of them had enough titles to keep the announcer busy for fully half a minute. The least of them was a Right Honourable.

Halfway down, another announcer—this one liberally bemedaled and besashed—called the name again; and any plain Mister in black clothes, with no medals and no gold lace, and nothing but a white waistcoat and white gloves to relieve the somberness of attire, felt about an inch high—for every plain Mister knew instinctively that the haughty dames and the uniformed esquires along the sides were asking: "And who is that person?" Still if one hurries one can get over a hundred feet of space rather quickly; and when the platform was reached even the plain Misters found the Lord Mayor to be a most agreeable gentleman and his wife a most gracious lady.

That over, I sought a place to see. A kindly man in a cloak told me I might get up on one of the balconies if I by any chance was a press man. I fibbed a little and found a balcony end unoccupied. This gave me a fine view of the room and the people in it. There was a fanfare of trumpets, a stir among the people who were watching, and a tall, soldierly man, richly caparisoned, swung into the space—a big, stern, very English man, but a man who looked and walked and acted like a warrior. The people down the sides began to clap their hands and drowned the shout of the announcer.

And It Was a Real Bigwig Who Came, a Real Bigwig With a Real Big Wig

"That," confided a musical little voice from behind me, "is the great Lord Kitchener, field-marshal of the army."

I turned—and there was Mrs. Hollins!

"Are you a press man?" she asked.

"No," I said—"not now; but," I added hastily, "I used to be—for many years. Are you a press woman?"

"Oh!" she confessed brightly. "I fibbed too!"

So I put her out on the end of my balcony and stood beside her; and if ever an American guest at a Lord Mayor's dinner in London had the good fortune to hear a piquant, comprehensive description of the reception ceremony, with illuminating sidelights on the persons received, I am that American. Mrs. Hollins, whose husband was for years a member of the Corporation of London, had attended many of these functions. She knew everybody and—when the reception was over—so did I. It was great!

We were early. Only a few of the masters of the metropolitan companies and the mayors of the twenty-eight municipalities that go to make the big London had been up. These mayors, wearing black silk uniforms, with odd little rosettes at the backs of their necks and each dangling a great gold chain about his neck, with his municipality seal beneath it, were well known and liberally applauded. They came one by one—Wandsworth, Islington, Bermondsey, Bethnal Green, Stepney, Holborn, and all the rest of them; and the masters of the Worshipful Guild of Tailors and the other guilds strutted down the red carpet and shook hands with the Lord Mayor. There came the scarlet and gold-laced members of the city lieutenancy; the red-robed aldermen—the aldermen in London wear big, red, fur-trimmed robes, and have their own kinds of chains about their necks. The aldermen were applauded too. Each of them—if rich enough—was a future Lord Mayor.

Members of Parliament wore their court uniforms; the presidents of the royal colleges looked like generals or admirals instead of scholars; and the men in plain

She Knew Everybody and—When the Reception Was Over—So Did I

evening clothes were so absolutely inconspicuous that many of them did not go up at all. There were soldiers and sailors and diplomatists and foreign ambassadors and ministers, sometimes with their wives and sometimes unaccompanied—and all uniformed and bullioned to such an extent that each added a bright spot to the phantasmagoria of color. The Bulgarian minister, a tall, erect man, richly upholstered, got a great cheer, as did the Maharajah of Jhalawar, who wore a long, shrimp-pink robe, a big turban of similar color, and had half a peck of diamonds hanging about him.

These were the smaller fry. The crowd grew dense and denser. The announcements of the man with the red coat at the end of the line came thick and fast. Whenever a former Lord Mayor appeared he was vociferously cheered, and the aldermen had many friends. Lords, dukes, admirals and other dignitaries, with their ladies, swept down the red carpet and up on the dais. Still, as Mrs. Hollins told me, they were the early ones. The real guests did not come until later—until the stage was properly set.

Presently there was a loud blowing of trumpets. "Here comes some one," said Mrs. Hollins; and, sure enough, some one did come—the Recorder, wigged and gowned, and preceded and followed by his staff. Then in quick succession there came the Lord Chancellor, with his imposing array; and the presidents of the probate and divorce divisions of the courts, who had trainbearers also and were followed by the sitting justices who wore big red robes, belted with black, and had iron-gray and finely marcelled wigs. The Lord Bishop of London, a prim little man in a black spike-tailed coat and knee-breeches, walked sedately up; and then came the Secretary of State for War; the Attorney-General and Lady Isaacs; a dozen or more lords; the Governor of the Bank of England; the Garter King at Arms; the King's Remembrancer—about all the Court aside from the King and the princes themselves; and still they waited.

Another fanfare and Winston Churchill appeared, the First Lord of the Admiralty—a boyish-looking chap in an admiral's uniform, and accompanied by his very beautiful and superbly gowned wife. A few more straggled in, and there was another wait. Then the trumpets blew again, and the Premier arrived—Asquith—wearing the uniform of a Brother of Trinity House—and the brethren of Trinity House use plenty of gold lace on their uniforms. The Premier had waited until his entrance was effective. Everybody was on hand and he was loudly cheered as he went to greet the Lord Mayor. His gray hair was brushed back from his forehead, and he looked straight ahead as he walked along with his wife who is a little, delicate woman, and his daughter, a tall, thin English girl. "He'll make an important speech about the Balkans," murmured Mrs. Hollins in a whisper—and sure enough he did.

The wait had been for the Premier. As soon as he had greeted the Lord Mayor the announcer besought those present to take their places at table. At this time the great library was jammed with men and women and was a dazzling mass of color. The full seven hundred invited guests were present. In twenty minutes, so excellent were the seating arrangements, the guests were all at table. The tables stretched across the big Guildhall in three sections. At one end there were ten or twelve tables ranged in parallel lines. Then in the middle of the room a great table, shaped like a letter C, encircled a dozen or twenty more tables; and at the far end there were more tables in parallel lines. A gallery at one end held a dozen more tables, and above that, in another gallery, there was an orchestra of fifty or sixty pieces. Each guest had a diagram of the room, showing all the tables; each plate was numbered and the place for each guest indicated on his diagram by a red hand. There was no confusion, which seemed natural when I was told the same caterers—or the same firm of caterers, rather—had been making the arrangements and providing these banquets for more than a hundred years.

The seats for the distinguished guests ran along one side of the room, with the Lord Mayor at the center of the table shaped like the letter C; and back of that was a canopied and raised platform, on which stood the various officials of the feast, the toastmaster and his assistants. At each end of the platform there were three trumpeters in red coats and with caps peaked fore and aft. Directly opposite the Lord Mayor, on the other side of the room, on a platform raised high above the heads of the diners, and draped in white, who carved barons of beef weighing, I was told, one hundred and sixty pounds each and forming the pièces de résistance of the dinner, of course.

The toastmaster is a servant in England, not the presiding officer at a banquet as with us—a mere announcer. The man who corresponds to our toastmaster is called the chairman. The toastmaster was proudly attired in a red coat heavily loaded with gold lace. He waved his wand and the trumpeters blew an especially long fanfare on their trumpets. The Beef Eaters in their long gowns, and the various underlings in coats of many colors, made a lane at the door, and the orchestra began a march. Then the Lord Mayor, the Premier, the First Lord of the Admiralty and the other especially invited guests paraded in, led by the trumpeters, the Lord Mayor escorting Mrs. Asquith and the Premier escorting the Lady Mayoress.

All the seven hundred guests were standing at their places and the room was even more spectacular than the library had been, for the colors of the uniforms, the gowns of the ladies and the glitter of the gold lace were spread over a larger area than there. The carvers steadily worked at the great barons of beef. The captains of the waiters marshaled their forces at one side of the hall, and the stately procession, which comprised all the members of the Cabinet and the other most distinguished guests, wound round the room to the Lord Mayor's table. The Guildhall is a tremendous room with high vaulted ceilings and flanked on each side with statues of great Englishmen. The foundations of it are more than eight hundred years old, and when it is filled with such a gathering it is a most impressive place.

As soon as the specially distinguished guests were in place the toastmaster rose. "My lords and ladies and gentlemen," he declaimed, "pray silence for the Right Honourable, the Lord Bishop of London, who will say grace." The Lord Bishop said a short grace and the feast began.

And such a feast! The tables were loaded with fruits, cakes, cold meats, and a bottle of champagne was before each plate. A carver stood at the end of each table, who carved the tongues and other meats. The waiters served with an expertness that came of long practice. The wine men handed round punch, sherry, hock, claret, port, liqueurs—anything the most fastidious drinker might desire. They began with turtle soup, that great English delicacy; oysters *vol-au-vent* and soles, cold and hot, came next; then chicken and truffles; great slices of the barons of beef; salads of lettuce; pheasants in casseroles; mutton cutlets; ox tongues in jelly; and at the end jellies, puddings, ices, cakes, fruits; while there were dozens of other comestibles on the tables—savories of various sorts, meat pies and game pies, and the like. To serve that dinner took two hundred and fifty English soles; fifty-four hundred oysters; two hundred pounds of mutton; two hundred and forty pheasants; two hundred and forty chickens; thirty turtles for one hundred and twenty-five gallons of soup; eighty ox tongues; five hundred pounds of beef, including two barons of a hundred and sixty pounds each; and thirteen hundred bottles of wine, including one thousand bottles of champagne, and gallons of punch.

The dinner began at seven o'clock and was over at half after eight. Then the toastmaster craved silence for another clergyman who asked another short blessing on what had been eaten and what was to come; and the toastmaster read the names of the specially invited and highly distinguished guests, and said: "All of whom join in drinking a loving cup to you, my lords and ladies and gentlemen."

This was applauded, and the toastmaster began again: "My lords and ladies and gentlemen, charge your glasses—charge your glasses—for I give you the toast of the King, coupled with the name of the Right Honourable, Sir David Burnett, Lord Mayor of London. Pray silence for the Lord Mayor while he proposes the health of his glorious Majesty, the King!"

The Lord Mayor rose at his place and the entire company

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A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Dropping the Middleman

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Something Not at All in His Mind but in His Veins Suddenly Doubled Up His Fist

WE PAID out of our own pockets to have honest work on King's Road!" hotly charged Mayor Birchland.

"You mean you coughed fifty cents a yard out of your paving graft!" as hotly returned big Tim Corrigan.

"It doesn't make any difference where the money came from; we didn't get what we paid for," snapped the prim young mayor, so excited that he unbuttoned his coat.

"Deacon" Jameson, having found no one in the outer office, had started to come straight through; but now he decided to close the door gently, with a half-chuckling:

"Beg pardon."

"Come right in, deacon," called the mayor. "You're entitled to part of this"

"If it's hot I don't want it," smiled the solemnly dressed proprietor of Jameson's famous gambling club, his cold eyes studying the big contractor for just a second.

"King's Road paving," explained young Birchland, rising from his chair and buttoning his coat.

"Oh, rotten!" And the deacon made three gestures—one with his hands and one with his shoulders and one with his face, expressive of his deep contempt and disgust. "I just came in to roast it. Why, Tim, that asphalt isn't three weeks old and it's shedding."

Big Tim pushed his little dusty slouch hat on the back of his head and prepared to defend himself. "It's as good paving as there is in Bricktown," he loudly declared.

"That's why I'm calling you!" retorted the mayor, becoming more angry as he thought on his wrongs. "Chief Satterly, three aldermen and myself live out that way, and since it's begun to scale off we can see that the asphalt is so thin you could use it for courtplaster."

"There's no use bluffing about it, Tim," kindly advised Jameson. "The reason I'm in here is that this splintered asphalt cut two of the tires on my gray roadster this morning, and when you injure Pet little Tom Boles goes goat-hunting."

"Well, it is pretty punk," finally admitted Tim, trying to make this confession appear like frankness. "Doyle skinned me on that when I turned to light my cigar."

The mayor walked over to the window and back again. On the way over he unbuttoned his coat; on the way back he buttoned it. He leaned against his desk between Jameson and the well-weathered Corrigan.

"That's cheap, Tim," he objected. "It's not sportsmanlike to lay the blame on your subcontractor. That fifty cents a yard was intended to go into the pavement of King's Road and not into your pocket!"

Big Tim, who had fought his way up from workman to contractor because of his ready temper and the cushions on his shoulderblades, flushed until his freckles showed.

"A fat chance a contractor has to knock down four bits in this administration!" he sneered. "I'm lucky if I have enough to buy a pipe of tobacco by the time I get through handing out graft to all you mahogany-desk crooks!"

Mayor Birchland, who could have had a job in a clothing-store window at any time, made three attempts to frame a reply to that speech, but there were no words in him. Something not at all in his mind but in his veins suddenly doubled up his fist and propelled it vigorously into the durable countenance of big Tim Corrigan!

Shocked, astounded and insulted, big Tim's system arranged itself to powder the neat mayor; but Deacon Jameson averted that catastrophe for a moment.

"Time!" he called, stepping in between them and making an agreeable little joke of the matter.

"I'll crack the both of you!" threatened the raging big Tim, and gave grace of breath only while he was deciding which one to annihilate first. That second of hesitation was a bar to his pleasure, for in that instant a pink-haired stenographer, coming into the room with a handful of papers, saw and realized; but she did not shriek and faint as regular heroines do. Instead she rushed to the desk and jabbed one of the mayor's collection of electric buttons, and patted her hair, and headed for a corner to see what next.

Special Officer Sam Hassett was next. He dashed in, half hoping that this emergency call would be a first-page story; but in spite of his disappointment he wedged himself promptly under Corrigan's descending arm.

"Aw, what t' 'ell, Tim," he chided.

II

TO SHOW that he could see, even though he was scared, the mayor gracefully thanked the pink-haired stenographer for her interference, and handed her two tickets for the theater and turned her out and locked the door; then he lighted a cigarette.

"Why aren't people square!" he complained, and threw himself disgustedly into his chair.

"Most of us are," seriously responded Jameson, lighting a cigar and sitting in the visitors' stiff chair. "Harry, how much did that King's Road paving cost?"

"Two dollars and forty cents a square yard," replied the mayor, who, though young, was attentive.

"That's what the city paid; but how much does it actually cost to lay?"

The mayor unlocked his little private file and flipped across the indicators of a card index.

"Thirty-seven cents," he reported.

"That's about regular," mused Jameson, casting back through his memory of such things. "How is the two dollars and three cents split—between Corrigan and the proper parties?" pursued the deacon.

"In the middle," returned Birchland, who was an excellent business man.

"Same old game," commented Jameson. "The curse of this country's commerce is the middleman."

The mayor was instantly struck by the idea.

"It is wasteful," he agreed emphatically. "Still, it's difficult to disturb a well-established system."

"Established systems all die of decay," declared Jameson thoughtfully. "Cities are waking up. They're beginning to want a run for their money."

"Naturally," assented the mayor; "but it costs something to administer the business of a large municipality and it can't be collected direct."

"Fifty per cent for collection is too much for any commercial proposition to afford," protested the deacon. "Your paving-material man pays you six thousand dollars to have you specify asphalt for a certain job. He has to make that up, so he charges the subcontractor twelve thousand dollars extra, which is, say, fourteen dollars a ton in place of the seven for which a private contractor can buy it."

The mayor shook his head.

"That's robbery," he worried.

"It doesn't end there," went on Jameson. "The contractor must hand over so much to the proper parties that, to make his velvet, he skins his subcontractor down to the lowest possible figure."

"And, of course, the subcontractor feels that he should get even," added the mayor, following the problem earnestly step by step.

"Certainly," acquiesced Jameson, who appreciated an intelligent reasoner. "The asphalt man furnishes the subcontractor with the four-dollar grade in place of the seven. The subcontractor hands a dollar and a half of the difference to the contractor for not noticing the quality and the contractor splits with the superintendent of city construction."

Mayor Birchland was chagrined as the enormity of this situation grew on his understanding.

"That's unfair to the city," he declared. "It doesn't get what it pays for. That was my fight with Corrigan. We gave him fifty cents out of our dollar to make a good paving on King's Road, our residence street; and still we didn't get it."

"It's your own fault," Jameson told him. "You will stick with an antiquated system."

"What are we to do?"

"Eliminate the wasteful middleman."

"But how?" And the mayor knotted his young brows.

"Buy everything direct from the producer and keep all the intervening profits," explained Jameson, hitching his chair closer. "Suppose you and I form, with the stock in innocent names, a huge contracting company to cover all city work—public buildings, street paving or whatever it may be."

The mayor's eyes wore a pleased expression.

"We'd need such an enormous capital," he objected.

"Not a cent," laughed Jameson. "The subcontractor is the poor simp who always puts up the money. He works for a living."

"Jameson, you're a genius!" enthusiastically complimented the mayor. "You've done more good for Bricktown! Why, do you know, a scheme like this would insure the city that it would get an honest thirty-seven cents' worth of labor and material in every square yard of paving!"

"And we'd have the two dollars, less official expenses," added Jameson. "Will you go in?"

The mayor was a young man of energy and decision.

"I'll show you!" he said, and grabbed his phone. "Get me Alderman Lawler," he directed, and smiled at Jameson with friendly triumph.

"You're a Liar!" Yelled Larry Doyle

"What are you going to do?" asked the deacon.

"Order the city council not to accept Corrigan's bid tonight for the paving of Birch Street."

III

TIM CORRIGAN, with a cylinder of morning papers dragging his coat pocket out of plumb, jumped from his skeleton buggy in front of Larry Doyle. Larry, busy with making one barrel of cement do the work of three on the Poppel Street roadway, was talking Irish to sixty Italians and others, and making them understand it.

"Did you see the morning papers?" demanded big Tim, whose freckles were in evidence unusually early in the day.

"I did," returned Larry calmly, looking up at his superior officer with mingled respect and hatred. "You should sue the mayor for scandal."

"I should wring your red neck!" snapped Tim Corrigan. "You're the cute little mutt that put this on me!"

Larry Doyle, who came just under Tim's chin, looked his astonishment.

"I did not," he promptly denied; "but, if I did, how?"

"By scampin' the work on King's Road!" exploded Tim. "I gave you that twenty-five cents to go into paving materials, not to put into your pocket!"

"You're a liar!" yelled Larry Doyle and, jumping right up in the air, he smacked big Tim straight in the midst of his features with a fist that bristled with sandy hairs.

Helpful little Matt McCarthy, seeing the peril to his boss before Larry did, at that moment accidentally pushed the roaring-hot road brazier between his boss and Tim; and Larry, realizing his mistake, went away about his business on a fast street car that happened to be passing the corner.

Helpful Matt, in the midst of profuse explanations, was debating swiftly with himself whether he had more cause for confidence in his tongue or his heels when a familiar voice from an extravagant auto hailed big Tim.

Refocusing his ferocious eyes, Tim Corrigan withheld his destruction long enough to see a duplicate of the late King Edward of England, clad in much fine linen and covered with a silken lap-robe, sitting amid the maroon leather cushions.

"I'm glad you know me, Dan." And Tim walked down to the big machine. "On my word, I don't know myself this morning."

"I thought you was above newspaper troubles, Tim," reproached Dan Fox, who had long since retired as much as possible from publicity.

"It isn't that that's turned me upside down," confessed Tim with a darkening cheek. "It's because in two days I've let two little guys paste me in the jaw and get away with it!"

"There'd be more shame to you if you let a big man do it," counseled the wily old ex-boss of Bricktown. "What's between you and the mayor, Tim?"

"He's gettin' too smart," asserted Tim, climbing in at the door that grizzled old Dan opened for him; then he motioned the barelegged boy who was driving his skeleton buggy to go home.

Dan Fox, who dripped evidences of wealth, pushed up the conversation shield between the tonneau and the chauffeur, and they headed downtown.

"Birchland is developing into a fine politician," commented Fox. "You want to be rid of that boy before he gets too big."

"I don't call this fine politics," grumbled Tim, tapping his cylinder of newspapers. "When the reporters wanted to know why the council turned down my contract last night every alderman on the board had sense enough to keep his trap shut; but lollop Birchland —— Oh, yes; he talked!"

"He's young yet," Dan pointed out, producing a jeweled cigar case. "It wasn't a good game, though, to tell the public that you'd been giving them rotten paving; for it's a bad play to tell the public anything. They're liable to think."

"Well, it's done!" And big Tim began chewing a cigar. "The only thing I see is to get back at him."

"That don't pay," advised shrewd Dan Fox, whose smoothly trimmed gray Vandyke sprang out of ruddy cheeks. "What you'd better do, my boy, is to take your noisy little tip and go into private contracting."

"It's too slow," objected Tim.

"It's safe," recommended Dan. "Tim, I saw the handwriting on the wall five years ago and got out of politics. There's going to be a change."

"There'll be a chance for graft so long as there's boobs and wise ones," asserted Tim with cynical conviction.

"A good burglar waits till they go back to sleep," remarked Dan with a grin. "Get out of politics, Tim."

"No, Dan," refused Tim; "I'm too young to run. I have to get back at Birchland."

"Well, I was a fool, too, at your age," admitted Dan with a smile. "I suppose it's right; but, Tim, if you must play even, don't fuss with the mayor. Go after the boy that pulls the wires."

"Who's that?"

"Deacon Jameson."

IV

THE Bricktown Journal hauled out the same huge black type that had been used in the Spanish War and hauled down ten extra rolls of paper. Everybody in the Journal office went round chuckling and exchanging congratulations while they waited for the first edition to come off the press; for the Journal, which was distinctly opposed to the promising young business mayor, had the richest "beat" of the season. Oh, it was a pippin!

Three business men had gone bankrupt in the past year! Those three business men, halftone portraits herewith, had been habitués of Deacon Jameson's palatial gambling den; photographs of the deacon and the den also herewith. How was that for a scream!

Little Tom Boles Flung His Hard Fist Indiscriminately Among Tim's Freckles

The Journal was able to show on good authority and by testimony of their creditors that the amount of deficiency in each man's business tallied exactly with the amount of his losses in Jameson's clubhouse. Gleefully the Journal pointed out that Chief Satterly's much-vaunted crusade against lawbreakers was never directed against the chief's friends or the mayor's; and it called on Chief Satterly in an editorial to prove his fitness for his position of high responsibility by closing the nefarious institution that was sapping the business resources of the city and destroying its best business men. Wasn't that a hot one!

Chief Satterly sadly but promptly put a copy of the Journal in his inside pocket and went up to close his friend Jameson's clubhouse; but the deacon had beaten him to it! When Satterly arrived every shutter of the aristocratic-looking four-story building was tightly closed and a spider was crawling up the front doorstep!

A knuckle tapped softly on the glass of the door as the chief, after vainly ringing for ten minutes, turned to go away. Tall Satterly's blue eyes softened as he leaned down to the keyhole.

"Come round through the cellar, chief," husked the voice of little Tom Boles.

"We thought you was a reporter," apologized Tom as he met Satterly at the basement steps. "The deac's upstairs."

"Birchland here?"

"On the way, I think," replied Tom. "Say, chief, who touched off the fuse?"

"Tim Corrigan," answered Satterly gruffly. "He's as forgiving as a scorpion!"

"The big Turk!" exclaimed little Tom, his keen eyes glittering and his hard jaw setting under his sunken cheeks.

Satterly walked alone through the dim and deserted roulette and faro rooms, and turned the doorknob of Jameson's beautiful private salon with relief. The place had made him lonesome.

If he had expected to find Jameson cast down, however, he was mistaken; for the deacon, with a champagne highball by his side and a rich-looking cigar between his slender white fingers, was deep in a maze of figures.

"Good afternoon, chief," he cheerfully hailed. "Will it help you any to make a raid? I can frame it for you in an hour or so."

"I wouldn't do it!" growled Satterly. "I'll go just so far to please the public, but there's a limit! I'll have to close you up for a while, though, deac."

"I'm rather glad of it," confessed the deacon, ringing for George Jackson, who was in charge of the highball department. "I have a big game on and I'll be busy, anyhow, for a couple of weeks."

A wagon clattered down stony Teller Street, and Jameson with a gesture of vexation jumped to the window and closed it.

"What did you say?" asked Satterly.

"There's a hen on," stated Jameson. "I'm framing a big trick with the mayor. I'm going into politics."

"It's a grand business if you don't run for office," carefully announced Chief Satterly.

The mayor walked in. His shoulders were stiffer than usual and his cheekbones were pink.

"It's up to Corrigan now!" Birchland tensely announced. "I gave him quick action if that's what he wants! I've canceled his contract for Poppel Street!"

"I didn't know you had the authority," said Jameson.

"I'm not so clear about it myself," confessed the mayor; "but I'm taking a chance and I think I can make it stick. I've just seen Larry Doyle. I can get him to swear that his own work is not up to specifications."

Both Satterly and Jameson laughed, and George Jackson, poking his ebony face in at the door, hurried away for two champagne highballs in place of one.

"Forget your troubles and figure a while, Birchland," invited Jameson, pointing to his mass of papers. "I know more about concrete now than the man it was named after."

"Oh, that's off," hastily advised Birchland. "I've been so furious about this other thing that I forgot to tell you. There's no use in our forming a contracting company."

"Why not?" demanded Jameson.

"Nothing to contract," explained the mayor with a laugh of chagrin. "The paving industry has been so agreeable that they've covered every street and alley in Bricktown, with the exception of Birch, the contract for which was to have been let the other night, and Poppel, which is now being paved."

Jameson turned back to his table and with a bored smile began gathering up his papers, when a sheet-metal garbage wagon passed outside and the noise alone joggled the chandeliers.

"Nothing to pave!" Jameson exultantly exclaimed. "Why, mayor, these whole downtown wards are to pave, miles and miles of it!"

"In about a hundred years from now," assented Birchland. "These downtown wards are all cobblestoned and they'll be here when the big quake comes."

"Not on your life!" insisted Jameson. "We'll start an anti-noise crusade and send for the asphalt man!"

V

AT THE misty hour of seven A. M. sixty squat Americans from all parts of Europe clustered round the temporary toolhouse at the corner of Eighteenth and Poppel Streets and began sorting out their picks under the personal eye of Tim Corrigan.

At that identical moment Larry Doyle swung in from Fourteenth Street with thirty-five Americans, mostly from the counties of Tipperary, Mayo and Cork; and these last, carrying their picks over their shoulders, came with smiles on their lips and their pipes in their hatbands.

"Get to work, men!" sang Larry Doyle with the joy of life in his veins. And his crew of lusty Americans strung gayly along Poppel Street, from Fifteenth to Eighteenth, where the ground was being broken.

Tim Corrigan strode across to the first workman on Eighteenth Street and his freckles sprang out on him like the measles.

(Continued on Page 73)

A Study of the Air Currents

By HARRY N. ATWOOD

WINDS will blow and storms will rage, and the atmosphere above us will always be in a state of turmoil and unrest; so the man who follows the air must acquaint himself with the nature and source of these winds and storms in order to be prepared to contend with the conditions they impose upon him. The airman, like the seaman, should be an expert weather prognosticator and should know where and how to guide his aërial ship to avoid aërial disturbances; in fact, the air to the airman is the same as the sea to the seaman. The seaman's vessel on the ocean needs room when it encounters a storm. The airman's ship likewise needs room in the storm. It is unsafe for the seaman to sail his vessel too close to a rocky shore. It is unsafe for the aviator to sail his craft too close to the surface of the earth. The sailor should know the relations and effects of the squalls and changes of wind over the water upon his vessel. The airman should know the effects and relations of the whirlwinds, eddy currents and heat disturbances, caused by the topographical nature of the land, upon his airship. Like the sea navigator, the airman should know how to "sense" coming air disturbances and also to watch the air while he is flying.

When Smoke is Not in Evidence Flags are a Very Good Indication of the Nature and Strength of the Wind

Few people realize what an interesting and, from a practical standpoint, what a simple study our atmosphere is; and I think that few aviators realize what an advantage it would be to them to have a thorough knowledge of its workings. The student of aviation does not necessarily have to make a deep study of aërodynamics, but it is decidedly to his interest to know the atmosphere well enough to be able to cope with its changeable conditions. I am going to discuss the air currents, therefore, not from a technical point of view, but from the point of view of the man who is entering aviation as a recreation, and who is interested in the technicalities associated with it only so far as they may affect the safety of his flights.

The subject of the air currents may be divided into two parts—a study of the lower strata and a study of the upper. The average aviator is, as a rule, more concerned with the lower currents than he is with the upper, not only because it is more customary to fly low than high but also because it is much more difficult. Then again it is always necessary, in getting to the upper regions, to pass through the lower strata of air; and very frequently an airman may be perfectly safe while he is sailing high above the earth, but in great danger when he is obliged to make a landing. The upper air currents, however, are very important, because they are almost surely an indication of the state of the lower currents. They do not present many difficulties to the aëroplane flying in their midst, but they may cause serious difficulties to the aëroplane flying directly beneath them.

The Log of a Typical Flight

THE lower atmosphere of our earth is in a constantly disturbed condition, not only due to the high velocities of wind that may exist above it in the higher strata but also due to irregularities in its course, caused by obstacles projecting from the earth's surface. Even on a calm day, a day on which smoke is ascending straight into the air and on which all flags are motionless, the lower atmosphere is full of vertical currents directly caused by the heat of the sun. On a day when the sun is shining brightly these vertical currents are particularly noticeable, and their effects upon the airship are very pronounced, if not at times alarming. On such a day mountains, bare hilltops and ledges, which have become heated by the sun's rays, will have currents of air rising from their surfaces; whereas valleys, small marshes and ponds will have currents descending to them. Brown hayfields, patches of plowed land and sandflats will have uptrends of air directly over them, whereas local forest lands, green corn patches and shrubbery will have down currents descending into them. Again, the seacoast is, as a rule, the neutral line of up-and-down air currents—a rising air existing reactionarily one hundred yards inland from the water's edge and a descending air existing reactionarily one hundred yards out at sea. Cities have wide-sweeping, ascending winds directly over them, whereas the open green stretches of country of the immediate suburbs have descending winds.

These vertical currents, produced directly by the sun's rays heating local patches of country, are almost sure to be found in the various localities during the hours of high sun; and by studying the nature of the topography of the country the student can almost surely predict their presence and their strength. Of course a rising current of air will not in any way endanger the safety of the aviator's flight; but, on the other hand, a down current coming unexpectedly, particularly when he is flying at a low altitude, may cause him to come into collision with some earthly obstacle and thus wreck his machine and perhaps himself. The vertical currents on a calm, sunny day do not generally have any effect at an altitude higher than two thousand feet above the earth's surface, and on a windy day they may be wholly counteracted by the horizontal course of the air at a much lower altitude. On a cloudy day vertical heat currents do not exist; in fact, I have found all heat disturbances vanish fifteen minutes after the sun has gone under a cloud.

The best way, it seems to me, of illustrating the effects of heat disturbances in the air is to describe in detail a morning's cross-country flight from Boston, Massachusetts, to New London, Connecticut. I am only going to describe the trip from the standpoint of the air currents, and to show how I met the disturbing conditions on that particular morning and prepared for them in advance.

It was seven o'clock when I made the start from the Boston Aviation Field at Squantum; and in view of the fact that it was the latter part of June the heat disturbances over the country were well established at that hour. Owing to the fact that a heavy passenger was to accompany me and that an extra ponderous load of gasoline was necessary for the trip I knew that I should not be able to attain at the outset any high altitude, and consequently great caution would be necessary in encountering the down currents of air. From Squantum to the shipyards at Quincy flight was necessary along the seacoast of Quincy and Hingham Bays. A down current of air should exist a hundred yards over the water, an up current one hundred yards over the land. Consequently I flew over the land at the required distance and made use of the rising current to get my altitude. Even with the assistance of the rising air it was impossible at this time to go higher than four hundred feet.

The shipyards soon came into sight and from my point of view presented a black mass of sun-heated roofs, which I knew would produce a sharp and more or less violent vertical up wind, whereas the surrounding patches of green woods should have reactionary down winds. Therefore I flew directly over the shipyards and was not surprised at encountering a current of air that shot me upward at least two hundred feet higher than previously. From Quincy to Middleboro the country was of a very varied and motley nature, being dotted with a series of towns and villages and intervening patches of brown hayfields and local woods. The heated villages and new-mown hayfields I knew would furnish pronounced uptrends, whereas the green forests would furnish reactionary downtrends. Consequently on that particular morn I steered my course directly over the towns and fields, always avoiding the green country and the forest patches. By this time I had gained an altitude of a thousand feet.

At Middleboro an apparently endless stretch of woods presented itself, and in order to accomplish my desired flight it was necessary to fly over it. Knowing that a wide-sweeping, though not necessarily violent, descending current would exist over the forest, I first increased my altitude two hundred feet by spiraling over the town of Middleboro in the local uprising current. Then I started over the forest wilderness. Slowly but surely I began to descend toward the green forest, and in spite of anything I could do I lost from twenty-five to fifty feet every mile I flew. Down and down I came, until I was so low that at times I had to go round exceedingly tall trees in order to avoid hitting them. It was twenty-one miles across the wooded zone to the city of Fall River, and the last mile of flight was a desperate battle to keep my machine and its occupants from being hurled into the woods. Fortunately the tremendous down draft assumed a more or less horizontal flow when it was within ten or twelve feet of the treetops, and it was this fact alone that saved me from plunging into the forest depths. At last a brown field directly to the east of Fall River came within reach, and it was with great relief that I made use of its presence and the rising current over it to regain part of my lost altitude.

Jockeying for Altitude

I WISH to state at this point that the morning's flight from Boston to New London taught me other and perhaps more important lessons in flying than those of the air currents. Obviously I should not have flown over long stretches of woodland, for other reasons than air currents alone; but this particular trip was one to demonstrate the possibilities of the aëroplane, and both my passenger and myself realized that we were courting danger.

The trip was accompanied by the greatest success and was of invaluable service in my later flying.

The island of Rhode Island was the next territory to traverse. Any one acquainted with the district knows that it is an elongated island, having a backbone of high land passing longitudinally along the middle of it, which land rises a hundred or more feet above the sea-level. Knowing that an elongated up-draft of air must exist along this backbone, I therefore directed my course so that I flew directly over the center of the island. Little by little I regained entirely the altitude I had lost in passing over the forest wilderness and was soon sailing above the country again over a thousand feet high. Newport Bay had to be crossed next, but this presented no difficulties. Losing a little altitude when a hundred yards over the water from each shore of the bay, I easily regained it in the rising current of air I met one hundred yards inland from the mainland shore.

From Newport to Westerly I followed the seacoast, gradually increasing my altitude in the longitudinal heat rise that followed the coast a few hundred feet inland. By this time the gasoline had become so reduced that the lighter load allowed my machine to rise higher into the air. Knowing that the Pawcatuck, the Mystic and the Thames Rivers, of Connecticut, passing as they do between green hills, would have heavy down-drafts descending into them, I decided to take no chances and proceeded to climb into the heavens as high as the air would allow me. At two thousand feet all heat disturbances seemed to vanish, and I was able to hold a steady, even course to New London. Finally that city appeared and I started to spiral down into the Thames River Valley. Without difficulty I landed on a green field on the southwestern bank.

This flight of a hundred and thirty miles was undoubtedly accompanied by difficulties greater than those produced

by heat disturbances, but in this chapter I am only interested in showing how aërial roadways can be selected and followed at the will of the operator. There are good, safe roadways through the air just as there are good, safe roadways on the ground. Flying over a poor aërial roadway is as unsafe as speeding in an automobile over a poor surface highway. The trip was at least a fair example of what the aviator may expect from the heat currents on a calm, sunny day. Had it been taken in the cool of the very early morning or in the quiet of the twilight, or even on a cloudy day, the heat currents need not have been figured as disturbing elements.

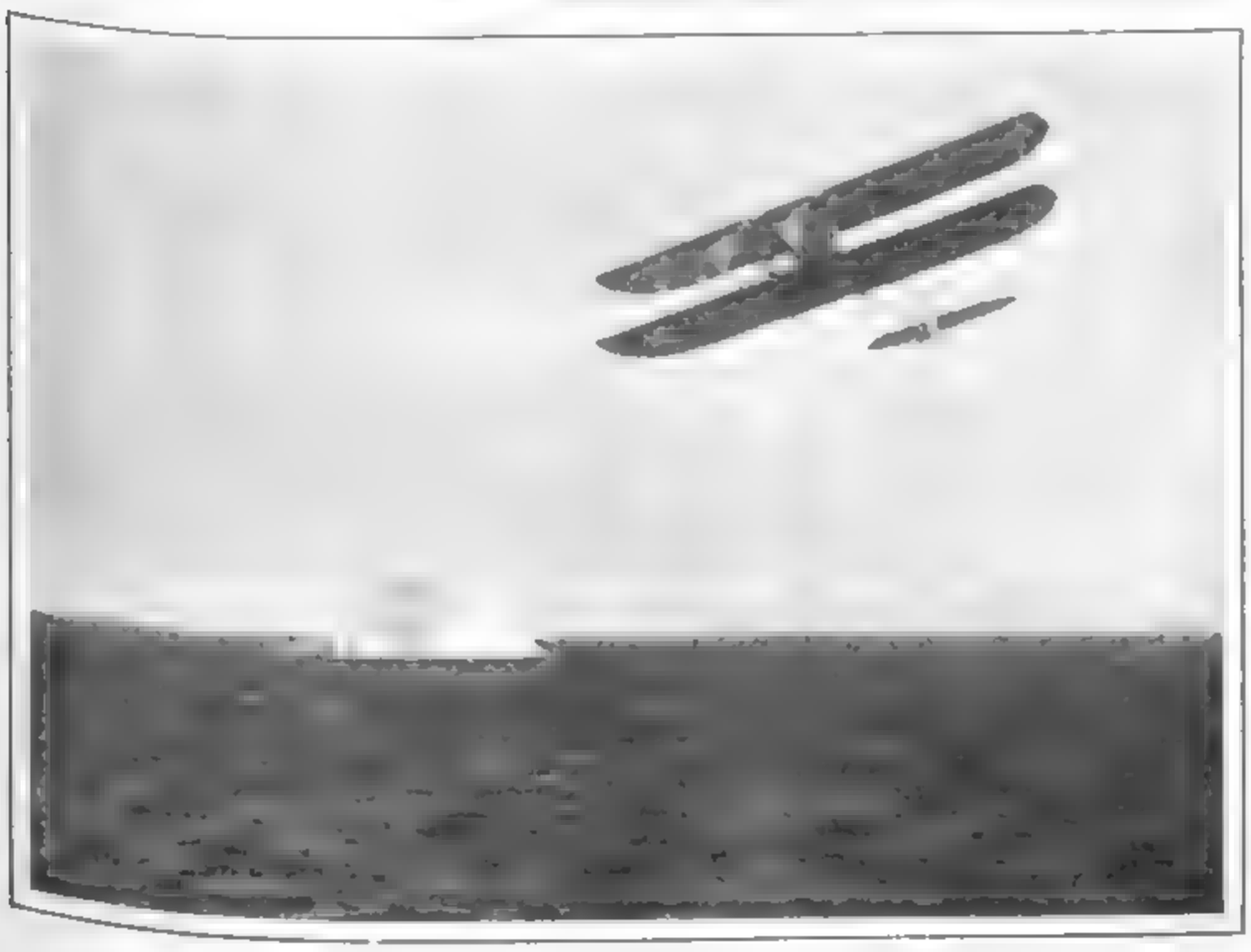
Some of the effects of high wind upon the aëroplane's flight are very similar to those produced by heat disturbances, but exist, however, at all times of the day or night when the wind is blowing. Hills and valleys, by deflecting the horizontal flow of the wind, produce up-and-down currents of air that are noticeable at varying altitudes, depending upon the height of the hill and the velocity of the wind. Strong up-drafts will be found on the windward slopes of hills and mountains, whereas down flows will exist along the leeward hillsides. The navigator of the air, if he is flying on a windy day over hilly country, should guard against the strong descending currents on the leeward slopes. If he is flying low by necessity it is well for him to approach a hill or mountain with the wind that is, approach it on its windward side. He will then encounter the ascending air current just before crossing the summit of the hill or mountain and will be assisted in crossing it safely. Should he approach the hill against the wind that is, on the leeward side—he would meet the down-draft just as he is about to mount the summit, and in all probability would be blown down on to the very hillside he is trying to cross. It is never safe, however, to fly low when the wind is blowing, and the navigator who attempts such a feat takes his life in his hands.

Horizontal air currents will be found where the wind is blowing lengthwise through a valley or river basin or across a large body of water. Its force will not be deflected unless it meets an obstacle. Therefore flight along its course is not attended with difficulties unless the flight is directed in too close proximity to the obstacle. Lone trees, boulders, buildings and even fences produce disturbing air-whirls when a high wind passes over them, and the whirls from such obstacles affect the aëroplane as high as a hundred feet above them if the wind is blowing with considerable velocity.

A good illustration of flying in windy weather was an experience I had in going from Concord, New Hampshire, to the White Mountains in a blustering northwesterly wind. The wind was blowing so violently that an altitude of twenty-five hundred feet above the surrounding country barely relieved me from the effects of the heavy blasts rushing up the mountainsides. From Concord to Franklin, New Hampshire, I flew over the Merrimac River Valley against the northwesterly wind; and as the currents were practically horizontal I experienced very little difficulty in attaining a safe altitude or in maintaining my equilibrium. Between Franklin and Tilton, New Hampshire, I was obliged to cross considerable high ground, and before attempting the feat I deviated my course so as to approach the height on its windward side. This gave me the benefit of the rising current on the windward slope before crossing the summit and therefore insured my safety in so doing. Exactly as I had anticipated, I ran into a mighty gust of wind roaring up the mountainside, which literally lifted me into the air more than a thousand feet.

If Upon Leaving the Stack Smoke Is Full of Hunches It Indicates the Presence of Up-Drafts

The Aviator Flying in the Calm Hour of Sunset Often Sees Cloud Effects of Extraordinary Beauty



In the Steady Horizontal Air Currents Over the Ocean

I do not believe I could have hit the summit of those heights had I tried. It would have been a sure calamity, however, had I first approached them on the leeward side.

At Tilton I was scheduled to make a stop, and with no little difficulty I dropped into the apparently sheltered valley and landed. Rising from Tilton, it was necessary to fly in circles for at least twenty minutes before I could lift myself from the depression between the hills. Again and again I would encounter a gust of wind coming over the mountain, which struck the top of the planes and pushed me down into the valley. At last I succeeded in mounting the hills and resuming my northward flight.

By this time the wind had become so strong that further progress against it was almost impossible. I could look down for two thousand feet from my position and see that the surface currents were so strong they were raising great clouds of dust and sand. Abandoning the attempt to fly northward against the wind, I turned with the gale and flew southeastward toward the Belknap range of mountains. More difficulties arose when I encountered these mountains. At times I would be shot aloft as if from a gun, and would be left a thousand feet higher in the air than I had been only a few seconds before; then the bottom of things would seem to drop out from under me and I would fall a thousand feet. The rise always came on the windward side of a mountain, the fall always over the leeward side.

At last I could stand it no longer, for though I realized I was safe so long as I could stay in the upper air currents I knew that at some time or other it would be necessary to land, and this was not a bright prospect. A mountain lay directly beneath me, a field at the base of the mountain on its windward side. I shut off all power, pointed my aëroplane toward the field and commenced the glide. A furious gust of wind rushing up the mountainside suddenly caught the plane and swept it aloft at least five hundred feet—five hundred feet higher than when I started my glide—with absolutely no engine power. In other words, the upsweep of the air on the windward side of the mountain was so strong I could not descend against it.

(Continued on Page 69)

THE ISLAND OF ADVENTURE

The Adventure of Mr. Pandora—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AT A QUARTER to twelve o'clock on the night of January the fifteenth, all the fourth-floor windows on the Center Street side of police headquarters were penetrated by bullets of lead, steel or other hard substance. Beginning at the upper corner of the building and continuing to the lower or Grand Street corner, the windows in succession were expeditiously perforated.

Downstairs on the ground floor there were men—a few of them—in the Detective Bureau and also one or two in the Bureau of Identification, which closes at midnight. On the top floor under the tower, in the Telegraph Bureau, which is so called because it is really a telephone exchange, there were more men; but the three floors lying between were locked up and dark and untenanted. The elevator had quit running at eleven.

Down in the Detective Bureau the official in charge, Captain Wigramme, was enjoying a short and satisfying sleep in a chair tilted back. Years before, when but an ordinary patrolman, Captain Wigramme had slipped away from his post to take a nap in an unfinished warehouse and had roused at exactly the right moment to detect three members of the Gashouse Gang in the act of tunneling through a side wall into the Cob Dock Savings Bank next door—a fortunate circumstance to which he owed promotion and his present eminence. He was a frequent sleeper, but a light one; and so the first tinkling crash of glass above brought him out of his slumber, standing up. He took the wide flights of stairs, three steps at a jump; and as he climbed he heard in regular succession little smashes that sounded as though some one, with a methodical hand, was stripping the prisms from an old-fashioned crystal chandelier and dropping them upon a hard floor. To such accompaniment he reached the fourth floor, and as he threw open a door of the big bare gymnasium he flinched back involuntarily, for from without somewhere came the phut of air released from a high-pressure tube and the farthermost window along the front cracked and split. Pawing at his hip for his gun, Wigramme ran to another and a nearer window, one that already had a star-shaped shatter in its center, and he peered out. Across Center Street, on the eaves of a three-story building used by Bamberger Brothers as a button factory, he saw outlined plainly against the skyline the figure of a man half crouching. He called out and the figure waved an arm at him, as though in greeting, and then vanished back from the cornice.

It could not have been more than three minutes later when Captain Wigramme, with two plainclothes men and a doorman at his heels, sped up the stairs in the button factory and, finding the scuttle conveniently ajar, emerged upon the flat roof. There was no one there; but some one had been there, all right enough. Plain as print in the half-inch of snow that covered everything were the foottracks of the mysterious marksman, showing how he had climbed out of the scuttle, how he had moved back and forth upon the roof, and how finally at a briskened gait he had fled by the same route he came. While the others were making a search of the block that yielded them nothing, Wigramme took measurements of these footprints. They were just such footprints as a well-shod man who wore a pointed-toed, size seven-and-a-quarter shoe would track out in smooth, thin snow. Unfortunately there was no peculiar depression of the right instep, no cross of nailhobs in the left heel such as a fugitive should by rights leave behind him for a clew.

That positively was all the baffled and indignant Captain Wigramme had to go on, except a row of ragged holes in a row of desecrated windows, and some three or four of the conical metal missiles that had made the holes. These last, by diligent hunting, he found upon the floor of the gymnasium.

That a miscreant should so violate the dignity of the very home of the police department was an inconceivable thing was, in fact, incredible. Nevertheless it was quite true. It was only too true. When, after circling and recircling the block, his search squad had returned to him with empty hands and full excuses Captain Wigramme took what seemed to him the best course in such an emergency. He called up the hotel where the police commissioner lived, and after some travail got the commissioner on the telephone and gave to him the extraordinary details of an extraordinary outrage. The commissioner thought on reflection that the matter should be kept quiet, if possible. With this judgment of his superior Captain Wigramme agreed absolutely.

A press gang of dazed detectives went forth into the arched void of night to find certain needed artisans and to commandeer certain requisite supplies. Before daylight came, the rules of the Glaziers' Union, touching on the proper hours of employment, were being violated by a crew who with numb fingers and puzzled faces worked on the fourth floor of headquarters; and by rising-time for most folks, new and virgin panes replaced the fractured sheets of window-glass in the gymnasium. Measured by dollars and cents, the damage had been small. In its effects upon the peace of mind of the commissioner, the captain, and such others as shared the secret, damage was enormous.

Moreover this sort of thing could not well be kept quiet. Somebody talked. Some headquarters man, with a close friend among the headquarters reporters, let a hint seep out of the corner of his mouth in passing—or something. Police headquarters, which presents a stone face in front, is a sieve behind.

There were stories—astounding, amusing and sarcastic—in every afternoon paper in town. That night, going home on the cars, all New York laughed a laugh of derision for a police force that boasted of having collared the Black Hand bomb-makers, but could not keep its new and expensive headquarters from being shot full of jaggedy apertures. Figuratively speaking, the raw winds of public disfavor whistled through these apertures and chilled the whole department, from the august commissioner down.

For some weeks past the police wing of the municipal government had been flapping lamely. A series of daring flat robberies in Harlem had gone undetected and unpunished. In Brooklyn there had been a daylight murder of a jeweler; and the murderer, though known, was yet at large. Finally ten days before, there had befallen the lamentable fiasco of the Howland Grainger case. By reason of his personal eccentricities and the number of lawsuits he had filed against his relatives, Howland Grainger was the most noted member of the noted Grainger family of millionaires, publishers, cotillon leaders and world travelers. Pestered into desperation by litigation and other annoyances, his elder brother, J. Reeves Grainger, had Howland Grainger declared mentally incompetent by a jury in lunacy. The body of Howland Grainger had been awarded into custody for commitment to an asylum. Thereupon two detectives escorted him to headquarters to await further steps on the part of his gratified kinspeople; whereupon Howland Grainger, in a moment of abated vigilance on the part of his custodians, had walked calmly out of the building and had continued walking in a westerly direction until he reached the Hudson River and also a ferryboat. The latter transported him across the former; he was safe on the Jersey shore before the alarm had time to spread.

They Scrouged Aside While a Queer-Looking Pair Passed Them

Once safely outside the jurisdiction of New York, he had found a complaisant and accommodating judge to declare him sane, and he had since remained in peace and security, or as much peace as one of his erratic inclination could endure. For this and for these other things the police had been under a constant skirmish fire of editorial criticism, which was bad enough. Now they were being stung with the barbed shafts of newspaper wit, which was worse. As stated, the whole town laughed.

Dana Grist, acting city editor of the Evening Planet, did more than laugh. Suddenly remembering something that had occurred within his own ken on the afternoon before—the afternoon of the fifteenth—he proceeded to put two and two together, which for a city editor during business hours is professionally regarded as an infinitely better employment than laughing. From his memory he reproduced the whole incident. It must have happened just about three o'clock, because he was closing down his desk for the day. One of the copy boys had dumped upon his desk a sheaf of mail addressed to the city editor and he had hastily sifted it through. It had been, for the most part, the customary run of a city editor's mail—anonymous complaints against this person or that thing; scrawled appeals for aid from deserted wives of the tenements; letters of praise or condemnation for the editorial policy; a threat of a libel suit; a dozen or more announcements of concerts, meetings, banquets and benefits—mainly stuff that might be classified under four headings: The useless, the spiteful, the irresponsible and the pitiable. But toward the end of the job he had come upon one letter that caught his attention and held it a minute or two—a single sheet of notepaper in a plain envelope, neatly typewritten. As nearly as he could now recall, it had run so:

> The time—11:45 P. M.;
> The place—Center and Grand Streets;
> The occasion—Opening of Pandora's Box;
> MOTTO—Those who live in glass houses should beware of stones.
> (Signed) A BROTHER TO PANDORA.

Yes; that was it substantially. He could even remember what he had said at the time. "A press agent's stunt?" he had asked himself—"or just a plain crank?" Then as he had tossed the letter into an already gorged waste-basket: "Well, all the cranks aren't dead yet. I wish sometimes all the press agents were"—and had taken himself off. He wished he had saved that letter; but he hadn't,

Such Phenomena Were Naked Scandals, Crying Aloud to the High and Unresponsive Heavens

so he did the next best thing. He sent a man up to see whether the commissioner had not also received an advance notice from the person whom Dana Grist mentally card-indexed as Mr. Pandora. The commissioner wouldn't say "Yes" and wouldn't say "No"; in fact he said practically nothing, but said it in such a way as to convince the reporter that the commissioner had indeed had some warning. Dana Grist filed the incident away in the back part of his head along with a million other things, and awaited further developments.

He did not have to wait long. On the following Friday night the Police Captains' Protective Association held its annual beefsteak dinner at Greeley's on Broadway, just above Columbus Circle. At one o'clock in the morning, when the underdone beefsteaks were bleeding their reddest juices and the beer was pouring freest, a masked man, subsequently described as being of medium height and well dressed, entered the café downstairs and at the point of a showy and shiny pistol held up one lone barkeeper and two tarrying patrons. Then he did the strangest thing that ever a masked highwayman did since Robin Hood taught his disciples the rudiments of the highway trade. Punctuating his commands with the eloquent muzzle of his weapon, he made the barkeeper open the slide of the cigar stand and remove the gaudy paper bands from fifty fifty-cent cigars. With his free hand he stuffed the cigar bands into the side pockets of his overcoat and, still commanding the inexplicable situation by force of arms, backed swiftly out of the side door and was instantly gone, leaving one lone barkeeper and two tarrying patrons surcharged with astonishment and other emotions too numerous and conflicting for cataloguing. Later his pistol was found where he had dropped it on the sidewalk. It was of pressed tin; there were evidences to show it had once contained cinnamon drops—the red and sticky kind.

Arriving at his post of duty that same morning, Dana Grist found upon his desk a small oblong package neatly wrapped and addressed to the city editor. A district messenger boy, nowise to be distinguished from any one of a thousand district messenger boys, had brought it to the Evening Planet half an hour earlier, had left it and had gone away. Dana Grist cut the strings, undid the wrappings and exposed a plain flat box containing ten gilded paper bands that had once encompassed the plump bellies of as many fifty-cent cigars, also a scrap of paper bearing the single line:

"Compliments of Pandora's Brother."

First putting the box and its contents in a safe place, Grist undertook a quiet investigation. Presently he had reason to believe—without being able definitely to confirm the belief—that similar remembrances, of flat boxes and cigar wrappers, had already reached the commissioner, and the bewildered Captain Wigramme, and the toastmaster of the beefsteak dinner, and perhaps others. But none of these seemed to care to make public the circumstances of the bestowal, and neither did Dana Grist. He kept his counsel and bided his time, having in mind a most beautiful story for future printing.

Perhaps it was the association of cigar bands with cigar stores, or perhaps the mysterious unknown took his cue from an editorial appearing in one of the morning papers in which the combined intelligence of the police department was likened to the mental equipment of a wooden Indian. Whatever the actuating impulse may have been, his next achievement had to do with wooden Indians. Like the horse car and the May party, the wooden Indian is a relic of an earlier period of the national development which abides still in New York. There is at least one wood-turning shop on the lower West Side where all the most popular styles of sidewalk statuary of the mid-Victorian period are manufactured to order. Generally the design is that of a mighty timber chieftain, though sometimes it is an Indian maiden and sometimes a columbine; and then again it may be a Punch, with a downturned nose and an upturned bump and a bundle of carved wooden cigars in his carved wooden grasp. Some that you see are new and varnishy and smell of the paint; and some are old and seamy and weather-cracked clean through. By day small shopkeepers use them to advertise their wares and by night draw them on their castered bases into screened areaways and chain them fast.

In the early hours of a Sunday toward the end of January a patrolman attached—but not deeply—to the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street Station was trying doors along upper Third Avenue. A block ahead of him he saw a long automobile standing in front of the cigar store of M. Blatz, and saw also what he took to be two men wrestling across the sidewalk from the doorway of the cigar store toward the car. He mended his gait; and at that one of the wrestlers seemed to give his antagonist a sharp shove, so that the latter tumbled heavily into the tonneau, with two legs protruding stiffly over the side. The victor sprang into the driver's seat and threw on the power and fled northward so fast that the policeman, hurrying up, could not make out the figures on the license tag dangling from the rear axle. Having failed to make a catch, the policeman deemed it the part of wisdom to dismiss the occurrence from his mind, and would no doubt have succeeded in this had not M. Blatz subsequently appeared at the station house to report lamentingly that during the night a valued wooden Indian belonging to him had been unscrewed from its wheeled pedestal in his basement doorway and feloniously removed. Simultaneously at other station houses in the upper city more complaints of a similar nature were being duly recorded.

However M. Blatz and his fellow victims of depredation did not mourn for long. Miles downtown their property had already been recovered. A crippled Cyclops of a one-eyed Punch, big enough almost for the figurehead of a brig, had been found at daylight, a shameful spectacle, reclining at a drunken angle against a side entrance of the exclusive and high-minded Hotel Gorham in Fifth Avenue, where the police commissioner had rooms. Two others, these being an old and decrepit Indian brave and a new and shiny Indian maiden, were at the moment of discovery standing sentry in solemn wooden majesty at the stoop of Captain Wigramme's house down Greenwich Village way, while the fourth—M. Blatz' cherished possession—had greeted a startled milkman from a recess behind the storm door of a lofty apartment house on Riverside Drive. Without divining the reason, Dana Grist guessed, or thought he guessed, why such an attention had been visited upon this last-named establishment—one of his employers lived there.

"Lady, I'm Going to Put You in the Way of Making a Nice Piece of Extra Money"

It is within the limits of a pardonable exaggeration of the real facts to state that the police force ran round in circles. The commissioner, who was a dyspeptic person and prone to worry, read the papers of the current issue and felt nervous prostration stealing insidiously over him. Captain Wigramme, who was of a full habit of life and a broad girth, betrayed alarming symptoms of a red-faced and swelling nature. For a period of minutes it seemed an even-money proposition, whether he would have apoplexy before he burst or would burst before he had apoplexy. Certain of his friends in the Detective Bureau dissuaded him from looking at the afternoon papers. Certain of his enemies there took steps to counteract these precautionary measures, they sent him marked copies by special delivery. M. Blatz received, by mail an envelope containing a twenty-dollar bill and nothing else. Three other cigar dealers were remembered after the same fashion.

It became apparent to all those interested—and they numbered up into the millions by now—that one person, a person with funds at his command undoubtedly, and an automobile of his own and a monstrously developed idea of the physical sense of humor, had been responsible for this sequence of weird achievements. Officially suspicion centered on Ryan Evans, long recognized as the champion practical joker of the Eastern seaboard; but Ryan Evans had no trouble in establishing a satisfactory alibi. He confessed that for some time past he had been entertaining the quaint notion of posing for a day as a wax figure at the Eden Musée, with a view to frightening into conniption fits the first inquiring patron who poked him with umbrella, cane or hatpin to see whether he was real; but, he added frankly, in the midst of operations by so gifted and ingenious an amateur as the person now performing, he, though an avowed professional, was amply content to sit quiet, awaiting the next manifestation of a power higher than his own. He was quoted to that effect in an interview.

Mr. Evans' wishes in this regard were speedily and amply gratified. On the Sunday preceding Saint Valentine's Day the Sunday issue of The Planet called exclusive attention to the pretty thought that anciently birds were supposed to choose their mates on Valentine's Day. As if in verification of this venerable superstition Broadway, shortly before six A. M. of February the fourteenth, was suddenly infested by a large number of birds which, if they did not mate, at least had ample opportunity for so doing. Mainly these were birds of a gay plumage and of tropical or semi-tropical antecedents, such, for example, as finches, love birds, parrakeets and parrots; also there were small mammals in abundance.

So far as later investigation developed, the first evidences of an unusual condition existing on Broadway were given by a droop-eyed and tangle-legged gentleman who, on issuing from his favorite all-night café, had his vision focused by the sight of five white rats approaching him single file along the sidewalk, followed by a feebly wriggling and half-frozen grass snake of a vivid green aspect. By all the traditions of our literature this gentleman should have shrieked aloud at the spectacle and then should have fled wildly away somewhere to take the pledge. The gentleman did nothing of the sort. He cloudily contemplated the procession until it had disappeared in a basement; then, proceeding to the nearest corner where a policeman on fixed post was stationed, he was in the act of inquiring whether anybody in the vicinity had reported the straying of five white rats and a pea-green snake, when the policeman himself gave a violent start and was aware of bobbing white blobs that were guinea-pigs and racing yellowish streaks that were English pheasants, and on a cornice overhead a chattering small gray shape that was a chilled and homeless monkey. Also there was much bird life beginning to manifest itself here and there and everywhere.

Such phenomena occurring in such a place at such an hour were naked scandals, crying aloud to the high and unresponsive heavens. From the two Tenderloin station houses came reserves who, assisted by cabmen and drivers of newspaper delivery wagons, spent the hours before breakfast in an uncongenial pursuit of bewildered birds and beasties. The white rabbits were the easiest to catch and the monkeys the hardest. Meanwhile two precinct detectives sought the fountainhead of this zoölogical flood. They found it in a bird and animal store three numbers off Broadway in a side street, where the front door was widely ajar and the cages and coops stood all empty and yawning and smelling strongly of their late occupants; and at the extreme rear lingered a pungent odor of the drug, whatever

it was, that had driven the stock in trade forth into an inhospitable city at an unseemly hour. The detectives called it burglary or worse and went to seek the owner of the depopulated establishment.

After some trouble he was located at an address in the Bronx. He was of Greek nativity, with a name ending in polopoulos. He manifested interest when the news was broken to him, but no alarm. It seemed that only two days before he had sold out his entire business to a gentleman who paid cash down. What did this gentleman look like? Was he tall? Perhaps so. Or he was short? Well, he might be. Was he light or dark? Probably so; he would not be sure. The purchaser had plenty of money, though; he was certain of that; and he either had a mustache or he did not, one or the other, said the Greek, thereby betraying one of the most inexplicable and common vagaries of the human understanding. Who ever forgets a set of whiskers? And who, two days after parting from a casual stranger, can remember whether or not he was mustached?

During that day it was made plain that not all of the merchandise of this side-street bird and animal store had been dispossessed into the dawn to make a Broadway holiday for early risers. A cabman, unidentified, brought to an express office certain cooplike parcels for delivery to the persons designated upon tags attached. He prepaid the charges and drove away. The express company, asking no questions, carried out its share of the contract, which explains why two tiresomely verbose Mexican yellow-headed parrots, one male and one female, reached Mr. Ryan Evans. But the police commissioner received African macaws and Captain Wigramme might have had a pair of South American toucans, only he refused to sign for them or indeed to accept them, using strong and violent language to an entirely innocent expressman.

It was on the second evening following this, and many who love to prolong a laugh were still laughing quite loudly, when Dana Grist called upon his friend, Gramercy Jones. If you have read sundry preceding stories you already know that Gramercy Jones was a young man of wealth and education and a roving turn of mind, who for some time had been seeking adventures in the city of New York under the tutelage of one Max Furst, ex-detective sergeant. On this particular evening Mr. Furst was away on leave, prosecuting his own private affairs, and his youthful employer sat alone in his library, studying a map of the greater city. There were pestered lines in the newspaper man's face, and Gramercy Jones saw them the first thing when Grist entered. He offered cigars and made a pretense at raking the coal fire that burned in the grate.

Following his custom, Dana Grist built a couple of imaginary headlines inside his brain, erased them, waited until his cigar was drawing well, and spoke.

"Young man," he began, "since you started going round this town digging up adventures, the results have been fair—haven't they?"

"Beyond my expectations," said the younger man, beaming through his large and black-rimmed glasses, which were one of the outward evidences of a Harvard education.

"That's good," said Grist. "Tell me, have you anything on foot at the present moment?"

"At the present moment," said Gramercy Jones, smiling, "business in our line is at a low ebb."

"All right, then," stated Grist; "so much the better. I've come down here tonight to give you a chance to share in an adventure that may be worth your while; and then again it may not. Anyhow it is a ready-made adventure—you won't have to dig it up yourself—and for the time being it is a secret."

"Max Furst has been heard to admit that I keep a secret pretty well."

"I'm sure of it; that's one reason why I'm letting you in on this one. Do you want a chance at finding the weird genius, whoever he is, who has been making star-spangled goats of the police department—I mean the man who smashed the windows at headquarters last month and did all those other freakish things?"

Gramercy Jones sat up straighter in his chair.

"One man then has been responsible for all of them?" he asked.

"The police only think so," explained Grist; "but I know it to be so. You see, for some reasons best known to himself, this strange and ingenious person, Mr. Pandora—that is my pet name for him—has in a measure taken my paper into his confidence. So far as I can learn he has honored us above all other papers in town, and now, having had his fill at toying with the police, he is about to play a while with the Evening Planet! Look here a minute."

He took a creased slip of yellow paper out of a pocket-book and spread it out flat upon the reading table. "This lettergram, prepaid, was filed at the Broad Street Station in Philadelphia this afternoon at two o'clock."

Over Grist's shoulder Gramercy Jones read the telegram:

city editor planet newyork

exclusive advance information for your guidance i expect to cross brooklyn bridge from brooklyn end tomorrow morning between hours of eight-thirty and nine will emerge from bridge at street level of park row side and go north on center street if questioned will give name by which you already know me but you may also recognize me by my jewelry which will be conspicuous and unusual

pandora's brother

"Do you think he will keep his word?" asked Jones as Grist folded up the yellow slip.

"I'm sure of it," said Grist. "Now here's the situation: I want to nab this gentleman. In the first place this"—he flipped the telegram with his finger—"is an open challenge to our city staff and that means the smartest city staff in town. In the second place it would be a beautiful thing, an absolutely beautiful thing, for the Evening Planet if we could capture and expose this peculiar person who laughs at the police and makes the whole town laugh at them too."

"What you would call a big beat, I believe?" said Gramercy Jones.

"What I would call the biggest beat that I can imagine," asserted Grist. "In the present state of the public curiosity I would rather find this Pandora than Charley Ross or The Man Higher Up with the goods on him. I'd rather find Pandora than the murderer of Millionaire Snell. I want to nab this gentleman and I want the Planet to get all the credit for it. I don't care whether he is a crank, a criminal, or the greatest practical joker of the present century—I want Mr. Pandora.

"Ever since I took a desk job I've been trying to find two things! One is a reporter who can write a story of a prison without calling attention somewhere in the story to the fact that the prison has gray walls." A whimsical squint narrowed his eyes. "And the other is an absolutely exclusive, world-beating beat. I've given up hope of one, but this looks like a chance to make good on the other. Our slippery friend tells us here just where he's coming from and which way he's going. He tells us the time, within half an hour. I know he is of medium height and rather plump. I know he has small feet—his footprints in the snow on the roof of that button factory proved that. He has small hands—the barkeeper he held up at Greeley's remembered that much. And now we have his word for it that he will be wearing conspicuous jewelry. We'll make that headquarters crowd squirm if we nail him right under their noses."

"Then you aren't going to ask the police to watch for him?" inquired Gramercy Jones innocently.

"Certainly not. This is our private teaparty. Tomorrow morning I expect to have a squad of the keenest reporters in town watching that bridge entrance. I'm going further than that—one of the private detective agencies is going to furnish us some people too; they'll be disguised, I guess. If you—and your man Furst—want a hand in this, meet me in the city room of the Planet any time before eight-thirty o'clock in the morning. I'll have reporters' cards for you Are you booked for it?"

"Expect us by eight at the latest," said Gramercy Jones.

Every weekday morning Brooklyn is a funnel through which half a million human atoms slide; and the spout of this funnel is Brooklyn Bridge. There are other spouts, plenty of them, but this is the main one. It always has been and probably it always will be. Here the stream runs the thickest and jams the tightest and squirms the squirmiest. In the morning it pours into Manhattan, ramming and cramming, smashing and splashing, even as the waters came down at Lodore; and in the late afternoon it reassembles itself, thickens, solidifies, jellies, coagulates, and then, reversing the laws of gravity and the commonest rules of physics, pours back up the spout and sprays itself out through the funnel.

Hence twice daily is presented the spectacle of the bridge crush, a thing of which the metropolis professes heartily to be ashamed and of which secretly it is inordinately proud, seeing that no other city anywhere can show a duplicate of it, or anything like a duplicate of it. And because it has no colorable counterpart elsewhere, sociologists come to study the types it produces, and traffic experts to figure out plans for easing it, and native writers to tap its floods for heart-interest stories, and British writers to put chapters about it in their inevitable volumes of American notes. Others come too—thieves to prey on its component units, and policemen to catch the pickpockets and to herd the multitudes into their appointed channels.

On a certain morning in February Brooklyn's half-million crossed the bridge as usual on jammed trains and overflowing cars and packed footpaths, coming two or three or four thousand to the minute, congesting along the bridge levels and disgorging from the inadequate terminal, with a swirling, spreading, twisting movement suggestive of myriad oats spraying out of a hopper. The Subway, burrowing underground like a mole, sucked in its share of the onrushing army; the Elevated road, straddling along on its thousand legs like a great iron earwig, took its share; but the bulk of the crowds spread fanwise over City Hall Park or gorged into wriggling black masses in the tortuous gorge of Nassau Street and the widening gore of Park Row, traveling mainly westward and southward. There were lesser torrents, yet thick enough ones, debouching from the main currents to flow eastward toward the Bowery or to splash in living scallops and waves across the triangled plaza to where Center Street, sprouting off Park Row like a tendril off a taproot, winds northward past the gray towers of the Tombs and the red walls of the Criminal Courts Building, on past the gold dome of police headquarters, and finally loses itself two miles northward in a maze of contradictory crossways.

Those of the half-million who took this latter route between eight-thirty and nine o'clock found their way strangely hampered and obstacled. First to pass there was a shifting skirmish line of alert young men, who shuttled back and forth in the streaming travel lanes at the upper exits under the overhanging lip of the bridge mouth. Only Gramercy Jones and Max Furst, keenly watchful from a point a few paces northward, knew these nervous pedestrians to be Evening Planet reporters. Back of and behind the reporters were other persons, whose bodies, facing all the same way, formed, as it were, rocks in the rapids against which the northbound currents inevitably splashed and bumped.

There were, to begin with, two sandwich men. One sandwich man was boxed, like a turtle in

A Patrolman Saw Also What He Took to be Two Men Wrestling Across the Sidewalk

(Continued on Page 56)

THE SULTANA

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

IX

THE discovery that it was Fulton's car in which the masked men had arrived at the ruined and abandoned farm brought Mills up, as sailors say, "all standing." He had, of course, thought of Basia and Robert, and also to some extent of Strelitso; but he had not bothered himself about them. The Russian had not impressed him as a dangerous man, bandit or no bandit. Besides this, he had left Robert armed and organized for battle, and it had seemed to Mills that the young man ought to be able to take care of himself and Basia.

The arrival of the party below in Fulton's car put a quite different complexion on the matter, however. Mills, flattened full length on the floor of the loft, hung his head over the opening where the ladder came up and listened. Virginia, sleeping peacefully in the straw, did not so much as budge; but Pelleas woke and began to growl. Mills was afraid he might bark, but Pelleas was not of the barking kind. He was a serious-minded dog, who growled, then bit, leaving barking to curs of inferior intelligence. Mills' sibilant hiss had told him that he was to keep quiet, and Pelleas had great respect for Mills. He curled tighter against Virginia and put the onus of the situation on Mills.

As soon as the car had come to a stop two men, who were sitting in front, got down. One of them said something to the man with the lantern, who lighted the way out of the place and started to cross the court, the other two at his heels. Mills slipped down the ladder and watched them. Directly opposite was a half-ruined building, which he judged to have been the farmhouse proper. A good half of it had been burned away, for the fire had raged most fiercely on that side and the flanking buildings had been entirely destroyed, leaving gaps filled with ruins to complete the inclosure. One end of the house was still habitable, however, for any one who might care to live there, and it was toward this spot the man with the lantern led the others.

Mills hesitated for an instant, went back up the ladder and listened to Virginia's deep, regular breathing, which was punctuated by the snores of Pelleas, for dachshunds always snore when tired; then he went down the ladder and crossed the court. He was extremely anxious to have a look at these newcomers and to see if Strelitso was one of them.

A light flashed from a window on the ground floor of the ruined farmhouse and Mills crept up and looked in. The house, like all French farm buildings, was of stone with a tiled roof; and as Mills peered through the window he saw what had apparently been the kitchen and general living room—a low-studded but well-proportioned apartment, with a floor of flat bricks, a wide chimneyplace, a table, some benches and a sort of ancient buffet, which had finally succumbed to the worms in one corner, and had been propped up by home-made bricks.

The lantern was on the table and round it sat three of the worst-looking ruffians that Mills had ever seen. All were low-browed, dirty, dark of complexion, and with a swarthiness that suggested the southern Italian. Though the window was wide open, the panes of glass having been smashed and the blinds torn away, Mills heard their voices indistinctly, due no doubt to the fact that their language was utterly unintelligible to him. He could not even have said in what tongue they were speaking. The best he could do was to catch such occasional words as "Avallon," "*la grande route*," and a fair sprinkling of expressions that could not have been polite.

Mills, who had enjoyed the best educational advantages his country had to give in its college courses, was about as much at home as a frog might be in the middle of the Desert of Sahara. Any recent immigrant child from almost any part of Europe could have followed the conversation better than could he.

However, if his ears were out of action, thanks to the modern American system of education, his eyes were busy enough. The bandits had brought their provisions with them, and the first thing they did was to spread a dirty napkin on the table, already cleaned by fire and flood, and place thereon two cobwebbed bottles, from which the corks were quickly drawn, and a package that when opened produced sausage, galantine of meat, nice-looking bread and large quantities of cheese.

Each man, taking a claspknife from his pocket, set to work on the food without more ado. Mills observed that their hands were dirty and the claspknives possessed of blades which might easily let the life out of a man. With the rain dripping down his back he watched the collation in a very unsatisfied frame of mind. It had already occurred to him that he might rouse Virginia, start the motor and slip away while the bandits were at their supper; but the trouble with this scheme was that they would be certain to hear the car, as the window was open, and come flocking out to investigate. Undoubtedly they were all armed, and Mills was not. There was also the tiara reposing in the thicket at the bottom of the hill.

Watching this refection of brigands, Mills came to several conclusions.

"I am afraid I was unduly rude to Mr. Count Strelitso," he said to himself, "but it will teach him not to run off with American girls and can do him no harm."

It also occurred to Mills that these three men were about as hard looking a trio as he had ever seen, and he felt a very sharp anxiety about Basia and Robert—the more so because he had left Robert armed with a pistol. It seemed to him most probable, however, that Robert would have had sense enough to yield, and that Strelitso would have had decency enough to take them to a place of safety, unless the bandits had disabled his own car to prevent the spreading of an alarm. At any rate, they would have had shelter in Rimbert's car. Mills now believed that Strelitso had told the truth and had played no part in the brigandage.

What surprised and disgusted Mills beyond measure, however, was that a young man like Gustav Vilahoven should ever have got mixed up with such a gang of thugs. The thieves did not look like Frenchmen. They had taken off their masks, and from the general features of their swarthy faces Mills decided that they were either Spanish or Italian. Their types suggested a rather low grade of taxicab chauffeurs, of which there were at this time many who were little better than tramps, owing to the general strike in Paris. How a gentleman, such as Mills understood Gustav to be, could ever have associated himself with such a band was more than Mills could understand.

Their supper finished, the man sitting with his back to Mills brushed away the remnants of food, of which there was left enough for another meal; then, reaching down at his side, he lifted and placed upon the table a small black valise, which sagged as though its contents were heavy. Opening this, the bandit took out one by one what looked to Mills like bound and sealed packages of banknotes. After these came four small canvas sacks, also sealed and labeled with their contained amounts, and suggesting to the young American bags of "boodle," such as one sees depicted in political cartoons. From these small sacks came a seductive clinking sound as they were set on the table.

"The devil!" said Mills to himself. "They must have stuck up some country bank too."

This supposition appeared to be verified by the production of a stack of papers that looked like bonds, over which the robbers bent with an eager, examining curiosity. The biggest man, who was the one with his back to the window where Mills was peering in through a crack in the demolished shutter, picked up one of these papers and plunged into some argument. The other two seemed to oppose him, but not with any great amount of confidence, and it was easy for Mills to guess that they were discussing the possible negotiability of these securities. None appeared very positive on the subject, for there were frequent shrugs and gestures expressive of doubt; hands thrown palm upward, with the fingers spread; grimy fingers tapped on the serial numbers of the papers; and finally the big man rolled them up together, tied them with a bit of string and tossed them to one side.

Reaching again into the bag, he took out another canvas sack. Cutting with the point of his knife a piece of tape with which it was tied, he poured out upon the table a glittering assortment of jewels. There were rings, brooches, pendants, one or two collars of small pearls, jeweled scarf-pins, earrings and the like. In the dim glow of the lantern these trinkets glowed and sparkled most invitingly, and the thieves appeared to find great pleasure in passing them through their grimy hands and discussing their relative values.

"That," said Mills to himself, "is what they looted from this man Durand, to whom I sold my ring. Strelitso told the truth; he must have bought the ring before the holdup, otherwise it would be with this other swag. Oh, if I only had a large, six-cylinder self-starting gun!"

For an instant the mad idea crossed his brain of leaping into the room with his wrench, which he had clung to throughout the chase and which was now in the loft, in the pocket of the ulster with which he had covered Virginia and Pelleas. If he had been alone he might have undertaken it, but the odds were too great while Virginia was under his protection. No doubt the bandits had their weapons handy, and if one of them should manage to get in a disabling shot Virginia would be quite at their mercy. Mills shivered at the mere idea. He reasoned, also, that he would be able to spread the alarm at an early hour, and it did not seem probable that the thieves could get far before being arrested, especially as Mills would be able to identify them. Then an idea seized him: Why not take a leaf out of Robert's book and incapacitate the car? If unable to start the motor the bandits would be obliged to leave on foot, and that would greatly simplify their capture. Mills began to doubt that they were waiting for Gustav. He decided that one of them must have been familiar with the locality, and that they had come to the ruined farm for the purpose of dividing their loot without danger of interruption.

However, it would be a good thing to stall the car, not only to cripple their activity but because he needed it himself. There was also Fulton to consider. Mills crossed the court silently and went into the shed. He was familiar with motors and he decided that the quickest and easiest way would be to break the electric current in a way that would defy detection and make it impossible to get a spark. This he soon accomplished by destroying the contact in the switch.

Another thing to be considered was the danger of Virginia's wakening and of Pelleas possibly raising an alarm. Mills decided she must be warned. He went up the ladder and, pawing softly to where the girl lay, plunged in the sleep of utter exhaustion, he shook her shoulder gently.

"What?" she murmured drowsily.

"Virginia!" whispered Mills, his lips close to her ear.

"What? Oh—so sleepy!"

Pelleas grunted and stretched.

"Virginia, wake up!" said Mills.

She sat up suddenly.

"Where am I?" she gasped. "Oh—is that you, Doctor Mills?"

"Yes," said Mills. "Listen! Are you awake?"

"Yes—I think so. What is this stuff?"

"Straw. Wake up, my dear."

It was with some difficulty that he managed finally to get her wide awake. Then in a few brief words he described the situation.

"Mercy!" said Virginia.

"They will be going soon," said Mills, "for it's nearly three o'clock. When they come out here after the car, don't make a sound. Do you think you can keep Pelleas quiet?"

"Oh, yes. He never barks when I am holding him."

"Then hold him tight. Don't let him squeak. It might cost us our lives!"

Virginia did not seem very much alarmed. No doubt her mind was still numb with fatigue.

"All right," she answered. "Be careful what you do!"

Mills went down the ladder, paused a moment to watch and listen, then stole back to his window. An interesting sight was presented to his eyes. In a corner by the chimney the thieves had lifted one of the square flagstones and scooped out the earth beneath, and were in the act of secreting the black, imitation-leather valise. Their work was almost finished, and as Mills watched they replaced the flagstone, trod the earth into the crevices and scattered dust over it. The big man then took out his watch, held it to the lantern and gave an exclamation of impatience. Seeing that they were on the point of leaving, Mills ran back across the court and up the ladder. Virginia roused herself sleepily.

"They are coming!" whispered Mills.

"Oh, are they?"

"Yes. Quiet now—and mind Pelleas!"

The lantern flickered across the court and into the shed. Listening breathlessly, Mills heard beneath him the sound of futile efforts to start the car. Once, as one of the men worked the switch while another turned the crank, there came from the motor a sputtering explosion, and Mills' heart sank for fear his work had not been thoroughly performed.

Virginia was wide awake by this time and crowding close to Mills, her breathing coming quickly, while she held Pelleas tightly under the ulster; but either the little dachshund understood the necessity of keeping quiet or else was indifferent to the presence of strangers so long as he was with his mistress - for, aside from a few smothered growls, he made no noise.

For perhaps fifteen minutes the bandits worked over the motor, growling maledictions and tugging impotently at the crank. Then one of them, who appeared to be the leader, snarled some impatient remark and they went out, extinguishing the lantern. Through a square hole in the roof Mills could see that the sky was growing light.

"I think they've gone," he whispered.

"Good! May I go to sleep again?"

"Yes. Take another nap."

Virginia acted immediately on this suggestion and her breathing became long and even almost instantly. Mills waited for a few minutes; then, hearing nothing more, he crept down the ladder and looked out. There was nobody in sight and the dawn was certainly not far away. As he stood peering about he became conscious of a strong odor of gasoline; it was, in fact, so intense as to have but one signification.

"The swine!" growled Mills. "I believe they've gone and emptied the tank."

Pawing about in the dark, he discovered this to be the case. Mills groped about in the back of the car, where he knew there was always a spare tin, but it was not to be found.

"Darn them!" said Mills to himself. "Anyhow, I've got their blooming loot!"

With the idea of immediately possessing himself of this, Mills went to the farmhouse, pried up the flagstone and took out the satchel. Then, returning to the car, in the growing light he set about reëstablishing the current. While so occupied, he was pleased to discover on the front seat a paper package, which proved to contain half a loaf of bread, a large piece of sausage and a Brie cheese—also a bottle of wine.

"Rather decent of them to leave us some breakfast," thought Mills. He eyed the food hungrily, then went outside, lighted a cigarette and waited for the day. The rain had stopped, but the sky was overcast and the wind damp and cold.

"A busy night," said Mills to himself, "but not without its interesting features. In that satchel there must be gold, notes, jewels and securities to the value of a good many thousand dollars; not very far away, in the vicinity of a certain white birch, is a tiara worth something in the neighborhood of three million francs; and up here in the loft, asleep on a heap of half-charred straw, is a girl whose little finger is worth more than all the treasure of which blind Fortune has chosen me to be the unworthy custodian! I am afraid Pete will never speak to me again!"

He was turning such thoughts in his mind and wondering why it was that, in the face of so many responsibilities, he could think of nothing but a young girl asleep on a heap of straw, when a crisp voice said from directly behind him:

"Have they gone? I can't find my shoes."

Mills plunged his hands into his pockets.

"Here they are," said he. "I put them in my pocket on purpose—so that they wouldn't get lost."

Virginia drew back, for the court was full of puddles.

"What was all that you were telling me a little while ago?" Virginia asked, slipping her feet into her shoes. "It sounded like a dream. What is this place, anyway?" She fastened the buckles. "And how did we ever get here?"

"How do you feel?" asked Mills, throwing away his cigarette. "Rested up a little?"

"I'm ready for the next round; but I should like to wash my face. How did this car get here?"

Mills grinned.

"Cars have a way of getting everywhere in these days," he answered. "If you want to wash your face, wait here and I'll get you a bucket of water from somewhere. That stone thing over there looks like a well."

"I suppose," said Virginia, knitting her brows, "my reputation will be ruined."

"At this moment," said Mills, "your reputation is worth about five francs."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. It's worth about five francs' worth of gasoline—or essence, as they call it in this dull, Old World country, where nothing exciting happens in a hundred years. One dollar's worth of juice would save your reputation, because if we had it we could get back to the château before anybody wakes up—and if we were seen we would say we had been for a moonlight joy ride. I don't know where we can get gasoline here, and I haven't the five francs to pay for it if I did. Have you got any money?"

"No," Virginia answered. "I had some in my dressing bag, but I threw that away somewhere in the vines."

"That's a pity!" said Mills. "I've got two francs and one sou. I spent the other loose sous recklessly."

"Oh, be still!" said Virginia. "Go over there to that thing which looks like a well and get me some water. Then clear out! I don't suppose there's anything to eat in this place? Eloping gives you an awful appetite."

"I think I can manage it someway," said Mills, and crossed the court.

The well proved excellent, the scum having been drawn off in the vain effort to put out the fire. Mills made use of a thin horseshoe picked up on his way across the farmyard to separate the bucket from its chain.

"Here's your water," said he to Virginia, setting down the bucket. "Take your bath while I admire this picturesque French sunrise. Where is Pelleas?"

"Hunting rats up there in the straw. My ankle is swollen and hurts. You are a doctor; look at it and see if it's sprained."

"It isn't sprained," said Mills. "I can tell that from here. You probably turned it running down the hill. Take your bath and we will have some breakfast, and then go down and look for the tiara."

"Where are we going to get breakfast?" she asked. "Does anybody live here?"

"Only ourselves, and we are merely transients. However, I have had some breakfast sent up—a bottle of wine, some bread and cheese, and a garlic sausage. Do you like garlic sausages?"

"I love them! I could eat a whole one this minute."

"Very well. You will soon have the chance. Now make your toilet while I walk about and ponder what to do with my wealth."

Mills whistled for Pelleas, and the dog immediately forsook the rats to join him. Pelleas was quite of the conviction that here was a man person in whose service there was an opportunity to fulfill his duties, not only as a dog but as a dachshund of pure race. Nothing had ever given him the same delight as the pursuit and finding of his mistress. Rat and cat hunting were dull games in comparison, and if he happened to lose his head for an instant and kill a chicken or a duck, it was a case of prison for at least twelve hours. Pelleas felt that Mills understood him and the use to which his natural instincts might be put, and he respected him accordingly.

Mills made a tour of the whole inclosure. He did not expect to find anybody, but it occurred to him as quite possible that one of the thieves might have taken it into his head to return to plunder the hoard. Pelleas assisted in the investigation, flushing a rabbit out of a pile of brush and a sad-looking cat from some corner. It was getting light by this time, and Mills, climbing up on the wall, began to study the country with the idea of determining just where they were and where the nearest village might be. There was nothing to be seen but woods and fields, and distant hills low-lying under a windy sky; but the breeze brought the sound of church bells from no great distance.

Mills returned to find Virginia as fresh and trim as though she had just come from the hands of her maid, instead of having been chased back and forth across the country for half the night, and with only about three hours' sleep on a pile of half-burned straw. She gave him a very warm look from her slaty-gray eyes.

"You look awfully tired," said she. "Didn't you get any sleep at all?"

"No," answered Mills; "but I did not mind. I was very busy."

"I'm dying to hear about it. I don't seem to remember anything after you found me. How in the world did you ever get me here?"

"Principally by moral suasion, backed by your own grit."

Virginia laughed.

"Did I understand you to say something about breakfast?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mills. "It is here. Let's take it into the farmhouse. There is a table there and some stools."

Picking up the package of food, he led the way to the farmhouse where the table was quickly spread, and the two fell upon the food with more appetite than elegance. Virginia was burning with curiosity to hear all about the night's affair, of which she had but a vaguely formed idea. Mills described it briefly. Virginia then told him of how she had received the tiara from Gustav.

"So far as I can see," said Mills reflectively, "the goat of the affair is Strelitso. I am sorry I was so abrupt."

"He will challenge you, of course," said Virginia.

"He may fight me, too, if he likes," said Mills indifferently. "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do. I've fenced a good deal."

Virginia's eyes widened.

"Don't you think of it!" said she emphatically.

"Why not?"

"Because—I don't want you to. Besides, he doesn't deserve any satisfaction. He may not have stolen the tiara himself, but nothing will convince me that he did not mean to keep it. That was the main reason for my running away."

"Then you would have married him!" Mills' steady eyes regarded her with a curious intentness. Virginia, catching the look, colored vividly. She did not answer. "But why?" asked Mills, filling her cup, for there was some broken crockery in the place. "You weren't in love with him. You never were in love with him."

"Well, I know it," said Virginia uncomfortably, "but I thought I was. Besides, I was sure he was mad about me; and—and I was tired of being an old maid—and—and being bossed about. I wanted to be married."

She colored hotly.

Mills' own face grew rather dusky as he watched her. He seemed about to say something, then checked himself.

"What?" asked Virginia, leaning toward him.

"Nothing."

"What were you going to say?"

"Something foolish," he muttered, looking down at the table.

Virginia leaned closer and laid her hand on his arm.

"Tell me!" said she softly.

"Then, if you must know," said Mills, and his eyes were quickly raised and fixed intently upon her own, "I was going to say that from the moment I first caught sight of you, tending your geese, something seemed to tell me that here, at last, was the girl I had been hunting for all my life. While Fulton was making silly remarks and you were answering them I sat there watching you with my heart going like—like the motor. I loved you at first sight, Virginia Lowndes, and I shall love you all of my life. I never looked at a girl until I saw you, and when I learned that you had run off with that Strelitso man I was nearly wild. We rushed after you; and when I started to hunt for you with Pelleas something told me that I should find you—and never lose you again. Virginia, the moment I saw my ring on your finger——"

"What?" cried Virginia. "Your ring on my finger! What are you talking about?" She stared wildly at Mills, then down at her hand, where Mills' family heirloom glowed redly.

He caught her hand in his and raised it.

"That is my ring!" said he, and his voice sent a thrill through Virginia. "It was my mother's ring; the one I lost at Monte Carlo and sold to the dealer on the steps of the Casino. This man Durand, who bought it of me, was on his way to Paris; Strelitso fell in with him at Avallon and bought the ring, then lied to you about it. He told me so himself."

"Who told you?" cried Virginia.

"Strelitso. I made him own up before Basia and Sautrelle. My dear, there's a fate in this."

For an instant Virginia stared at Mills, speechless and amazed. Then, as he watched her eagerly, her expression underwent a change. The color faded from her face as if by magic, her eyes grew wild, her lips parted, and there spread over the lovely face such an expression of terror that Mills was startled. He noticed that her gaze was not on him, but over his shoulder, and as if held by some awful apparition.

"Virginia—what's the matter?" he cried, starting up. At the same moment Pelleas darted from beneath the table with a bark that was more like a scream. Mills turned when there came from behind him the rush of feet and the whistle of air. Acting entirely by instinct, Mills swerved sharply; and as he did so he felt a grinding, tearing pain on the side of his head.

What followed was too swift for description. Mills staggered, lurched on his stool, then fell to the floor. There came another whistling blow; but in falling Mills had

clutched at the table and drawn it over after him. The blow struck the table's rim and there was the crash of splintering wood. Virginia's shriek rang in his ears, and as he floundered under the débris Mills caught a glimpse of a pair of trousered legs at his elbow. Quick as a cat he flung his arms round them and lunged forward. There came a crash, a yell; and he found himself rolling over and over, grappling with some sodden creature that seemed all clawing hands and kicking feet. His cheeks and ears were seized in a powerful grip and a pair of greasy thumbs slid up to gouge his eyes. Mills flung back his head and broke the hold, then drove the top of his head forward and felt it crash against the face of his antagonist. Wrenching one arm clear, he struck blindly and with all his force.

His face seemed covered with slime and it got into his eyes, blinding him so that he looked through a red mist. Putting out all his force, he broke from a strangling hold and swarmed on top, brushing his eyes against his sleeve to clear his vision; then, at sight of a white, glaring face just under his, he hove himself up on one arm and struck again—a short, heavy blow, which landed on the side of the bristling jaw. The body under him went limp and Mills struggled to his feet, the blood pouring into his eyes.

On the floor, half under the table, lay the body of a big man; and as Mills wiped the blood from his eyes and looked down he recognized it as that of the leader of the bandits. Beside it lay one of the acacia stakes used for the vines, rough-split from the log, and of the size and shape of what is known to the American farmer as a balest ek. Mills wipped it up and stood over his late antagonist, then looked round for Virginia. She was standing with her back to the chimney, both hands raised to her mouth and her eyes wide with horror.

"Good Lord!" muttered Mills. "It's one of the bandits! He came back to swipe the loot. What a beast—to try to slaughter me without a word!" He tottered slightly.

"Oh, my dear!" cried Virginia. "Your face is covered with blood. It's just pouring out!"

"He split my scalp!" said Mils, sinking on to a settle by the chimney. "Tie something round it tight."

He closed his eyes, feeling rather sick and faint. There was the sound of ripping cloth and Mills felt a band of something slipped over his head. "Put a pack—a wad of something—over the cut and draw it tight," said Mills.

Virginia followed his directions with the skill of a trained nurse. She was drawing the bandage snug when the bandit stirred and opened his eyes.

"Lie still, you," growled Mills, "or I'll beat your head in! Understand English?"

The man stared, then gave a groan.

"Yes, sar," he answered.

Mills glared at him. His head was swimming, but he knew he must keep his senses. Blood was rolling down his face. He reached for his handkerchief and wiped it off.

"He can't be armed," said he to Virginia, "or he would have shot me. Still, you might run through his pockets. Don't be afraid—if he bats an eye I'll smash him."

Picking up the stake, he stood over the thief. Virginia ran her trembling hands into the wet, grimy pockets, drawing out no weapon, but getting a handful of gold coins—louis-d'or and ten-franc pieces.

"A little more to add to our collection," said Mills. "What'll we do with him? Lie still, you pig!" And he lifted the stake.

Virginia slipped to his side.

"Let's leave him here and go," she whispered.

"What? Let him off!"

"Yes, my dear. Let him go, by all means. Don't you see that if we hand him over to the police it will all come out about Gustav? We don't want that for the baron's and Basia's sakes."

Mills nodded.

"You're right," said he. "Let's take our stuff and get out. I don't believe there's much more fight in that crook; but I would like to give him one more, just to pay for that swipe over the head."

"I think he's paid," said Virginia. "Do let's go!"

Mills, whose strength was rapidly returning, looked at the bandit.

"Get up!" he growled.

The man struggled to his feet and stood, tottering.

"Go!" said Mills, pointing to the door. "And keep on going if you want to save your skin. In half an hour the gendarmes will be looking for you."

The man lurched to the door. He shambled across the court, went out the gate, and the last they saw of him he was stumbling across the field in the direction of the woods. What was passing through his criminal brain can be only a matter of conjecture. Having been already held up in the last hour by one English-speaking young man, who had disarmed and bereft him of his ill-gotten gains, it is probable his dazed faculties came wisely to the decision that the less he had to do with this particular breed the better.

"What a Beast—to Try to Slaughter Me Without a Word!"

As soon as he had disappeared, Virginia turned to Mills, looked at him for a brief, inquiring second—then, with no warning, flung her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"How do you feel?" she asked anxiously.

"Much better now," Mills answered cheerfully. "Let's get the bag out of the car, then go look for that darned tiara!"

x

A VERY battered-looking young man, with a pale but happy face and his head tied snugly in a reddened bandage, was walking slowly down the road beside a very pretty girl, who carried in one hand a black, shiny bag and in the other a stained and soiled morocco case. At their heels trotted a small and sober-looking dachshund.

The dark stormclouds had blown away and the sun was well up in a sky as clear as a sapphire. The pair were walking slowly; and from time to time the girl paused to see that the bandage was not slipping, and to comfort the sufferer in a manner not prescribed by the best authorities on the treatment of scalp wounds, which is simply because these learned persons have yet much to learn of their profession.

Matutinal but sleepy-eyed peasants passed from time to time on the way to market. When these hove in sight the young man pulled his cap lower on his head, covering the bandage, and strode past stolidly. Curious glances followed the pair, but no remarks were made—first, because French peasants have a talent for minding their own business, and second, because there was a certain atmosphere about the strange pair that did not invite familiarity.

They had traveled the little departmental road for about a kilometer and the village was plainly not far away when their alert ears were greeted by the violent complaints of a motor that could not by any chance have been in a state of robust health. Mills stopped to listen.

"Do I hear a car coming, sweetheart?" he asked—"or is it only my head?"

"Something is coming, Tom, dear," said Virginia; "but I'm not sure whether it is a car or a road-roller."

The plaints grew louder and more protesting. Round a bend of the road came limping an ancient box, which loomed through the morning mist like a portable château yet not so very portable, either; for as it approached they saw it was moving at a pace that would not have tried the arched and stumpy legs of Pelleas, while the one front wheel described queer, geometric figures of parabolic curve. It seemed evident that the driver of this archaic vehicle was quite cognizant of its crippled state, and was proceeding cautiously and with the idea of mitigating the shock which might be expected to arrive at any moment.

The car itself, however, which might have been expected to rouse the pitying interest of any motor lover, was quite overlooked by Mills and Virginia as the result of their astonishment at sight of its driver; for, sitting behind the wheel and carefully coaxing the jaded mechanism on its forward course, was no less a person than that eminent young artist, Mr. Robert Sautrelle.

"Good Heavens!" gasped Mills. "Now where in the dickens did Sautrelle ever dig up that old hearse, and what in the dickens does he think he's doing with it?"

If Mills was surprised at Sautrelle, Robert was no less astonished at sight of the pair ahead. So great was his shock that his foot was pressed down involuntarily on the clutch pedal, with the result that from every strained and rheumatic joint of the disintegrating fabric came such wails of protest as would have roused the pity of a chief inquisitor.

Yet the old machine was of a sturdy race and one that had contributed to the glory of France; and, like a hussar of the Old Guard, it came on with noisy but unvanquished power, its motto being obviously the classic one of the British marine: "Grumble you may, but go you must!" And as it wabbled up to Virginia and Mills, who had drawn aside with that reverence which well-bred youth should render always to age, they saw that it was blind as well as lame, for lamps and searchlights were blackened and sooty, presenting a curious sightless and pitiful expression. Also, they noticed that every curtain of the limousine was tightly drawn, giving a funereal appearance and suggesting a house in which a death has recently occurred.

If the general aspect of this tarnished *voiture-de-luxe* was one to inspire a sad and pensive retrospect, certainly there was nothing of this character about its chauffeur. Robert, jauntily perched behind the wheel, had the air of one going to a wedding rather than to a funeral. His plump face fairly shone with a pink freshness; the glossy curls that rested thickly on his ears, each perfectly arranged, reflected the rays of the brilliant sun. His collar, the high points of which thrust his well-padded chin slightly upward, was spotless, though one looking closely might have discovered

(Continued on Page 44)

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 15, 1913

The Vicious Circle

WE HARVESTED bumper crops last year, you remember; and one pleasing result to the consumer has been a considerable fall in grain prices. May wheat at Chicago is worth ten cents a bushel less than a year ago; corn and oats about fifteen cents less. Yet commodity prices, as a whole, have declined scarcely at all. The index number, which compounds the price of many leading articles, is almost as high as ever, which means the cost of living is still about at the top notch.

The bumper crops stimulated trade in many lines—and that usually brings higher prices; while wheat went down iron and steel products went up. What you saved on flour you lost on the pan to bake it in. And Wall Street echoes with complaints that investors, spurred on by higher cost of living, are demanding more interest, thereby raising the cost of manufacturing and transportation. This higher cost must be offset by higher prices, to overcome which investors must demand still more interest.

Meanwhile labor, so to speak, chases its own tail, demanding higher wages, which result in higher prices that consume the increased wages—which naturally induces a demand for still higher wages that result in still higher prices.

Like little Jack on the beanstalk, hitchety-hatchety, up we go! And about half of us really believe there must be an ogre at the top.

Lead Poisoning

SOME labor problems will be with us for a long while to come. There is room for endless argument when you ask: What wage shall the laborer get? How many hours shall he work? On these subjects honest minds differ. But if you ask, Shall he be poisoned at his work? there is no room for any respectable argument; and, whatever anybody may think about any disputable phase of the labor question, it would obviously be a good thing to clear the ground of those phases respecting which there can be no honest difference of opinion.

In England and Germany, where reasonable precautions against lead poisoning are enforced—with no detriment whatever to the lead-using industries—there is one case of poisoning to eight or nine in plants in the United States, where reasonable precautions are not enforced.

Most of the precautions necessary to reduce lead poisoning to a minimum—such as well-ventilated, well-lighted workrooms, with flooring that permits the removal of all dust; clean workclothes; ample and sanitary lavatories; a place to eat outside the workroom—are such as should be required in the name of mere human decency anyway.

A spirited fight is under way for a uniform law in all states having lead-using industries. It will be interesting to note which states refuse to pass the bill.

Why City Work Lags

FOR some years New York has been striving to get a much-needed extension of the subway system. A commission was created and very reputable men put upon it. Last May, after months of study and negotiation, the commission announced an entirely practicable plan for building the subways in partnership with two transportation companies. This plan was pretty generally accepted as the most feasible solution; but it had to go before two courts.

Meanwhile the integrity of the commission's chairman was freely impugned, the darkest charge against him being that he had done his negotiating with the two companies in the back room of a bank—with the obvious implication that any one but a rascal would have stood on a street corner. A change occurred in the state administration, a few injunctions were procured, and before the contracts could be signed a new chairman was appointed, his appointment being welcomed by the publication of a certain episode in his past that might tend to make the public suspicious of him. So the whole subway situation was once more up in the air.

While the city has been enjoying this subway agony two great railroads have carried through immense transportation projects in Manhattan, both involving the expenditure of enormous sums. In both cases the plans were settled, authorization given, and the work done with precision and dispatch. It is quite safe to say that if the city had been a partner in building the Pennsylvania and Grand Central terminals, both projects would still be on paper instead of accomplished facts.

If a farmer refused to let the hired man take the horses out of the stable for fear he might steal them he would certainly be behind with the spring plowing. More than one American city is in that unhappy situation. They seem unable to trust anybody; and unless somebody is trusted comparatively little business can be done.

British Banking

LONDON has long been the world's financial capital. The English, in a special sense, have long been the world's bankers. But banking in Great Britain exhibits nearly all the characteristics that some theorists in this country say sound banking should not have.

First, there is great concentration. In 1896 there were two hundred and twenty-seven banks in the United Kingdom. Last year there were only ninety-three, the remainder having disappeared mainly by amalgamation.

Second, there is no elasticity in banknote circulation. In a decade, despite huge expansion in business generally, the amount of banknotes in circulation increased only a million pounds.

Third, the great joint-stock banks that hold most of the deposits carry only a nominal reserve in actual cash—mere till money, with which to make change. And in twenty years, though deposits have increased greatly, paid-in capital of the reporting banks has decreased.

Theoretically you could get no end of disaster out of these conditions. In fact, they work admirably. The banks decrease in number, yet handle the country's business. Banknote circulation is much less elastic even than in this country; but checks are the great medium of payment and they correspond automatically to the needs of trade. The cash reserve is small, but the actual reserve is great, because—through the Bank of England—the joint-stock banks can always turn their good commercial paper into money; and since 1847 it has been the policy of the government to permit the Bank of England—in a crisis—to issue its circulating notes against this rediscounted commercial paper in whatever quantities may be necessary to meet the emergency. This is like meeting a panic in a theater by suddenly removing the walls of the building. As obviously everybody can get out, nobody tramples on his neighbors in frantically striving to do so.

Of course the British system is out of the question here. Our banking has grown up differently. But, however theoretically defective otherwise, the British system is perfectly equipped to meet a crisis—which constitutes its great superiority over our system.

Everybody's Business

THERE is a socialism—or a socialization—with which Karl Marx and Mr. Debs have nothing in particular to do—a constantly increasing social solidarity, an ever-growing dependence upon social action; so that to a certain degree anybody's business becomes more and more everybody's business. In a broad way this is the most important political thing of our time.

For example, it was only the other day that wireless telegraphy was invented; but already the United States has ratified a treaty—to which thirty other nations will be parties—regulating that method of transmitting intelligence all over the world. There are a number of different appliances for wireless transmission; but this treaty requires free interchange of communication between all ships and all coast stations, whatever appliance they may use. Nobody can keep his own appliance to himself. It stipulates that transmission of extended long-distance messages must be interrupted for three minutes every quarter of an hour to allow all stations to listen for distress calls. It compels installation of wireless apparatus on every ship of certain classes, and the maintenance of a continuous watch for distress signals. It regulates the use of short-distance and experimental apparatus, so that important long-distance calls may not be interfered with. There are provisions for interchange of weather reports and other intelligence.

The use of wireless is important to mankind; and the world, represented by thirty-one nations, promptly takes it in hand. That kind of socialism is the important thing.

What Shall the Rich Do?

THIS is a notably improvident country. It provides far greater opportunities than any other in the world for amassing a swollen fortune, but makes no provision for the possessor of that fortune to do anything else.

The oversight is brought to mind by a statement that an excessively opulent Wall Street banker, who is also a British subject, proposes to stand for Parliament. The English have always been strong in respect of providing occupation for a very rich man. He can go to the House of Commons, or even—if he is willing to pay the price—to the House of Lords. This gives him an agreeable distraction and undoubtedly tends powerfully to keep his mind off thoughts of further sequestration. It also raises the social tone of politics. With us, an extremely rich banker would not think of going to Congress. He would think merely of sending a hired man there. Hence, in part, a popular impression that politics is incurably vulgar. In this country a tremendously rich man can hardly get into the national legislature except by low and sordid corruption. In England he goes honorably to party headquarters with a checkbook in one hand and an unimpeachable character in the other. That is a nicer arrangement.

Probably it is a mistake to produce enormously rich persons and then provide nothing for them to do except become richer. We would favor a sort of sublimated Senate, with unlimited power of debate and advice, but no vote, to which gentlemen who had become so rich that moneygetting was no longer interesting should be eligible.

The Sinking-Fund Myth

GENUINE talent for finance is so rare that it is almost never found in the service of a government—other employments offering higher remuneration. It has often been said that the fatal defect in the Bourbon régime was not its political obtuseness, or its cruelty or extravagance, but its sheer financial stupidity. With all the resources of France at its command it could not, to save its life, keep from going broke—and so literally lost its head.

As a small modern instance, the Empire State, chancing to feel in the pocket of an old vest the other day, discovered the trifling sum of nineteen million dollars. Like most states and cities that have funded debts, New York feels bound to have a sinking fund that will be theoretically sufficient for the amortization of the debt. A clerk in a state office, it appears, once calculated what sums should be set aside for the fund, and year after year money was turned in according to this calculation—until somebody overhauled the calculation and announced that it had brought nineteen million dollars into the fund in excess of the true amortization requirement.

The fact is that, for a state or city which is going to be a continuous, progressive borrower—and nearly all cities are now in that category—sinking funds are merely expensive nuisances, offering temptations for extravagance.

Representative Government

AN INTERESTING Englishman declares that representative government, as now organized in Europe and America, is not only doomed but also is visibly breaking down under the amazing complexity of modern life.

Take a typical congressman: some of his constituents are farmers, some are wage-earners; others are manufacturers, others merchants, and so on. They have conflicting views and interests. Farmers want the parcel post, country merchants do not; manufacturers want high tariff, dealers want free trade. Nobody is accurately or fully represented.

Under the majority rule many minor interests are not represented at all. Multiply this typical member by the number in Congress, and to that body present the complicated questions which arise in a great modern society. The result is confusion, uncertainty, feebleness, inefficiency—ever increasing with the growing complexity of society. In short the present representative organization was designed to meet the needs of a society largely rural, which itself was organized on a few large, simple lines.

And the remedy? Why, an entirely new representative organization, not geographical but largely economic—by groups, according to their dominant economic interests. Finally a man would go to Congress not to represent the heterogeneous population of a given number of square miles in Michigan, but to represent beet-sugar growers, or wool-raisers, or brakemen, or miners. Theoretically one result would be a Congress of experts—which would be worth going some distance to see.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Bismarck's Boswell

BISMARCK was a man of blood and iron; but he had a few soft spots, and one of them was for a young chap named Isidore Witkowski, who was a reporter on a Berlin newspaper.

Witkowski was alert, enthusiastic, clever and trustworthy; and the Iron Chancellor grew to be very fond of him. He confided many state secrets to the keen-eyed, black-haired young newsgatherer, and gave him many an exclusive piece of important information. The reporter repaid his benefactor by constantly, vigorously and brilliantly upholding Bismarck in all he wrote, and by being his ardent partisan, both in his newspaper and in other writings.

It was a good thing for Witkowski to have Bismarck for a friend, but there was a handicap in Germany. Witkowski was a Jew and there was a pronounced antipathy to his race in that country. He could not change his race, so he changed his name and came out as Maximilian Harden, which is the name he goes by to this day. After he had changed his name to Harden, and the culminative effects of the friendship of the mighty Bismarck began to be apparent, he quit his place as a reporter and established a small weekly paper which he called Zukunft, or The Future.

Bismarck was driven from office by the present emperor, William II, and Harden declared it would be his life-task to avenge this treatment of his great patron. His materials for revenge were his paper, his aptness with the language, his skill in attack and denunciation and, most of all, his courage. It takes nerve—and plenty of it—to attack the Kaiser and his government in a German newspaper; but Harden had and still has the nerve. For twenty years he has hammered everything Hohenzollern in Germany, lambasted the Kaiser and his government, and has been not only a thorn but a whole prickly-pear patch in the side of the eminent War Lord.

All that was necessary to get an anti-government broadside in the Zukunft, with a few volleys of shrapnel for the Kaiser himself, was to announce a government policy. Harden needed no other incentive. He took his pen in hand, and before he had it down he had expertly removed large sections of hide from the Kaiser and from his ministers and political supporters. To be sure, he had his troubles. He was arrested and all that; but the Zukunft kept on appearing regularly on the news-stands, and each issue had a few words from Harden about any subject that might be of public interest, with such reflections concerning the Kaiser as Harden deemed pertinent and which caused the governmental people much anguish.

Good Sport

The Terror of the Ruling Classes

THEN came the Round Table scandals, a most unsavory chapter in the social history of Germany. Harden did not discover these, but he exposed them. Others knew about the conditions, but Harden was the only journalist with the courage to make those conditions public. He kept after the men concerned week by week in his newspaper, producing proof and making charges; and finally the explosion came. There were charges of libel and other allegations, but it was shown that Harden's main facts were correct; and the conditions no longer exist. He apparently hoped he might concern the Kaiser and thus get a most effectual revenge for the Kaiser's treatment of Bismarck. In his zeal he smirched some names that should not have been blackened; but, all in all, he did a great public service, and got even once again for Bismarck, long since dead, but not forgotten by Harden.

Opinion concerning Harden differs widely in Germany. The governmental class imputes all sorts of undesirable characteristics to him. There is probably no man in Germany who is so bitterly hated by the Loyalists and the supporters of the government. They shudder when they talk of Harden and cannot conceive that any good impulse ever moves him. It is a serious matter to these people, and their fevered denunciations of this editor of a small weekly are funny to an outsider, but understandable when once the circumstances are inquired into. You see, this man Harden made a lot of ugly charges against some of the ruling classes—and he proved a lot of those charges, too, which is the unpardonable crime.

Looking at it from the other side, Harden has a great personal following, greater than that of any other journalist in Germany; and his Zukunft has a large circulation and is very profitable. It is a small paper, mostly written by Harden; and it is about as plain-spoken a personal organ as there is in that country or any other. The thing it proves is that Harden has the courage of his convictions, no matter whether those convictions are as unworthy as the Loyalists say they are or as patriotic as his followers insist.

Harden himself, aside from his antigovernmental crusades conducted as his tribute to the memory of his patron, Bismarck, is essentially a destructionist. He rarely does other than condemn. His concern seems to be to smash everything; but the remaking after the smash is of no interest to him—probably on the theory that there always will be things to smash and there will come others to repair the wreckage. He is a pessimist, a cynic, a despairer for his country. Everything is wrong; and he conceives it his duty to tell the people that, without going to the bother of suggesting remedies. Once in a great while he supports some measure, but not often. He is very hard to please.

Of course a good deal of this is a pose; but, at that, Harden has back of his pose a tremendous amount of real ability, and back of that an extraordinary courage. He isn't frightened by the multiplicity of rules and regulations of his country, which is the most ruled and the most regulated country on earth. The ceremonial does not scare him. He scoffs at conventions, and he has an absolute disregard for the alleged divinity of kings and their right to govern. When he wants to say a thing he says it; he takes whatever consequences there may be, and is not deterred from saying that same thing again simply because the experience following the first saying may have been unpleasant. They do not bother him much now. They have discovered they cannot stop him and have adopted a policy of ponderous and impressive ignoring. They scorn to notice him.

Harden used to be an actor before he was a reporter. He played in strolling companies in Germany and in some of the theaters in the larger cities. He has been an actor ever since. He poses actorwise in his pictures, wears histrionic hair and frequently resorts to the artificial stage note when on public appearance. During his two trials for libeling Count von Moltke, in connection with his exposure of the scandals of the Round Table, Harden frequently was stagy and melodramatic, and was repeatedly admonished by the court for his acting. He is a good advertiser and has an acute appreciation of the value of publicity—though while in Berlin he remains in semi-seclusion, whereby, of course, he advertises himself to a greater extent than he could otherwise.

He is a little man, smooth-shaven, and pays great attention to his hair. He is intensely serious, carries great burdens on his shoulders, and is impressed with the utter lack of light in any of the public places. He cannot see a ray ahead. All is dismal and depressing. He writes his German diatribes in a redundant, flourishy style, and is extremely literary in all he says and does. Many Germans say his style is obscure and can be followed only by experts in German literature; but it happens that whenever Harden has anything of importance to say everyone listens.

He has a great reputation, not only as an editor and writer but as a speaker. He is good for a thousand dollars any time he feels like hiring a hall in Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Budapest, or in any of the other big Continental cities, and talks on any topic of European interest. He is an ascetic, but he is also Germany's livest journalistic wire—and about as live as any to be found in Europe.

Well Meant

AN ENGLISH archdeacon, unable to supply a minister for a sermon at a rural church, went himself.

After the service a churchwarden thanked him in the name of the congregation, saying: "It's very kind of you, sir, and we all feel it is, for you to come yourself; but we feel we could have done with a much worse preacher than you—if we could have found one."

A Copper Mine

THE daughter of a Chicago policeman sat on the porch of a Palm Beach hotel—having arrived at money—and heard several ladies telling how their husbands and fathers had come into wealth.

One got his in steel, another in drygoods, a third in baking powder, and so on.

"What did your father make his money in?" they asked the policeman's daughter.

"Copper," she replied.

Shy But Wild

FRED KELLY stood on a corner near the railroad station in Cleveland waiting for a car.

A mild-mannered little man, with a good growth of whisker and a hesitation of speech, came up. The little man was shy; indeed, he was diffident. He stood rubbing his hands together, and alternately opening his mouth to speak and then closing it without saying anything.

Presently he plucked up courage, came over to Kelly and whispered: "Are you acquainted in this city?"

"To some extent," said Kelly.

"Well," whispered the little man, "perhaps you can tell me where the street fair is?"

Kelly gave the directions. Then he asked: "Have you got a show over there?"

"No," whispered the little man, "not exactly that, but I'm in a show over there."

"What do you do?"

"Why," he replied, "you know that circus they have there? Well, I'm the wild man."

Queen Quality Shoes

Smart Spring Styles

QUEEN QUALITY dealers all over the country are now showing the latest Spring models.

London has contributed some suggestions in walking boots; Paris some dainty ideas in heels and vamps, and New York a few Fifth Avenue conceits.

In addition every one has the famous *flexible sole* which insures perfect comfort and correct fit.

Here are some of the new models:

2208 Patent Colonial Tie, Gun Metal ornament, Welt.

4212 Dull Kid, Button Oxford, Welt.

118 Vici Kid Medicine Shoe, Welt.

303 Patent Button, Black Cloth Top, Welt.

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WHAT THE KING OF ITALY IS DOING TO REDUCE OUR COST OF LIVING

By Roger W. Babson

"WE INCREASE our army, we augment our navy, all for the sake of conserving the nation; but what good can our army do, of what value is our navy, so long as a few rich, powerful and crafty organizers may determine the factors that go to make the prices of our staples of agriculture? Here the very foundation of the structure upon which the United States rests is within easy tampering reach of an enemy infinitely more difficult to perceive, to control and overcome than all the foreign Powers of the world!"

This was said to me in Rome by an American named David Lubin, who, after years of work and under almost insurmountable difficulties, has interested the present King of Italy in the first practical international plan for reducing the cost of living. These words may not convey much to you, hurried reader; but to me—as I am writing in the shadow of the old Roman Forum—they mean very much. Why did Rome fall? What caused the great palaces, temples and castles to be now in ruins? Answer: Rome failed because her people ceased to produce; because agriculture was not nourished; and because the speculators and middlemen were allowed to rob both the farmers and the consumers.

The cost of living in the United States can be reduced only by encouraging production and discouraging idleness, waste, robbery, speculation, over-capitalization and abnormal profits. This Mr. Lubin saw, and he determined to do something to help the farmer and defy the speculator and middleman. He found that hundreds of millions of dollars were being taken from the American people every year by some of the trusts and other large interests through the dissemination of false crop news!

Our own crop-reporting system is very good—so far as the United States goes; but the price which the farmer receives and you and I pay is dependent upon the world crop! Mr. Lubin, therefore, concluded that an International Institute of Agriculture should be founded by the combined nations of the world.

In other words the cost of farm products in the United States is as dependent upon conditions of soil, labor and rainfall in Russia and Argentina as upon conditions in the United States, for there is only one world market for foodstuffs. Thus the only way the cost of living in the United States can be reduced is to improve farm conditions throughout the entire world!

The Price the People Pay

It was in 1896 that Mr. Lubin first suggested world crop reports; but he received only jeers and opposition, and it was ten years before he was able to interest a single country in the plan. Big rich interests blocked him at every turn, for they made millions every month by fooling both the farmers and the manufacturers. These trusts and speculators would report prospects of a great foreign crop and the prices of wheat and other grains would decline; whereupon they would buy from the farmers at abnormally low prices.

Then they would report that something had happened to the foreign crop; whereupon the prices of grains would soar upward, and they would sell out to us at abnormally high prices. This plan has been systematically worked for many years.

Now let me illustrate by figures how the prices of foodstuffs are really dependent upon the crops of the entire world, and not simply on the crop of the United States. In 1909 the United States raised 737,189,000 bushels of wheat, and the average price that year was $1.26 a bushel. The following year, 1910, the wheat crop of the United States fell off to 695,443,000 bushels; and most people, feeling that the price would increase, bought heavily at the highest prices of the year because they knew nothing of the crop abroad. Of course the price would have increased if the crops of the entire world had decreased; but the world crop was larger than usual, and consequently the average price for the year 1910 fell to $1.13.

Again, in 1911, there was a further decline in the United States wheat crop to only 621,338,000 bushels; but again, owing to large foreign crops, the price fell instead of rising, and the average price for 1911 was only 96 cents! In 1912, however, both the United States' crop and the world's crops were good—the United States' crop was 720,000,000 bushels—and so the price still further decreased to present prices. This shows that the crops of other countries greatly affect the prices you and I pay for wheat, corn, cotton, beef, eggs and butter—even though we may purchase only United States products.

One thing is certain—no one factor so affects the cost of living as the conditions of the world crops. Poor crops mean high flour, beef and eggs, causing people to turn to other things, which tends to raise the prices of all eatables. Good crops, on the other hand, should lower the cost of living to us all. I say should, because the rule has not always worked out that way in practice. As I have shown above the price to the consumer depends upon the world's crops and not simply upon the United States' crops. Consequently, until the present time, it has been impossible for the average man to know whether he should pay more or less.

The big grain operators, however, have had their own private reporting systems throughout the world; and when they have seen the prospects of a fine crop everywhere they have so manipulated the markets as to get for themselves a large part of the decrease in price which should have gone to you and me. Therefore the consumer has always paid his full share of the increase when the entire world crop was poor—but got only a small portion of the decrease when the world crop was good!

David Lubin's Message

This the present King of Italy—His Majesty Victor Emmanuel—was the first to comprehend; and, with the aid of this American, Mr. David Lubin, he has succeeded in bringing it to the attention of forty-nine nations. Some day I hope the citizens of the United States will in a formal way appropriately recognize the services their countryman, Mr. Lubin, has rendered to us—and, in fact, to the entire world. As I talked here in Rome with Mr. Lubin, who is still giving his time and money to the work, I asked if he had any message I could give to American readers, and he replied as follows:

"Tell them it is idle to talk of freedom and republics unless production is more carefully nourished. The United States is only an experiment. Other republics have risen and fallen. It has not been our own work that has kept the United States going so long—it has been our natural resources. When these are gone the Republic falls, unless you have a strong, independent body of farmers to fall back upon. But you can do little for the farmers of one nation except as you help the farmers of all nations, because all food products are sold at auction in a central world market! Tell the American people that the Institute of Agriculture, at Rome, is doing much to reduce the cost of living in the United States.

"Tell them not to allow the game of trade to be umpired any longer by a member contesting in one of the opposing teams! This is exactly what is being done today in the great agricultural industry. The farmers produce; but the buyers have almost the whole say as to what the price shall be, because they own the trusts that use the products and supply figures of yield, acreage, and so on, upon which the price is based. They are those to whom that great economist, Solomon, referred about three thousand years ago when he quoted the middlemen of old as saying to the producers of Israel: 'It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth.' Tell them to produce, save and live rightly."

The King of Italy is a great practical economist. While the United States and

other nations are appointing commissions to investigate the cost of living King Victor Emmanuel is endeavoring actually to reduce the cost. Today he is after the stock exchanges of Rome, Genoa and Milan. Of course the brokers do not like it, and even showed their dislike by striking one day, refusing to execute orders. The King, however, is right in his desire to eliminate unnecessary brokers and regulate the business.

The bottom of our stock-exchange troubles in America is that there are too many in the business; and in order that all may get a living illegitimate means are resorted to by the unscrupulous. This is true in Rome, New York, and every other large city. The King of Italy, however, has a solution of the problem, and I suggest that our Washington authorities consult with him on the matter.

Well, he saw that the only way by which his people could freely know what they ought to pay for wheat, corn, oats, cotton, barley, maize, and so on, was for him to institute for them a public world-reporting system, equal to or better than those privately owned by the big speculators and middlemen. This he has now done; and the first complete report was issued a few weeks ago.

Reference was made to this in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN under the heading of Crops and Markets; and also other publications contained extracts of this full report on the world's crops of 1912, as estimated by the International Institute of Agriculture, at Rome. From now on, therefore, it should be impossible for the middlemen to fool either the farmers or the consumers of the United States. Our Washington authorities now have full access to these international reports, and it is up to them to see that the people may freely use them.

Hereafter the farmer need not be frightened into selling out his wheat too cheaply on account of the manipulations of unscrupulous middlemen who falsely report a world bumper crop when there are only average crops in sight. The farmer can read the figures compiled by the International Institute of Agriculture and know the facts!

In the same way we consumers need no longer be bullied into paying higher prices than necessary for our foodstuffs owing to a reported crop failure either in this country or in Russia, when all the rest of the world has had splendid crops!

Shortsighted Uncle Sam

I believe the King of Italy's plan, if properly published and adopted by our Washington authorities, could save the American farmers and consumers five hundred million dollars a year, which has been taken away from us in the past by speculators and middlemen who were better informed as to real conditions than were we.

These reports the institute now issues monthly, printed in English and other languages; and any reader who wishes to obtain the original detailed reports—the same as are sent to Washington from Rome—in addition to the free summaries, can get these reports upon paying an annual subscription of only one dollar and twenty cents. For further particulars and when remitting, address the International Institute of Agriculture, Villa Umberto I, Rome, Italy.

The King of Italy, however, has broader ideas than simply the collection of dry statistics. He has arranged for the institute to watch the entire world for bugs, insects, diseases, and so on, which harm crops, trees and animals. Think of the billions of dollars that American farmers have lost through the importation into the United States of certain pests and diseases! This, in turn, has increased the cost of wheat, potatoes, beef and everything else, directly or indirectly affected, that you and I have bought.

It is true that our Agricultural Department at Washington now has a very complete organization to aid farmers along these lines as soon as the pest or disease appears in this country! But the King of Italy says that "it should be stopped in the country where it starts," and that every other nation should be notified as soon as the disease appears in any one nation.

In other words he has united all these nations of the world in a practical working plan to help each other. If our Department of Agriculture will unite with the institute and fully use the service it offers, future losses from plant and cattle diseases can be greatly reduced, thus reducing the cost of living proportionally.

Unlike certain of our noble senators, the King of Italy is interested in men as well as hogs, cattle and wheat. Consequently the institute is watching the entire world for new coöperative and other plans that make the rural population happier and more contented. All coöperative societies among farmers and fishermen are being studied and reported upon, and these reports are now being sent to our Government officials at Washington. What use they are putting them to I do not know.

Some of these studies appear only in French; but they should all be translated and given to our citizens. Instead, some of the institute's very best conclusions have been relegated either to the wastebasket or to dark and dingy libraries. I hope this will be changed by the new Administration. Others, however, appear in English, French, German and Italian, like the world crop report above referred to.

Of course it helps the farmer to receive each day from our Weather Bureau at Washington a forecast telling him whether he may expect rain or shine tomorrow; but to make weather forecasts of real commercial value they must be for a week or more in advance. Such forecasts can be made only by a central office to which the chief observers of all nations report every few hours by telegraph.

Coöperation That Counts

This work will some day be done by this International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, which will receive hourly cables from the United States and China, from different parts of South America and Africa, from Norway and Northern Siberia, as well as from the islands of the tropics! This will enable the chief forecaster at Rome to have before him a great map of the world showing at all times weather conditions in every part.

By a study of the movements of the storm areas he can each day cable to all the great cities in the world what weather they may expect days in advance. This, of course, will be of great service to shipping, which can both give and receive weather reports from Rome by wireless telegraphy, likewise an Italian invention.

Another great problem the institute plans to study and regularly report upon is Immigration and Emigration. There are times when the United States needs more workers and times when it does not; and the demand also changes as to the character of workers required. The same applies to every great country—especially to the newer civilizations, such as Canada, Argentina, South Africa and Australia.

Today the emigrant knows not where to go, and his future is dependent often upon the advice of steamship agents. As soon as fully organized, the institute will get reports each week on the labor market in all parts of the world, and then publish in the leading cities of the world official notices of where labor is most needed and where the opportunities for emigrants are greatest.

As I talk with farmers throughout the United States, they tell me that the high cost of living is largely due to the fact that they cannot get men to work in the fields. When in England, Germany and Italy I hear men begging for fields in which to work. It is the purpose of the King and his institute to bring these two interests together in an economic and profitable manner.

There are now about fifty countries represented at the institute. Just think what that means! Truly the world is growing better fast! While the politicians of the various nations are framing selfish tariff and other uneconomic laws their scientists are convened at Rome working for coöperation among nations. Laws relating to the protection of useful birds and the extinction of harmful birds must be international to be effective. Seasons for fishing and methods used in fishing should be determined by international law.

The use of beam-trawlers in catching fish can be governed fairly only by all nations acting in unison. The United States should not prevent our Gloucester fishermen from sending out beam-trawlers if the fishermen of England, France and Portugal persist in their use on the same fishing grounds.

The institute is seeking to formulate harmonious legislation among all governments on these points, and in that way

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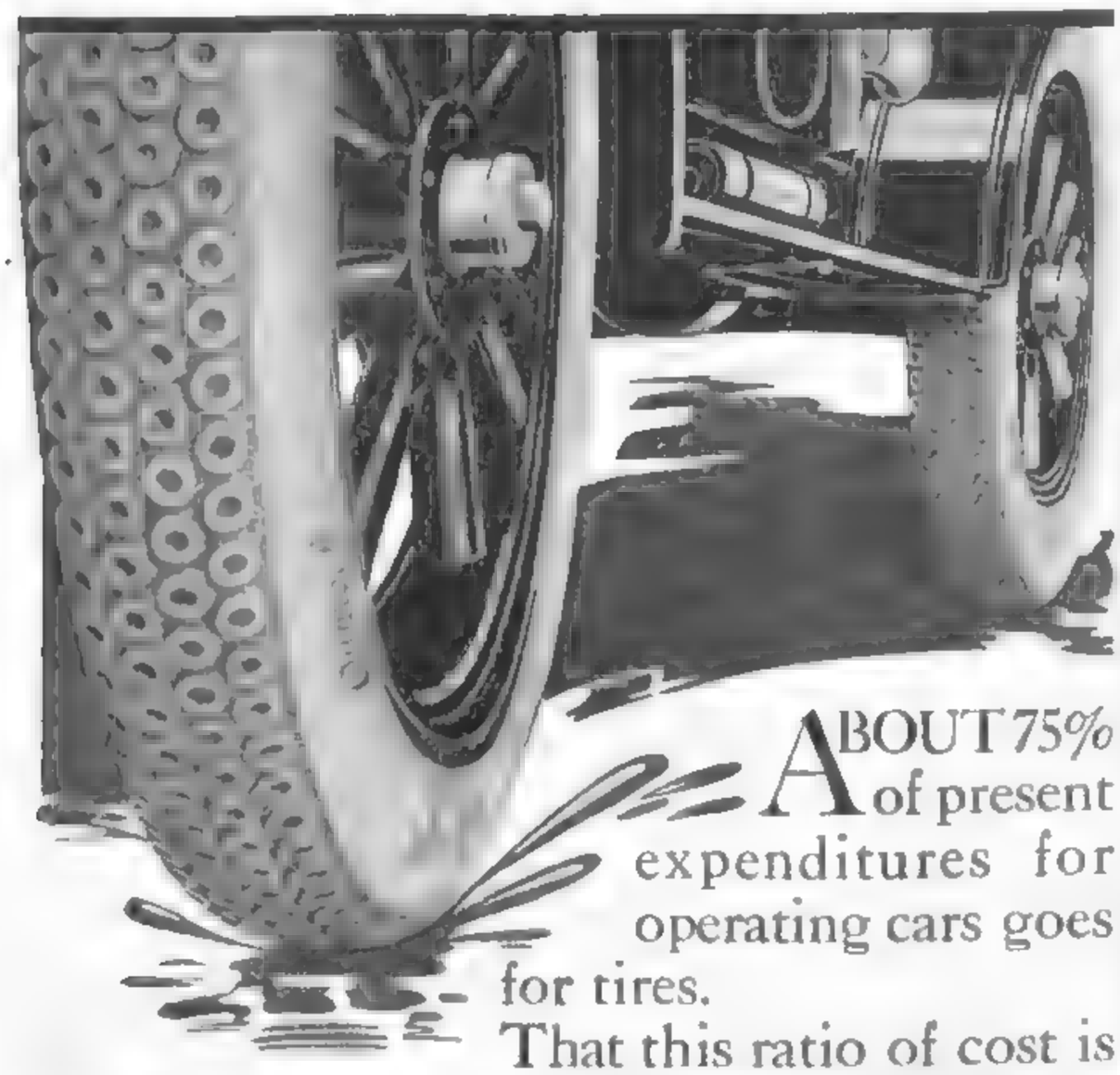

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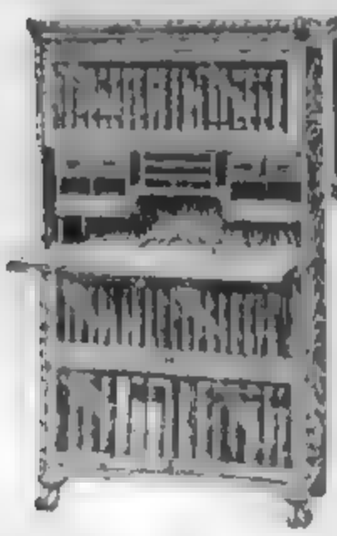

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represents a great step forward toward international peace and prosperity, which means lower living expense for us all.

I have not yet spoken of the greatest work the institute desires to do for the people of the United States. It is to inaugurate in our country farmers' banks, which have so greatly added to production in Germany, Austria and other European countries. This is the great work in which Mr. Lubin is engaged at the present time and about which President Taft wrote the governors last fall.

This work has now actively been taken up by the Southern Commercial Congress, which has arranged for each state legislature to appoint two delegates to visit Rome in May of this year, and then make a trip of inspection through Europe and see how the cost of living is being reduced through these great coöperative banks.

Moreover the permanent committee of this institute, made up of representatives from each nation—and which serves as a board of directors—has not been neglectful of its new employees while planning to improve the condition of the farmers, fishermen and the consumers of the world. At one meeting it was voted that:

"Independently of salary, the staff and employees are entitled to compensation on retirement."

Experts were given the work of ascertaining, according to old age and amortization tables, how much money would be required for such a system; and they reported: "Not exceeding fifteen per cent of the total salaries of officials and employees will be sufficient to cover the cost of any practical system of compensation on retirement." This means that each week, when the bursar pays a clerk twenty dollars for the week's work, he deposits from one dollar to three dollars—according to the age—in a special pension fund, which very handsomely provides for disablement, old age, death and sickness.

The Ways of Wise Men

What do all these things mean to you and me at the present time? Though we are interested in a general way relative to the great economic questions involved, yet what we really want to know is: How can the institute help us get more to eat and wear, and save out of our salaries? My answer is that it can do this in three ways:

First—We can watch the world's crop reports as they are published, show them to our butchers, bakers and grocers, and insist on a square deal! Very probably they themselves have not seen them and are being overcharged and misinformed by unscrupulous middlemen. The best way to get a square deal yourself is to help your tradesmen get fair treatment. These high prices affect the storekeepers as well as ourselves; and we must help them and show them how to deal with the trusts from which they buy.

Second—We can urge our representatives and senators to encourage the publication of all reports of the institute that can help reduce the cost of living in the United States. Remember that many big trusts have their lobbies at Washington endeavoring to suppress the publication of all such reports. You and I must fight these lobbies in every possible way, and especially encourage the honest Government employees who are trying to withstand crooked and malicious methods.

Third—We can encourage the formation of the new coöperative credit systems above referred to. Both state and Federal legislation will be necessary in order to enable the farmers to form these societies. Moreover the states should unite on uniform legislation. Of course these farmer banks will be fought by local banks, and all the wealth and influence of certain banking interests will be directed against these new societies. I myself, as a banker, know they may reduce my profits; but I know the farmer is the life of the Republic, and that eventually my assets will be much more secure with a strong and healthy rural community.

In other words I have the choice of greater temporary profits with ultimate losses—or smaller profits with a security of principal never before known in America!

Therefore I am earnestly working with the King of Italy and our—for the United States owns one-fiftieth of it—International Institute of Agriculture, the first practical international organization for reducing the cost of living for you and me.

Long live the King!

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Franklin Little Six "30"
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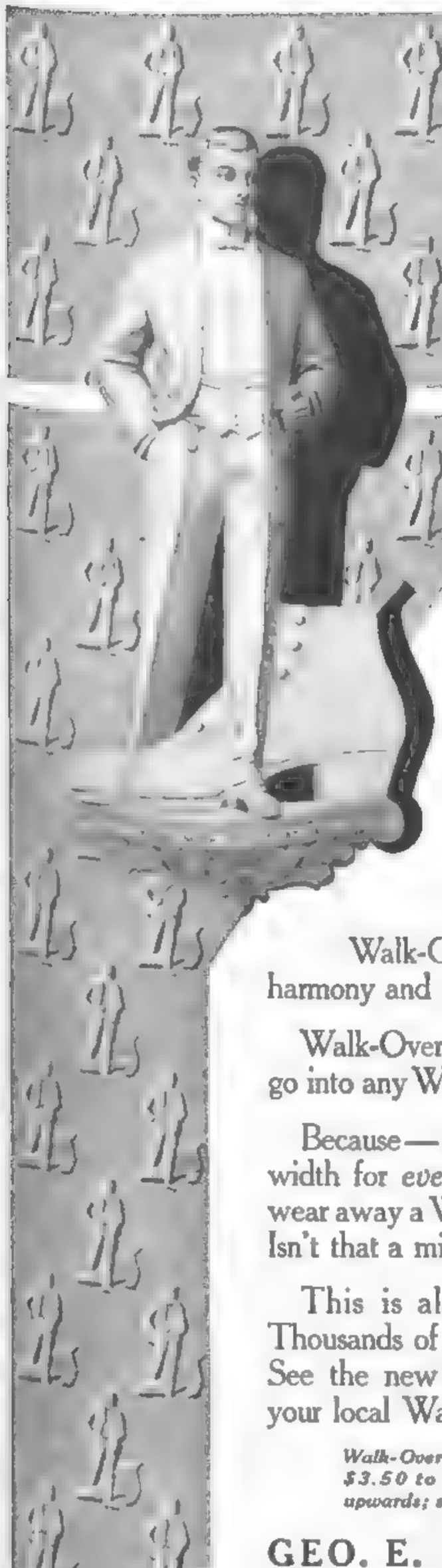

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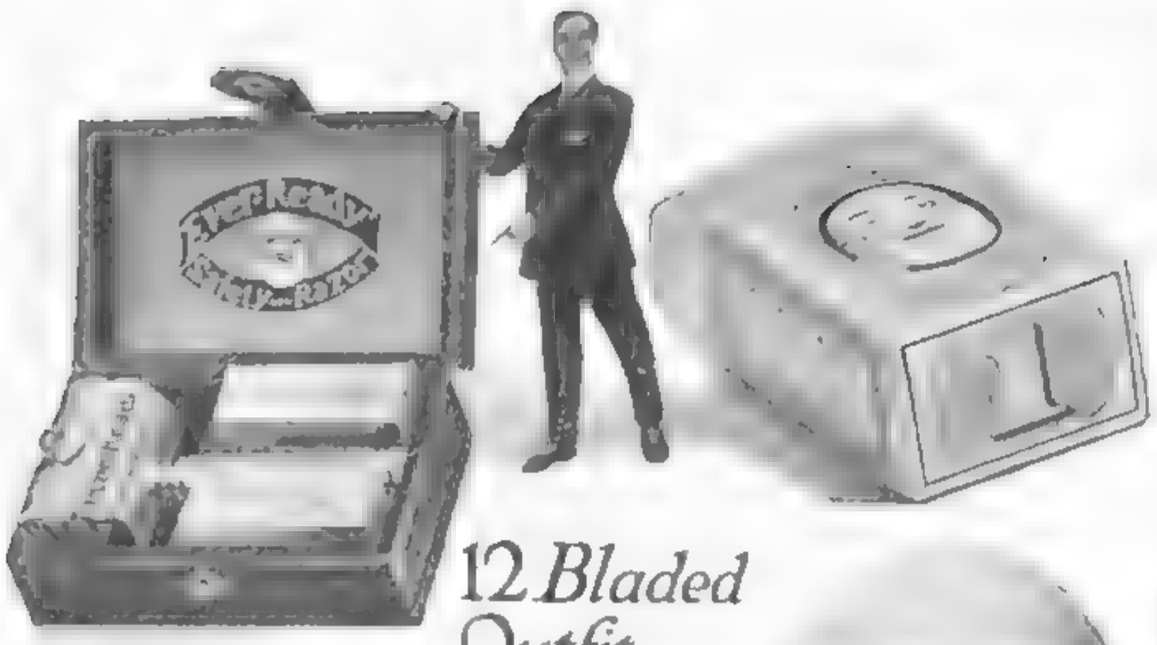

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'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor with 12 Blades $1

THE HUNCH OF THE HUMAN FISH

(Continued from Page 8)

"Aggie, I can't accuse people without final proof. Don't ask me no more."

"But I can ex ——"

"Just lemme be, will you? I got to think, I tell you."

Divetta gave a sob. He did not or would not hear. She sobbed louder.

"Cut that out and lemme have a little peace, won't you? I'm drove distracted already."

"I bid you good evenin'," said Divetta haughtily. She strode from his presence into that of the Mangles, who were consulting about what to buy for a quiet Dutch lunch at their lodgings.

"Do come with us. There won't be roses and touring cars, but if a few carefree artists —— Ah, say you will?"

Mrs. Mangle extended both hands in a gush of womanly feeling, but Divetta exclaimed:

"Madam, I'll eat with no knockers!" and passed on.

"Some of your vulgar kiddin's to blame for that slam," said the insulted Mrs. Mangle to her husband.

"She's draggin' down too much salary, Louiser. They all git uppity when they're toppin' bills," Mr. Mangle complained.

"She got s'more roses ——" Little Minnie cut her speech in two and skipped from the parental reach.

"I told you if you went a-hollerin' that round this stage you'n' me'd have a session. Will you keep still!" Mr. Mangle's tone was harsh.

The Imitator breathed a feeble "Yes."

"She'd better!" said Mrs. Mangle grimly.

Divetta wept the night away. She had been spurned without a chance to offer her side of it. Criminals were allowed a trial; she was not. Having divorced McNoodle once and then remarried him, she did not intend to pay attorney's fees again. No more chumming, and worrying harder over his woes than her own! She would never explain anything. McNoodle, the Mangles, the Eight Dancing Bortschalks should form their opinions unaided. Anna Bortschalk had been to the hotel, spying about, asking in her broken Russian about a man who made gold boots for the stage, and the next minute inquiring who was the wealthy "gentlemans" that sent the charming roses.

Then Anna smiled, kissed and hastened away. Cat! Gold boots! The Russian Dancers did not wear them. Divetta could not think of Mr. Mangle without doubling her fists. But one may always live for art alone, and between a sneer for the world and a tear for herself she planned a new trick for her act. There would be one thousand dollars—less agent's fee of five per cent—in the box-office every pay-night, and the theater's treasurer would personally bring it to her. No such honors for the Mangles Four, nor for McNoodle either!

A day and a night passed without news of McNoodle. He might be with the seals, he might have left her—left his faithful wife!

Living for art as she was, Divetta meditated on this possibility. She went to Friday matinée determined to thrust him out of her life. Fedor Bortschalk kindly gave her a copy of The Profession.

"Listen to the pannin' this contemptible wretch's got in here about Ned," she said, trembling with anger. "Read it. Comparin' 'em to Selby's—the peerless act—an' there's a page ad of Selby's in the back shows why. Here's the letter he sent today. I'm going to the police right after matinée, for I believe he's crazy, Jessie. He must be. He says I was his soulmate in Babylonia four thousand years ago and Ned was only our slave, and if I don't meet him at Grand Central Saturday at midnight he'll kill himself an' me, an' it's signed 'Black Hand' again an' wrote all waggly. I feel too weak to get in my tank. Ain't life awful'"

"I'd have the house manager get detectives this very minute."

"An' let the manager get that swell advertisin' instead of me? Put out my old rose velours de laine an' my ermines, an' I'll wear all my joolry. An' have a taxi waitin' so I can go as soon as I'm dressed. I'll settle Selby."

"Every one's saying his seals are just wonderful. They play band and do as much as Mr. Mac's," said Jessie.

"I'll bet my salary they don't!"

"But eyes are eyes, Miss Aggie, and Harriet's a dresser where he's working. She said the one that plays cymbals is so cute. He does what Selby calls the Selby wiggle while he's playing."

"He does? In Indianapolis they only did the simplest tricks, like balancing tin fishes. Only one was anything extra."

"I remember. That was Girlie."

"Was who? Are you—— See who's on an' hurry back!"

Divetta stared into her make-up box until the maid, returning, sat heavily upon the wardrobe trunk.

"Who's on?"

"I didn't look. Oh, Miss Aggie!"

"Is it Selby? Speak, can't you? If it is he——"

"Not him. Mr. Mac! Fedor Bortschalk says he couldn't work at all last night; none of the seals but Elmer worked, and he's got to close the week as McNoodle and his seal."

"Jessie! They've been bewitched—a charm or sumpin'. No it ain't, either; it's—— Oh, if I just had my turn done!"

The ring of the electric bell notified her that she was due on the stage in one minute. Jessie snatched fishtail, bathrobe and blanket. Divetta had worn her diamond dress because the general manager of a Continental circuit was in a box. For the briefest moment the spotlight showed her, décolleté, glittering, smiling, at one side of a dark stage. She bowed. The spotlight was cut off. Then lights, and the Human Fish was in her glass tank, a delicious mermaid sportively pursuing colored property fish. Gliding through the water, touching no part of the tank, Divetta squirmed under the Thought, while the audience applauded. Under four feet of water she could not gasp; she leisurely braided and unbraided the long golden hair of her wig, floating up and down as if she had the whole evening before her, when the Thought was urging her to the surface and out of the tank. There were nine aging minutes yet. She could see the orchestra leader's face as he watched her, the people in the boxes, the front rows, and the gallery when she floated on her back. No Thought was making their hearts pound. There were only three minutes to endure, but Divetta thought it was much more, so that to give the emergency signal for "curtain" was anarchy, an uprising against settled conditions and a positive hardship on the leg-weary Eight Bortschalks, immediately fearful of three extra minutes of strenuous Slavic dancing.

She signaled and the drop fell. The stage manager thought she was ill. Stagehands helped her out. Divetta shed her fishtail, slipped from Jessie and warm coverings and sped to her dressing room. Charlie Smoke, the blackface comedian, said she streaked from the stage door in nothing but her mermaid make-up and bath slippers. Jagienka Bortschalk was pulling on patent-leather boots as she hastened to the stage. She claimed that Divetta carried a gold bag. The Palace doorkeeper only knew that she was gone, but Jessie found a long chinchilla coat missing and the wet wig on the floor. The Calumet doorkeeper heard a cab door shut, put down his newspaper, and was hit by the door and next by the gold bag when he would have barred Divetta out.

"Don't stop me! Nobody can stop me. Where's Bill, the assistant? McNoodle's Seals?"

With his fat he could not overtake one who went so swiftly as she. She was at McNoodle's dressing-room door, which was locked. She caromed into Little Minnie Mangle, ran into scenery, and only stopped finally in the animal room. There were two tanks instead of one. Up the runway to the largest, over the edge and upon the little platform the Thought rushed her. A large and a small seal lay there. Four others were in the water. She shouted:

"Heinie! Fanchette! Joe! Baby! Lorenzo! Mabel!"

Not an eye brightened.

"Girlie!" The small seal on the platform flopped to Divetta.

"Nice, nice Girlie!"

The seal barked with gleaming eyes.

Divetta held one hand against her leaping heart. Slopping her three-thousand-dollar chinchilla coat toward the larger seal, she raised his head, drawing his whiskers through a thumb and finger.

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"It's wore off more! Only Ned bein' so used to ... stopped him ... They re bleached," she muttered. Climbing out, she staggered to the smaller tank. The little seal seemed willing to be friendly, but Divetta, after one glance, recoiled.

"You ain't Elmer!" she panted. "They've got him too!"

In the back-stage dimness a man caught her arm.

"Lemme go. I can't wait if Ned ain't here."

"He's huntin' Bill. Tell me, kiddo, what is it? What you found out?" insisted Mr Mangle. Little Minnie was present.

"I got no time to talk to you now, you—you homebreaker!" she sobbed.

Mr. Mangle was in the bathrobe he had assumed on finishing his "refined clowning." He threw the garment off and about Little Minnie.

"Stick to her or I'll warm you to a fare-you-well, an' phone me soon's you can!" he said tensely. The Imitator nodded.

"C'lumbus Circle, lobby entrance," cried Divetta in the street.

"You can't come!" she said savagely.

"I gotta," squealed Little Minnie, and edged in. Those in the busy streets saw two ladies in thick makeup never meant for daylight wear conversing earnestly together.

"Minnie, you mean none o' your family's told Ned I was eggin' Horace Selby on to send me roses an' letters?"

"Pop said he'd whale the tar outa me if I did. He says Selby's a nut anyway, but Mac'd be liable to go gunnin' for him 'cause he's got a jealous nature. Has he?"

"Bless your little darling heart! Ned only wanted to think about the seals that night. Poor boy, an' me misjudgin' him so!"

The chauffeur was sent to buy a lower stage box at the Columbus Circle Theater, the lobby of which was empty except for stands of photographs. One was devoted to Selby's Seals. Divetta and Little Minnie strode by a ticket-taker absorbed in a paper, down the aisle of a darkened theater and into a stage box. Divetta remained standing, sheltered by a box-curtain and holding Little Minnie's hand. A red electric sign at either side of the stage glowed "7," and Selby's Seals commenced their act. McNoodle believed in plain evening dress. Horace Selby was ornately attired in a white-satin suit with red trimmings. He realized that some one was concealed in the stage box, and when not noticeably "working at" three ladies in an upper box he glanced at the lower one.

"Oh, lookit Bill!" whispered Little Minnie. "That there seal's doin' what Bill tells him."

Divetta clung to the curtain and to her guest. Bill, the McNoodle assistant, was in an entrance, and he seemed to have domination over a small and nervous seal. At times Bill gave aid to the other seals, who seemed reassured by his low-spoken commands. Divetta was a spectator through an act that was identical with McNoodle's, until the seal band were grouped—drums, cymbals and a trombone. When she viewed that trombone she rested a knee on the box rail. One anxious seal began to pound the bass drum; the small seal blew in his trombone once. Then Divetta jumped on the stage, Little Minnie following. The Imitator instinctively bowed, while Divetta yelled:

"Thieves! Thieves!"

One leap and she had dragged Bill before the footlights. Bill fought, Little Minnie hanging to his legs. A voice implored:

"Curtain! Curtain!"

"Ladies and gentlemen: These seals ——" Divetta shrieked, but the barking of the seals was louder. The audience laughed, shouted, hissed. Ushers hustled down the aisles. The stagelights were suddenly turned out. Bill struggled wildly, but Divetta held him safe, resuming shrilly:

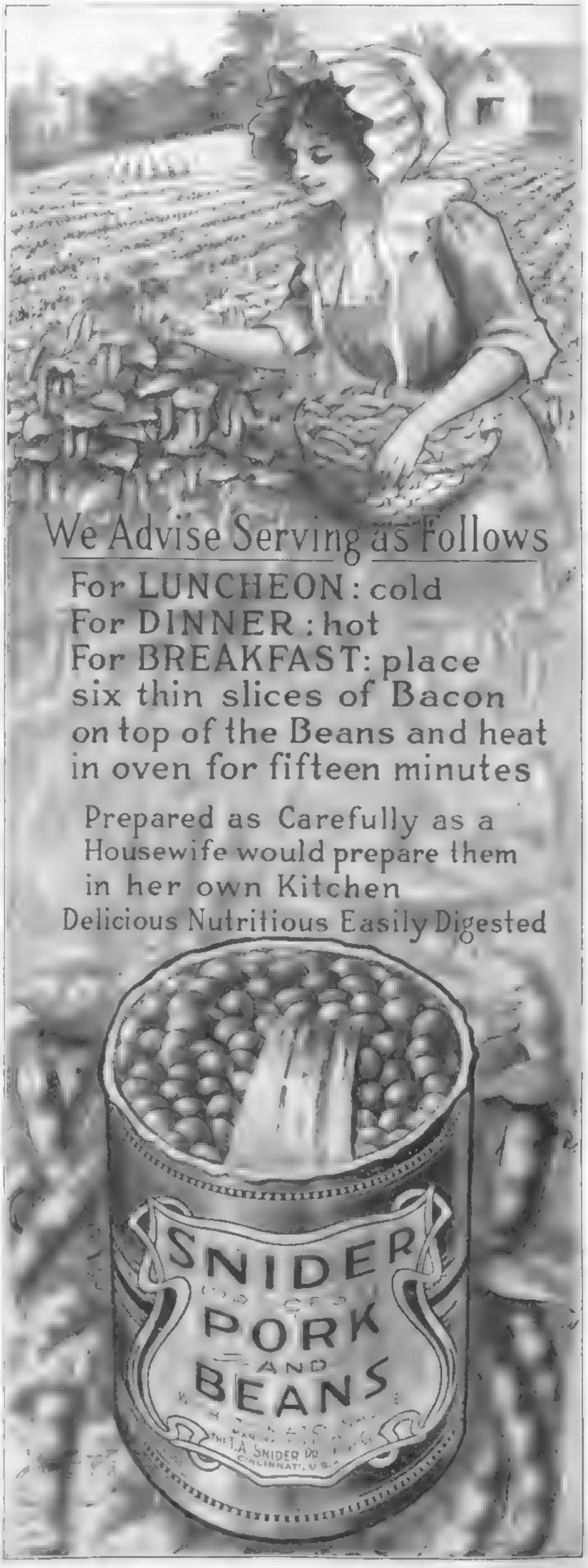
"Selby's Seals are McNoodle's Educated Seals, an' they've been stole by this guy I got here! Make 'em put on the lights. Fair play, boys. Gimme a chance!"

"Fair play! Fair play! Thieves!" screamed the Imitator.

The drop fell. Divetta and Minnie held it up in the center, supporting it on themselves and their captive.

"Put on those lights!" The great American public, excluded from witnessing this thrilling interruption, was demanding its rights.

A stagehand grappled with Divetta. Little Minnie bit his hand, whereat he yelled, and the audience roared for lights. Selby was heard beseeching help to get the seals from the stage.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"Don't let the seals off this stage! Elmer! Lorenzo! Mabel!" shrieked Divetta; "Heinie! Baby! Joe! Fanchette!" Barks answered her, barks evincing relief and pleasure.

"They know my voice. Make 'em turn on the lights an' I'll prove they stole my husband's seals —— *You* keep still, d'you hear? Fair play, an' make 'em raise this drop. I'm holdin' it up myself!" she entreated.

From gallery to boxes the chant arose: "Turn on those lights and raise the curtain!"

House and stage were abruptly illuminated and the curtain went up, disclosing Horace Selby sunk in despair, looking stupidly at the seals barking and flopping about him, Little Minnie pummeling the prisoner's legs, and Divetta's opened coat revealing the brevity of her costume. She had dropped her bath slippers, but was unaware of the loss. Her yellow hair, released from the cap, hung about her face, which, made up as it was for stage, captivated the audience by its beauty. The stage manager emerged, showing excitement.

"I wish to announce that this lady ——" he started.

"Let her say it," suggested a voice.

Loud clapping sent the stage manager to cover. Divetta smiled her thanks. Little Minnie freed one hand and waved it, then, bethinking herself, stepped out of her father's bathrobe and was seen to be in the costume in which she imitated Eddie Foy. She made a grimace suitable to the character, receiving a hearty hand.

"I am Divetta, the Human Fish," said Divetta clearly. "I was doin' my act at the Palace, Brooklyn, gettin' daffy notes from Horace Selby, wantin' me to elope an' threatenin' revenge, signed Black Hand, an' so on. My husband's act had been gettin' worse an' worse, with one seal after another refusin' to do his stuff, an' him never imaginin' such a thing as that his assistant, who 'cause McNoodle's Seals closed the show could get over here first, an' who used to work for Selby, was just exchangin' Selby's punk old seals for ours. As for Mr. Selby, he was drinkin', an' I believe Bill put him up to it. Seals look almost the same, an' I mightn't have noticed myself except they bleached the fake Lorenzo's whiskers. This is the real one an' he's quite an old seal, but smart. Lorenzo!"

A white-whiskered seal responded.

"Shake hands."

Lorenzo affably held up his flipper to applause.

"Did you see that the small seal was awful nervous? His name is Elmer an' he's the cleverest seal alive, an' they stole him since last night's show. I don't believe Bill could have made him play trombone, but I can, an' I brought his. Minnie, it's in that box we had. Get it. Now Elmer?"

Barking, Elmer flopped to a position beside the venerable Lorenzo. Divetta gave Elmer his trombone, and he executed his solo to the wildest clapping, with Mabel spasmodically drumming in the rear.

"Nobody but Mr. Mac an' me can get him to do that, but of course Bill DeVoe was used to them, an' he knew, I s'pose, how to coax 'em to do their regular tricks, because they like to be workin'. Elmer'd juggle a cane all day long. I will now have them do the McNoodle Glide. Please play Way Down in Georgia, if you remember it, Mr. Leader."

The orchestra played from memory and Lorenzo gravely led his associates in the rollicking glide.

"Mr. McNoodle will convince this management, an' all present, an' the entire world, who owns these here seals," said Divetta confidently.

"They are his seals. I've seen them a dozen times an' it struck me all the while something was wrong," called a man who immediately stood up boldly.

"Sir, I thank you," said Divetta.

There was another man in the house who knew the seven seals. That was Ned McNoodle, who with Mr. William Mangle and a plainclothes detective awaited the end of the scene upon the stage.

"Ain't she a queen?" said McNoodle brokenly. "And her getting the hunch even before you and me did! Will we pinch Bill in public or what? The other cop will stop him leaving the stage door."

They were halfway down the aisle as they consulted, and suddenly Divetta saw them.

"Ned!" she cried. "Oh, Ned! Come quick an' get your seals—an' me!"

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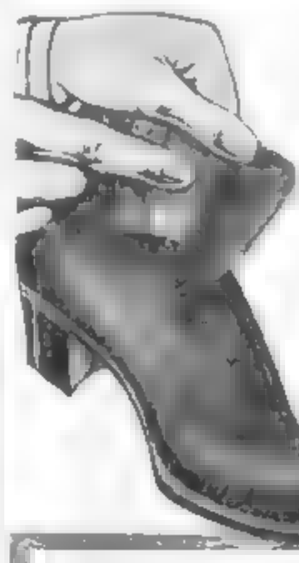

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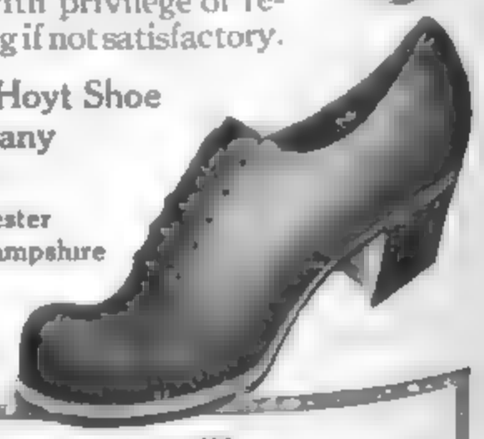

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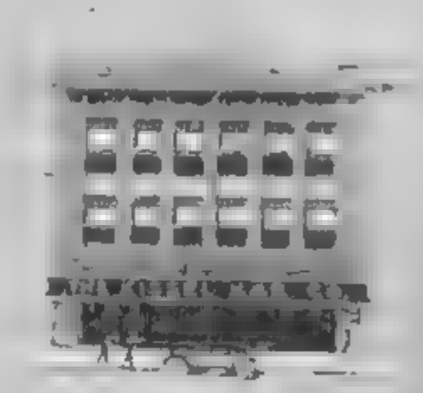
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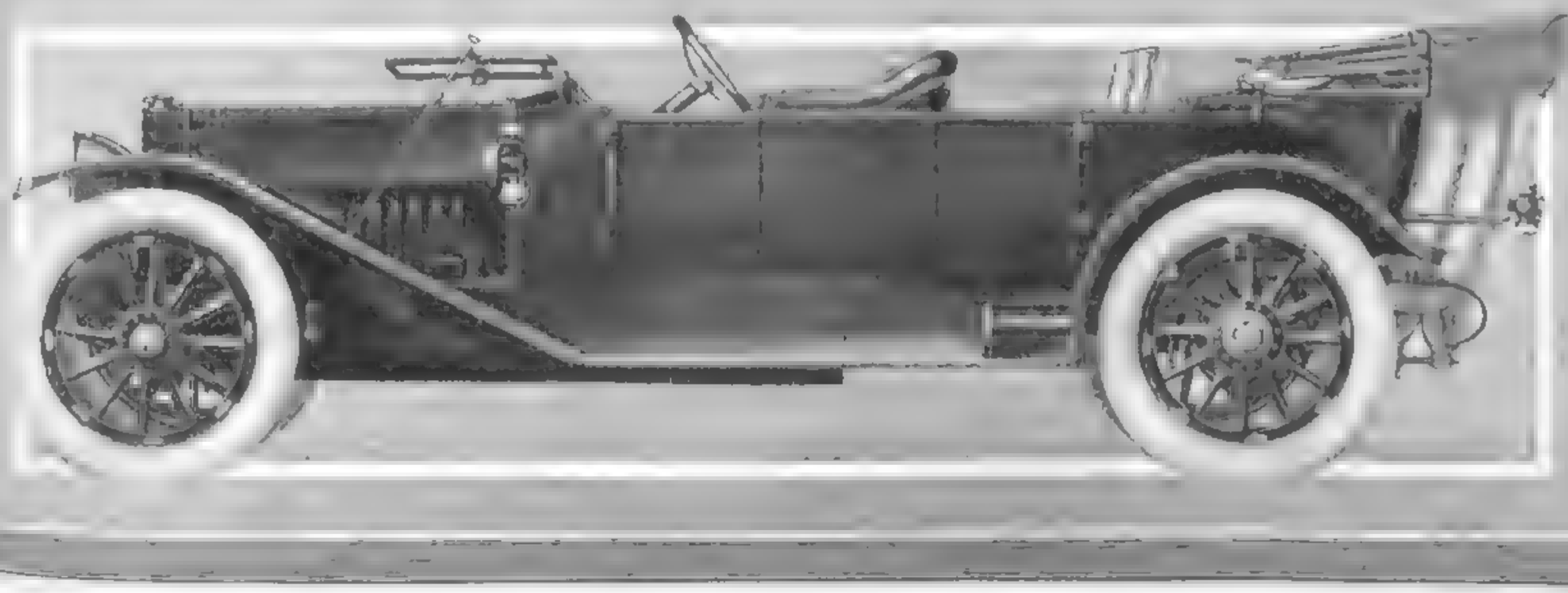

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MOLL OF THE GREEN HILLS

(Continued from Page 11.

"Thanks, mister; but hurry. The party is going fast!"

"Far be it from me," the ancient's voice quavered, "to refuse consolation to the dying; but I promised to marry a young couple this evening. They will be here soon. One owes a duty to the living. I wouldn't disappoint them for worlds, and ——"

"I'll wait right here and tell 'em you'll be back soon. It ain't far. Please go, mister!" The punk's voice bubbled with sorrow, his face griped pathos.

"Very well, my son," sighed the old man resignedly. "I'll go."

He arrayed himself in a battered silk hat and a plaid shawl, which he took from a rack in the hall, and made a blob of color for a second or two before the colorless fog swallowed it. His uncertain feet had tap-tapped their way into silence when Red's taxi drove up to his cottage, silent as the night now and far darker.

Burley jumped out of the cab and bounding up the stairs, two at a time, jerked the bell. It tinkled hoarse echoes in an empty and forlorn home.

"Say, mister," bawled the punk from an audible but invisible distance, "does yer want ter get pinched fer raising a rough house? De sky pilot has sailed. He ain't comin' back tonight, neither."

Frantically cursing the unreliability of all mankind, the ministry included, Burley stalked back to the taxi. "Hotel Crown!" he instructed the driver.

"A rotten place for him to take that nice little Moll of the green hills!" said the punk indignantly to Red as he shifted his lever into fourth speed. "You know what it is? A roost fer dips, con men an' prowlers!"

"Well, an' what's that to you?" asked Red.

Absorbed in his own thoughts, the punk gave no answer.

A keen, razor-edged wind arose from the west and ripped the fog into bits, as two strong hands might rend a sheet. The way was clear. The taxi raced ahead. It swung into Ashland Avenue and, whirling along at a rate defiant of the speed laws, tore up North Clark Street. Then it glided into one of the offshoots of that interminable thoroughfare. Here the road formed a panoramic succession of hills and valleys, and the machine, as it dropped into the one and climbed the other, was obliged to sacrifice time to scenery. In the shadows of the alley, back of the Crown, the punk's keen eyes glimpsed a hulking figure that he would have taken his oath belonged to Tunnison.

"He's hit the trail at last!" thought the punk to himself, and to Red he screeched excitedly: "Don't stop at de Crown. Go back to de Europe—understand?"

"What for?" grunted Red.

"Are you the shover or the detective on this job?" asked the punk disdainfully.

Red, cackling, held to his easterly course and then turned south into Dearborn Avenue. A weight fell from the punk's slight chest as he thought: "That was a close one! Tunnison would 'a' grabbed de keester full of kale and it would have went hard with de poor little Moll!"

Burley's knuckles rapped hard against the window. Fancying thus to attract the chauffeur's attention he dropped the window and, as the punk ducked between the seat and the dash, yelled:

"Are you trying to make the price of a new taxi out of me? I said the Crown!"

"No—you said the Europe!" replied Red brazenly.

"No, I didn't. You go to the Crown!" commanded Burley. Red stopped irresolute. The girl's voice pleaded in whispers. "Well, go on to the Europe!" hissed Burley. The punk drew a long, deep breath of relief.

Finally the taxi's journey ended where it had begun—in front of the canopy of the Hotel Europe. Burley, alighting, put the satchel on the sidewalk and turned for the suitcase. The punk, sliding down from his seat to the ground, made a lunge for the keester. His movements, quick as they were, failed to synchronize with those of Burley. "You little rat!" he cried, his strong hand shooting out for the rogue's collar. "You've been hangin' 'round here all night." The punk writhed beyond his reach and scampered down the alley. His foot, as he ran, struck a bit of metal that tinkled like a coin against the stone it happened to hit. He stooped and picked it up. It was a telephone slug.

Emerging from the alley, his hands in his pockets and whistling Alexander's Ragtime Band—the tune had been whistling itself in the back of his head all that night—he barely averted a collision with Mushmouth Mulford and Dad Haman, two plainclothes men from Central. They turned to go into the hotel when the lad barred their way.

"Hello, Punk!" greeted Haman. "What yer doing out so late?"

"Me? Gettin' a little night air an' tailing for Tunnison. He wants you two guys to kite over to de Crown an' join him dere. It's about this Burley, the peter man, from Winnipeg. Skate along!"

The two looked at each other inquiringly, nodded and stalked off.

"Fly cops!" said the punk with withering sarcasm. He had the habit of most lonesome people—that of talking to himself. And he added: "One more minute and dey would have nabbed the nice little Moll of the green hills, de keester full of kale, and de Toronto Prowler. I got ter pry him loose!"

Walking into a drug store across the way he stepped into a telephone booth and tried his slug. It fitted. Calling up the Europe, he asked for Mr. Alfred Burley.

"No such person stopping here," said the clerk in return.

"G'wan!" retorted the punk, describing him.

"Oh, you mean Mr. Hurley," said the clerk, laughing.

And when the proper wires were connected Burley's voice asked:

"Who is it?"

"Never mind!" came the reply. "Cut loose from yer doss. In about five minutes a couple of flies is goin' to make a pinch." He hung up the receiver, quit the store and, hiding himself between two buildings near the alley, shadowed the Europe. The slothfulness of time disgusted the impatient, restless punk. Then Burley appeared, suitcase in hand. He peered cautiously to the right and left, passed under the canopy and walked hastily down the street. The punk, keeping a respectful distance, tailed him, whispering to himself angrily: "An' I almost lifted de wrong keester!"

Into one of the iniquitous offshoots of the far more respectable thoroughfare the Toronto Prowler turned, stepping briskly. Family Entrance transparencies of saloon that jostled saloon for patronage pricked their letters in red, gold and green out of the darkness into which they protruded. Suddenly the punk stood at stick, conscious that his heart was punching his ribs. Out of the family entrance of the Dew Drop, in front of which Burley was hastening, Mushmouth Mulford and Dad Haman emerged.

The punk trotted on, double quick. Mushmouth and Dad eyed each other and Burley with a broadening gaze. The safe-blower, startled, came to a halt—his right hand flying toward his hip pocket for a reliable gun. The plainclothes men pinioned him by the wrists. The punk, pressed flat against a projecting wall, dropped behind the three steps that led up to the family entrance.

"Say," he overheard the peter man plead, "can't we square this? I've got over sixty-five thousand dollars in kale in this keester!"

"We'll see about it later," mumbled Haman, dragging the Toronto Prowler into the rear room of the saloon.

"Fly cops! Fly cops!" muttered the punk to himself with a scorn that burned and blazed. He looped the corner, whisked himself into another booth of another drug store and bawled through the telephone: "Dis is police business; reverse de charges and give me Central!" And when the ring was answered he said peremptorily: "I want Tunnison! If he ain't there he's out on a lay at the Crown Hotel. Tell him if he wants ter pinch Alfred Burley, alias de Toronto Prowler, ter meet me on de jump at de corner of West Madison and Green. Get it straight, you bonetop!"

The message, too professional to be disregarded, must have been delivered promptly, for time—that arch enemy of the impatient—had little chance to fret the boy with its delays and its shifts before Tunnison rolled to the appointed place in a taxi.

"That you, Punk?" gasped Tunnison when the lad confronted him. "If you

EXTRA!

68,570 "BABY GRAND" Inquiry Letters Burned!

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The fire which, on February 13, destroyed the General Offices of The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company in Chicago, swept away all the accumulated correspondence and card records resulting from our advertising of *Brunswick Home Billiard and Pocket-Billiard Tables* in this and other publications.

While the fire destroyed all correspondence relating to the "BABY GRAND" and other styles of Home Billiard Tables, *our factory facilities were untouched.* We have nine factories and sixty branch houses, with complete stocks of all sizes and styles of Brunswick Tables.

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fooled me over here on a bum steer I'll——" His great fist doubled as if to strike that mite of humanity out of existence.

"Fooled nothing!" returned the punk calmly, standing his ground without flinching. "I know what I'm talking about. Mushmouth and Dad has got him sewed up in a corner, and all de coin is on him. You declare me in on your third or I don't lead you to his fall. See?"

Tunnison, sneering skeptically, nodded assent. The punk—proud guide!—traced a beeline to the front door of the Dew Drop. Entering, they marched through the saloon toward the rear. "The family entrance is shut for tonight!" called the saloonkeeper. His face, which was seamed and scarred, twisted itself into an ugly snarl as he skidded from behind the bar, planted himself between the door of the anteroom and his unwelcome visitors. "I say, you guys can't go in there!" he shrieked.

"I can't, eh!" With almost one and the same movement Tunnison threw open his coat, displaying his star, and sent the swashbuckler, a crumpled heap, into a far corner of his resort.

When Tunnison's figure loomed big in that little room Haman jumped to his feet and laid protective hands on the satchel, which stood on the table before him. Mulford grabbed a sheet of paper besmeared with figures and jammed it into his pocket.

"Your arithmetic is no good," grinned Tunnison blandly. "The split has to be four ways now."

"Five!" screamed the punk.

"That little devil is at the bottom of my trouble!" screeched Burley, making a wild spring for the street Arab's throat.

The plainclothes men pulled him back into his chair.

"Here, Punk; there's yours! I'll square with you in the morning. Git!"

Tunnison flung him a silver dollar.

A big black cat slunk stealthily up the back stairs of the Europe—at least, had the night watchman of that hostelry chanced on the punk as he crept on all fours up those steps he might have mistaken the intruder for the house pet on one of its nocturnal forages. On the fourth floor he drew his cautious ascent to a halt; and listening for a second, his ears pricked and pointed like a wild animal's, he crawled along the dim-lighted hall to his right. On the panels of Room 468 his hand scratched timidly, like an exploratory paw; then, hearing a reassuring voice, he knocked boldly, like a man on proper business.

The door opened slightly; a yellow line of light striped the darkness, and the voice of Moll of the green hills said gently:

"If you're the caller Mr. Hurley expected you'll find him in the room above—568."

The punk's laughter pealed uproariously in the silence, which was cavernlike. She threw the door wide open, exclaiming jubilantly:

"There! It's you! Punk! Punk! How did you find me?" Their laughter made a chorus.

"I never lost you—not oncet tonight!" he said when the chorus died.

"Oh, how interesting!" she commented enthusiastically. "Come right in!"

The punk, remembering he had a hat, doffed it as he entered and said, his sharp face woebegone:

"You'll be going home to the folks at Mapleville early tomorrow morning, I expect."

"How in the world did you know I came from Mapleville?" she asked, both his words and his melancholy expression stirring her wonder.

"Oh, I just found it out," he answered carelessly, his near-set eyes following the faded design of the worn Brussels carpet. And then, with a tact and diplomacy that proved him a Talleyrand by intuition, a Metternich in embryo, he told her what he had learned about herself and Burley, and by what means he had come by the knowledge.

At first she denied vehemently, all the loyalty in her naïve, unspoiled nature rising to Burley's defense; but the punk—gently, though unyieldingly—held his fortress of facts.

"An' only fer me you would have married him!" he said finally, when her plaintive sobs had ceased and her blue eyes were limpid again.

"Only for you?"

"Only fer me!" He detailed the circumstances.

Her emotions flew between laughter and tears; then her hand went out to his. They

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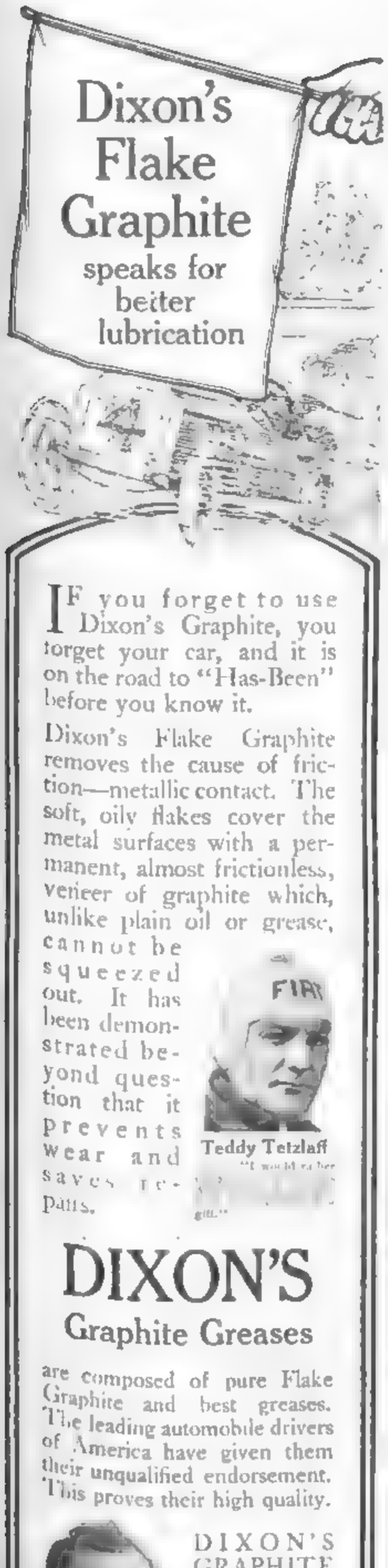

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were as two children; and of the two she seemed by far the younger, as she was by far the less sophisticated. It was her turn for a confession now, and she unburdened herself to him at length with an ease and a fullness that perhaps would have been impossible to an elder. She told all simply—and the punk's eyes were moist now—how Burley, a fascinating and mysterious stranger, had drifted into Mapleville; and how, claiming her easily by the lien of love, he had induced her to follow him to Chicago, whither he had gone in advance.

"An' de keester?" he asked, her account failing to reveal what he most wanted to know.

"Oh, the suitcase!" She smiled rather forlornly. "He asked me to carry that with me. He left Mapleville in a rush, and had so much to take with him; and—and—I don't remember all he said about it. Only he did say he had put a bundle of important letters in it, and asked me not to let it go out of my hands."

"Dat was de yellowest thing he done—planting de goods on you!" commented the punk.

She looked at him inquiringly, innocence pleading for enlightenment. He vouchsafed none. The silence that followed seemed interminable. She broke it, saying:

"I want you to go back to Mapleville with me. Do come! Father will be glad to have you there, I know. Our house is so big and empty since my brothers grew up and went away! There will be a home and a chance for you there. Won't you come?"

The punk's near-set eyes shot wide apart. His pale, usually colorless face went red; its freckles burned. She was at a loss to understand him—to interpret the change in him and the nature of its cause. Her suspense was short-lived; for, catching his breath, he burst forth in awful indignation:

"Me leave Chicago! Me be a rube! Me a haytosser! Me a farmer! Me a spinach-chin!"

Appalled, he shot out of the room and tore down the stairs. The sight of the familiar streets soothed him. Whole vistas of lights twinkled benignly at him. The city stretched out its arms toward him with infinite affection, as though toward a child it momentarily had feared to lose, and gathered him to its bosom. A cold wind nipped and shook him.

"Me leave Chicago! Me be a rube! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

His wild, sarcastic carols of laughter woke the sleeping alley that offered a short cut to his dime lodging-house.

Cautious Hogs

REPRESENTATIVE Martin Littleton, of New York, was born in the Tennessee mountains. A short time ago a Tennesseean came to Washington to urge Congress to pass some sort of bill in which he was interested. He was an old friend of the Littletons and he came to Martin for advice.

"I can't make out what to do," he said. "These here men up at the Capitol say they will do a thing, and they don't do it. 'Pears to me they are mostly liars.

"Why, Martin," he continued, "I've found some of the biggest liars here I ever did see. They are most as bad as a man down in our country. He's the biggest liar in the world. Why, he's such a liar he has to get a neighbor to call his hogs for him at feedin' time."

The Whole Truth

WHEN the Duke of York, now the King of England, was making his tour of the British colonies there was an Indian pow-wow for him in British Columbia at which several Indian chiefs appeared. The Indians made speeches. The only interpreter was a cowboy who had lived in that country and who volunteered his services.

The cowboy told the royal party what an Indian chief was talking about for a few minutes and then stopped, while the Indian continued spouting.

"What is he saying?" asked one of the princesses.

The cowboy made no reply.

"But we must know what he is saying," the princess persisted. "Tell us immediately. I insist."

"Well, ma'am," replied the cowboy, "if you must know, he is asking whether it is possible that little runt with the whiskers ever will be King of England."

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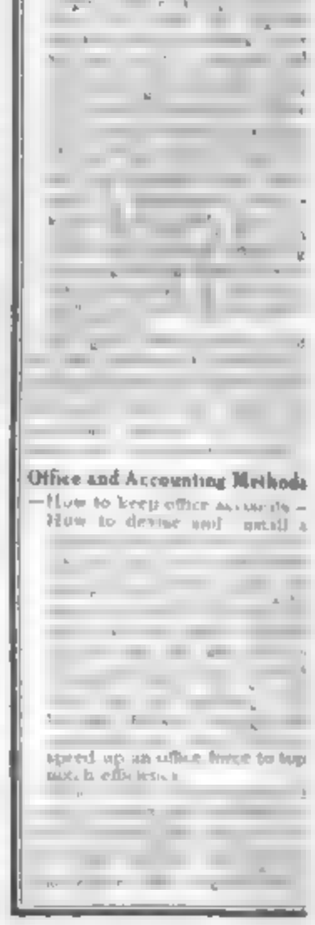
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Look for the legend "U. S. Inspected and Passed" on all the meat food products you buy.

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THE LAME DUCK

Notes by an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: I bumped into Captain Bill, of Louisiana, the other day, and the bump and Bill together reminded me of the time—down in a little bayou town—when a stranger blew in with a six-thousand-dollar roll.

Bill was a good deal of a sport in his way. He would run horses, fight chickens, shoot clay pigeons or take a hand at draw; and he always had the courage of his convictions when it came to putting up his money to back them. It was a town report that Bill took occasional trips on the river by way of diversion and to see whether there were any amateurs in the steamboat poker games. Anyhow he had a plenty, knew the value of two pairs before the draw, and was always ready to take a chance.

A day or so after the stranger with the six thousand arrived Charley Marsh, who used to hold 'em on the river too, and who knew how to handle a cold deck, but who was temporarily in retirement because he had been trying to justify a system in a New Orleans faro game—and it didn't justify-looked the stranger over and concluded it would be a lasting shame and disgrace to the town if the stranger got away with any of that money on him. Charley figured he could use the six thousand to advantage. He hadn't lost faith in his system, which failed, he said, merely because he lost all his money before the hock card was within twenty of the last turn. He had faith, but no cash.

So he projected round and bought the stranger a few refreshments and led craftily up to the subject of poker. The stranger was willing. He was bored to death by the place and he craved excitement.

Captain Bill's Stipulation

"I think," said Charley, after considering the situation and impressing his desire to be friendly and entertaining on the stranger, "that mebbe I can get up a game just to pass the time away."

Charley hurried out to Captain Bill.

"Bill," he clamored, "a stranger has just dropped in toting six thousand dollars in real money. Seem's a sin to let him go away without separating him from it!"

"So 'tis!" assented Captain Bill. "This town needs six thousand dollars of increased per capita circulation the worst way."

"Well," said Charley, "let's get it!"

"How was you proposin' to get it," asked Bill.

"Easy enough," Charley explained. "He's ripe for a session at draw. I sounded him out myself. Now I'll go down to the hotel and you come along later. Then we'll organize—and you stake me to enough to get a few chips."

"I-hah!" said Bill.

"Well, we'll play along for a spell and then I'll fix him. I'll ring in a cold deck, and I'll deal him four queens and you four kings. Then you go to it! Bet him until all his money is on the table—and we'll divide the profits."

"Let me understand you, Charley," said Bill. "You is armin' to cold-deck him?"

"Yes," Charley replied.

"And the plan is for you to deal him four queens and to deal me four kings, cold and simultaneous—and then for me to go to him and split the winnin's?"

"That's right!" confirmed Charley enthusiastically. "It's a cinch!"

"Well, Charley," said Bill, "I ain't averse to cleanin' out this stranger fur the benefit and prosperity of our village, but I've got one stipulation to make."

"What's that?" asked Charley.

"Why, when you've finished dealin' him them four queens and dealin' me them four kings, just deal me an ace for my fifth as a kind of confidence card."

The reason I am moved to retail to you this yarn about Bill and Charley Marsh, Jim, is because, at the time I am writing, late in February, there are two big political poker games going on here in Washington, and Woodrow Wilson is sitting in both in the capacity of the stranger with the six thousand dollars.

One of these games is the Republican game, and the dealer is a no less renowned person than President William Howard Taft. He has round him his Cabinet and his advisers, and Mr. Wilson has a chair over at the far end of the table. The game is not so much to get Mr. Wilson's six thousand as to pass him the buck and see that he keeps it. They are passing him the buck on the Mexican situation; on the trust-prosecution situation; on the Latin-American situation; on the tariff situation; on the fourth-class postmasters situation; on the District of Columbia situation; on the currency situation—and on a dozen other situations.

Things broke rather badly for the dealer and his associates along about the middle of February—three weeks before the end of the game; but what was done was done because of necessity not desire. It has been the intention of the Republicans ever since election to hand the Mexican mess over to Mr. Wilson and let him consider it; and if they failed it was not for lack of real kindness of heart or because they wanted to detract any from the glory that shall be his.

Likewise Mr. George Woodward Wickersham, attorney-general, is soon leaving these shores for a long jaunt round the world—and leaving at one and the same time, to the unfortunate who shall be Mr. Wilson's law chief, the largest collection of half-baked, half-finished, half-considered, half-briefed, half-prosecuted anti-trust cases and anti-corporation proceedings that the world has ever known. Possibly Mr. Wickersham left an index of his cases for his successor—and possibly not. Anyhow the person who inherits this mass of hurried harrying, which has given Mr. Wickersham so much joy and so few favorable verdicts in the past four years, will have his job cut out for him—unless, perchance, he quashes the whole lot of them and starts out wickershaming, himself, and on his own hook wipes off the slate and begins over again.

Many other things have been passed along. Mr. Taft and his Cabinet as they will be described presently by some Democratic historian as the greatest beginners and the poorest finishers of our day. And on March fourth at noon the whole lot will be handed to Mr. Wilson, neatly bound with red tape. Mr. Taft will bid him a cordial goodby; and it will be some months before Mr. Wilson realizes fully the enormous amount of political and governmental junk he has had as a present.

A Game With a Joker

Up in Congress they have him in a game where the joker is running cut and slash, and he is sorely in need of a confidence card or two. The facts of it are that the Democratic Congress of the United States of America is not a Woodrow Wilson Congress by a good large per cent. Mr. Wilson has friends in it, and plenty of them; but there are also persons in it who are friendly to themselves, and who have ambitions, desires, schemes and politics to foster. They deeply respect and in some cases revere the new leader of the Democracy, but they are not in Congress for their healths or for the aggrandizement of Mr. Wilson and his policies particularly.

Whenever a majority member of either the Senate or the House has it in mind to do a little work on his own account and for the personal good of himself, his faction, his state or his district, he calls attention stridently to the fact that, under the Constitution—the dear old resilient Constitution—the Congress is a coördinate portion of the governmental machinery, and that it cannot be a slave to the whims of a president or the creature of his ambition. It—the Congress—must be for country first, for party next, and then for the individual—with the individual getting about ten per cent the best of it for all practical purposes. The little job of dominating Congress that Mr. Wilson has undertaken will have a counter in the shape of the attempt of certain big forces in the Congress to dominate Mr. Wilson. And they have been getting ready for it up there on the hill for weeks and weeks. They are playing political poker and Mr. Wilson is sitting perforce in the game.

In the hurlyburly of the closing days of Congress a lot of funny things happened,

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but none was funnier than the realization of Senator-elect John Weeks, of Massachusetts, that it is much sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a clerk who doesn't realize the political responsibilities and connections of his chief. Senator Weeks was, before his election as senator and while he was in the House, a banker and broker.

While the cotton schedules were being considered by the Ways and Means Committee of the House, during the hearings preliminary to the framing of the bills, various cotton factors appeared—all Republicans—and claimed tearfully that any reduction of the cotton tariff would ruin—actually ruin—the cotton-milling industry in New England. They were very certain about that. Disaster stared them and their operatives in their horror-stricken faces if an impious hand were laid on that cotton tariff!

Just at this juncture some unregenerate Democrat, belonging to the Ways and Means Committee, asked permission to read a circular he had in his hand. It was a circular signed by Weeks' firm, and it offered some bonds of or stock in a cotton mill in New England as a profitable investment. The circular went into full details about the value of the offering; said it was unsurpassed as an investment; detailed the properties it included, and concluded with this remark: "Prospective investors may be assured that, no matter what action is taken in regard to the cotton tariffs by the coming Congress, nothing that can be done will injure the value or the dividend-paying properties of these securities!"—or words to that general effect.

They asked Mr. Weeks about it, as a leading Republican, a senator-elect from the great state of Massachusetts, a pillar in the support of high protection, and an ardent exponent of the theory that the tariff must be maintained. Mr. Weeks' language was illuminating: The clerk did it! And Mr. Weeks quit the banking business to devote himself entirely to his senatorial duties—the joke being on him, and he, being a big, broad-minded citizen, laughing with the rest.

A Long, Long Cry

Speaking about new senators, those thrifty Arkansas patriots developed a line of industry that made the dignified Senate gasp! Owing to the death of Senator Jeff Davis it was necessary to appoint a successor. Editor Heiskell was appointed and served until the legislature convened. Then Senator Kavanaugh was elected to serve until March 4, 1913—and after him Governor Robinson, to take up the new term, beginning on March fourth. Thus the forehanded Arkansans will have four United States Senators in the time between the death of Davis—in November—and the swearing in of Robinson in March—counting in Senator Clarke, the other senator, of course. The point of the thrift end of it is that each new senator from Arkansas draws some twelve hundred dollars in mileage in addition to his salary and other allowances! They were wondering up at the Capitol whether the Arkansas patriots had it in mind to split the new term into equal parts and garner some more of those twelve-hundred-dollar bouquets for other worthy citizens!

No person in the universe had more fun in a similar space of time than Mr. Taft during his last weeks in the White House. He went everywhere and took a whack at everything. And incidentally what he did to the high society hostesses of Washington is tearful to relate. Ordinarily the President dines at no private houses except those of the members of his Cabinet. Once or twice Colonel Roosevelt dined out with friends, but not often; and Mr. Taft obeyed the unwritten law or precedent or convention, or whatever it was, rather strictly. But at the close of his term he accepted three or four invitations to dine out at private houses.

Did you hear about the battlecry Colonel Roosevelt sent out to the Progressive conference at St. Paul? The boys got together out there to talk things over and hear Beveridge speak, and they decided it would be a good thing to have a battlecry, a sentiment, a word of encouragement from their leader, T. Roosevelt. So Walter Brown brought it out—the Colonel's word of encouragement; his idea of a battlecry. It was eight pages of typewritten battlecry and filled almost two columns of the newspaper that printed it!

However, farewell! BILL.

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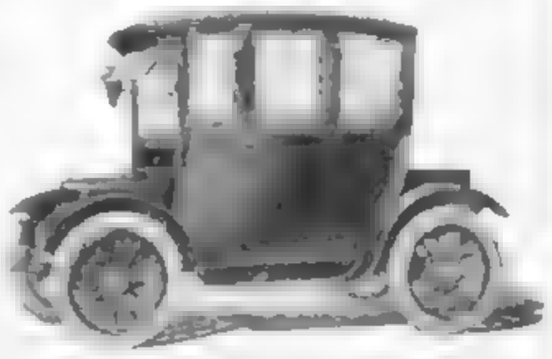

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THE SULTANA

(Continued from Page 25)

it to be of the glazed-paper variety always on sale in French villages for the convenience of commercial travelers, and his snowy cuffs were of similar material. Also, Robert was freshly shaved, faintly perfumed, and presented altogether such an air of well-groomed fastidiousness that Mills, at sight of him, felt like a tramp who had just finished the job of cleaning out a coal bin.

"*Sapristi!*" cried Robert, throwing the motor on the dead point and leaving the engine to clank noisily, yet with a certain accent of hard-earned repose, while he crawled out from under the wheel. "By jingo!—but we've been worried nearly to death about you!"

"Nobody would ever guess it!" said Virginia. "But we've been worried about you too. Where is Basia? And what are you doing with that ark?"

The first question was answered by a kicking and pounding from inside the limousine. Robert sprang to the door and wrenched it open, when there emerged a young lady with very flushed cheeks, but a certain air of freshness and such a look in her eyes as Virginia had never seen in those of her friend.

"Virginia!" exclaimed Basia. "Thank Heaven!"

"Basia dear!"

The two girls fell into each other's arms. Robert turned to Mills.

"I made her get in there and pull down the curtains," said he, "because the situation is very unconventional. Fancy our going back at this time of the morning in a thing like that!"—he pointed to the car—"after having been out all night! But it is all right, because we are going to be married!"

Mills clapped him on the shoulder, then gave him a grip of the hand.

"All my congratulations!" said he. "But you haven't got much on us, at that. We're engaged to be married too!"

Robert stared, then burst into a joyous peal of laughter.

"My dear chap," said he, "you don't tell me——"

The words seemed strangled in his throat, and Mills, watching him, saw the color fade from his face. Robert's eyes were fastened on a square black-morocco case and a black shiny satchel that Virginia had dropped at the side of the road.

"The Sultana!" he cried.

With one spring he had seized the case, opened it and held the contents in the light of the sun, now well over the treetops. Mills, stepping to his side, saw what seemed to him a wonderful combination of nature and art. Robert had combined a certain geometric design with the general arrangement of the mistletoe in his *chef-d'œuvre*, and this had been carefully thought out and first suggested by the type of Mademoiselle d'Irancoy, who was a handsome blonde of generous proportions, and as such had suggested to Robert the Druidess, whose emblem was the mistletoe and the golden sickle. He had tried to copy in the very last cry of the jeweler's art the effect of strong sunlight on the pearly berry at the junction of the bifurcated shoot when, filled with morning dew, it casts out a radiance not its own. This he had achieved, whether by art or cunning—and there is little difference in the subtle effort to deceive the eye—by working in small points of brilliants and by using diamonds in place of the pearls usually to be found in all mistletoe designs.

The result was a blaze of light that defied Nature, yet flattered her; for Nature has no great stock of diamonds with which to deck each of her transient costumes. Mills, who knew a good deal about Nature and very little about art, thanks to his college education, was almost as much impressed by Robert's achievement as a lascar might be by his first glimpse of the Aurora Borealis—it was very fine—but what the dickens was it?

So much for Robert's part, as far as Mills was concerned; but what no Philistine could have missed was the calm, blue lambent fire that emanated from the great central stone and said quietly: "Mount me as you will—surrounded either by diamonds, sapphires or a circlet of mud—I am the Sultana!"

Robert was not permitted to gaze long on the tiara, for Basia and Virginia flung themselves upon the two young men, both talking at once and raving over the tiara, their lovers and the recent active series of events. Basia and Robert then discovered that Mills was wounded, whereat Virginia, in graphic and impassioned words, described the fight. Then Basia, that her cavalier might not be eclipsed in valor, described their own adventures and how Robert had held up the thief with Strelitso's empty pistol and recovered her bracelet.

"Good for you, Sautrelle!" said Mills heartily. "Then that was what brought the scoundrel back to the farm. You cleaned him out of his share of what they carried off with them and he wanted to help himself again from the hoard. They left the bulk of it in the satchel, so as to have a nest-egg to come back to in case of getting nabbed."

"Quite so," said Robert. "You see, after holding up Durand, it seems they went on to Avallon and robbed a bank. They must have gone in Durand's car, knowing that an alarm had been sent out and the description of their own already telephoned about. Then, on leaving Avallon they took the first small road, meaning all the time to change cars again as soon as the opportunity offered. They were probably unable to stop Strelitso, who must have passed them between here and the château; then, coming upon us waiting on the side of the road, they took our car, leaving us this baggage wagon. Afterward one of them came back and drove us up into the woods, so that the car might not be found immediately and betray their locality." He paused for breath and looked again long and lovingly at the tiara. "Kalique must be informed at once. I must send him a wire. And, by-the-way, Mademoiselle d'Irancoy's wedding is to take place this afternoon. I will yet be able to deliver the tiara!" And seizing Basia in his arms he did a little twostep on the wet road.

"How did you learn they had robbed a bank?" asked Mills.

"After sending the bandit away," said Robert, loosing Basia, "we left the car in the woods and went to the village to get something to eat. Then I went into the hairdresser's to get myself refreshed, and while there a commercial traveler who had arrived by the early train from Avallon came in and told about the robbery."

"Look here!" said Mills suddenly. "The sooner we get away from the vicinity of this happy rolling home, the better. Otherwise we are apt to find the four of us under arrest before we get to the château! They will be scouring the roads for this thing."

"By Jove!" said Robert. "I hadn't thought of that. And I myself am suspected of conspiracy!"

"Fulton's car is reposing peacefully at the farm," said Mills, "and all it needs is a little juice to get it into action. Virginia and I were walking to the village to get a can of essence when we met you."

"There is a can here under the seat," said Robert. "Let us take that and get out of here before we are interrupted."

This idea was put into immediate execution. Mills said the farm was not over a mile away in a straight line, and having a good sense of direction he led the way straight up through the vineyards. They had just reached the edge of the woods when there came from the road below the clatter of hoofs, and looking back they saw four troopers of the *gendarmerie nationale* swinging round the bend at a smart trot. The early sun glistened on the sleek, well-groomed horses and flashed from the polished scabbards and accouterments.

"By jingo!" said Robert. "We got away none too soon. A patrol from Vermenton!"

Drawing back in the bushes, they watched the troopers, who reached the car and dismounted. While one of them held the horses the other three examined the car. Presently all four mounted and set off briskly toward the village. The fugitives watched them until out of sight, then resumed their cheerful way. The walk across the fresh fields in the bright spring sunshine was far from being an unpleasant promenade. Rabbits scuttled out from under their feet and bounced off into the woods. Magpies flashed their showy plumage of black and white. Larks shot upward on shivering wings and sung themselves straight out of sight in the fathomless void of filmy blue, and once a lordly cock pheasant stepped out upon the sparkling

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sward, eyed them for a moment with the air of a landholder too haughty to rebuke personally vulgar trespassers on his domain, then strode off into a copse of flowering hawthorn.

Robert and Basia, less long of limb than the other two, fell considerably in the rear; but Mills and Virginia did not mind. Mills had a headache, but was not aware of it; while Virginia appeared to have forgotten her strained ankle.

Mills presently looked behind him, then overhead, and the next instant Virginia found her onward progress arrested in a manner which, though a little startling, was far from disagreeable.

"Who gave you permission to do that?" she asked severely, and looked at Mills with melting eyes.

"The top of this tree is full of mistletoe!" said Mills.

Virginia looked up—and the ancient rites were repeated. At their conclusion, looking back rather breathlessly, she saw through a vista in the little glade Robert and Basia in the act of performing the same mystic ceremony.

"How shameless!" said she. "There is not a single clump of mistletoe on their tree."

"Robert," said Mills as they walked on again, "is a chap of far more manly incentive than I gave him credit for. Look at that grove of poplars on ahead! It is chock-full of the stuff! Let's hurry. They will be anxious about us at the château. Old Vazhoven will be having fits, and Fulton will be anxious too."

"About his car?"

"To some extent."

They hurried on, heading for the grove of poplars, though this was slightly out of the course. The passage of this copse took so much time that Robert and Basia arrived in time for the closing ceremonies. From a treetop a big jay imitated the sounds of the closing benediction, and Basia giggled.

"You needn't laugh," said Virginia loftily. "We saw you, back there—and there was no mistletoe, either!"

"No mistletoe!" echoed Robert. "But look, Miss Lowndes!"

Virginia looked, and her pink mouth opened. From Basia's raven locks there flashed and shimmered a radiance only to be equaled by the flash of her bright eyes. Living flame seemed to shoot from her blue-black tresses and to dispute the new-found glory of her sparkling, smiling face.

"Merciful Heaven!" gasped Virginia to Mills. "Just look at that! She's tramping through the woods with a three-million-franc tiara on her silly head!"

"I am glad that it is not for Basia," said Robert, "for in that case nobody would ever notice my masterpiece!"

"Now what do you think of that?" Virginia asked of Mills.

"I think," answered that young man, "that I have yet a lot to learn."

Basia tossed her head and the Sultana blazed as it swam in the rich, ripening sunlight.

"I might as well get as much fun out of it as I can," she said. "Another girl will have it in a couple of hours. Why can't we take Robert directly to the Château d'Irancoy? He can give the tiara to Baron Rosenthal and then we can hurry back to dress for the wedding."

"The first thing for us to do," said Mills, "is to decide on what we are all going to say. We want to keep Gustav out of it."

Basia nodded and her face grew very sober.

"Robert and I have been talking about that," said she. "Do you know, the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that Gustav never had anything to do with those bandits who robbed Durand, and afterward the bank at Avallon. Gustav is wild, but I know that he would never have had anything to do with such men as these. The set he frequents at Paris is made up of a group of youngsters scarcely more than boys, and all the sons of rich parents; and every once in a while they do some sort of mad prank. Not long ago they waylaid an omnibus full of waiters going out to Baron de Hertzfeld's place, near Versailles, to serve at a big dinner the baron was giving to the artistes of the Comédie Française. They bribed the waiters to lend them their costumes, and went themselves and served the déjeuner, and did the most atrocious things! It was the laugh of the week in Paris, and afterward the baron forgave them and gave another déjeuner for their benefit."

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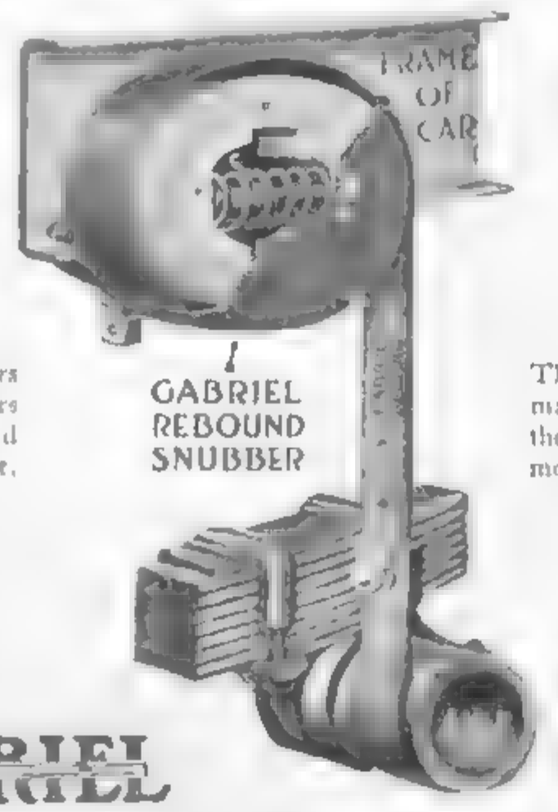

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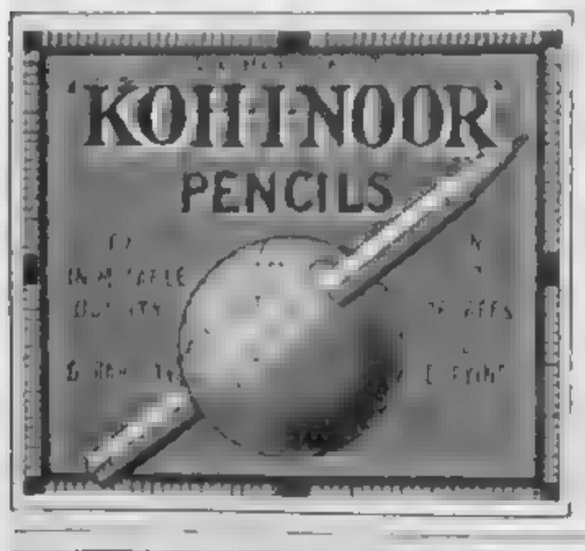

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Mills looked at her thoughtfully. He had known of student pranks himself, but nothing on quite the same elaborate scale as this.

"Then you think," said he, "that it just happened that there were some real highwaymen on the road at the same time Gustav and his busy young friends were playing their harmless little practical joke?"

"I'm sure of it!" answered Basia.

"But don't you think Gustav and his crowd carried things rather far in knocking Sautrelle and the chauffeur in the back of the head with slungshots?"

"It seems so to me!" said Robert emphatically.

"I don't believe they touched the chauffeur," said Basia; "and I don't believe they meant more than to daze Robert for a minute. The chauffeur was probably bribed. The chances are that they were all drunk and never intended to carry the thing so far. Perhaps they may have intended to deliver the tiara at the château the next day, with some cock-and-bull story of how they had fallen in with the bandits and forced them to give up the tiara. Then they would all have gone to the wedding and been great heroes."

Mills pondered. Childish and innocent pranks of just this magnitude were a little beyond the limits of his imagination. Still, he reflected, it might be so. Gustav might have been frightened on realizing what he had done and brought the tiara directly to the château, where he had conceived the idea of placing it in Virginia's care. It scarcely seemed possible that sane youths, even if more or less soaked with absinthe, would attempt such a joke; yet Basia's positive belief was convincing.

"If that is what really happened," said Mills finally, "we may be able to keep Gustav out of the business altogether. Suppose we decide to tell what happened just as it really did happen, only leaving the tiara out of it until we come to the ruined farm? We can say the tiara was with the other loot."

"How about Strehlso?" Robert asked.

"We must get hold of Strelitso, first thing," said Mills, "and persuade him to keep his mouth shut. I doubt if he will, but we can try. After all, I don't believe that Strelitso is such a blackguard as I thought. It's all an awful mess, but maybe we can manage to straighten it out some way. Let's go on to the ruined farm and get the car."

As there appeared nothing else to do the journey was resumed, and presently, on emerging from the open woods, the fire-blackened ruins appeared across a stretch of pasture land. Nobody was in sight, and on crossing the bright fields they entered the big inclosure, where the first thing to strike Mills' anxious eyes was the stern of the car under the shed.

It did not take long to start the motor, gasoline being the only crying need. Mills backed out into the court and the others climbed in, Robert at the side of Mills and the two girls crowding close together on the narrow seat behind.

"If anybody stops us," said Mills, "all the rest of you keep still and let me do the talking."

"But you can't speak French, Tom dear!" Virginia objected.

"That is the very reason. There is nothing so useful in time of trouble as an utter inability to understand or to make yourself understood. You leave this thing to me!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

To the King's Taste

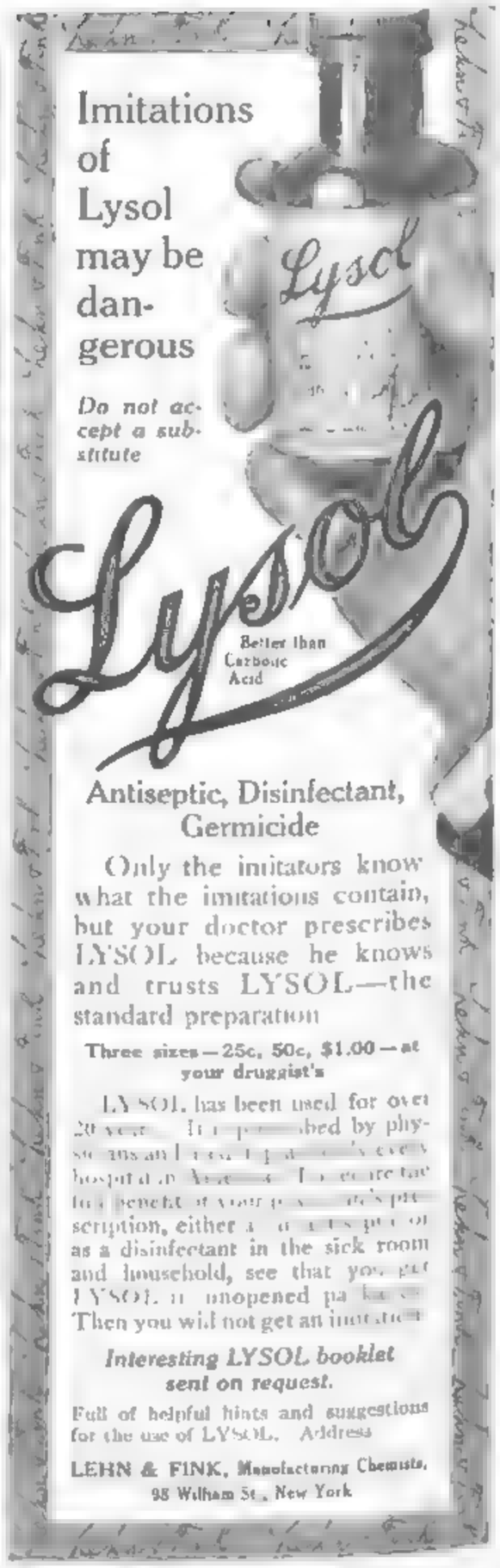
KING LEOPOLD, of Belgium, frequented a certain café in Paris when he was in the city. He had private apartments on the second floor where he had his meals served for him.

One night he went to his café, but was met by the manager, who told him in great trepidation that he could not have his private dining room that night.

Leopold raised a frightful rumpus. He was King of the Belgians and he demanded to know who could keep him out of the room. Presently a voice came from behind the door: "Who is that making such a row out there?"

The manager explained.

"Oh," said the voice, "let him come in if he likes." King Leopold went in and found the person who had his favorite dining room was the King of England, Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, who knew a good thing himself.



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FIGURING THE NET VALUE OF EFFICIENCY

(Concluded from Page 9)

wages, and so on; but they follow principles they have developed themselves in actual management, and are capable of dealing with the human element involved. They go into an office and install cost-keeping machinery, but are something more than transmogrified bookkeepers, because they see the living human issues underneath daily reports and card systems.

Then there are other practutioners who have gotten their principles second-hand. They have very little insight into human nature and hardly any experience in management. They are confident enough in their claims and probably honest in their intentions, but they lack ability; and the executive who lets them install their scheme of efficiency complete will probably find, after they depart, that they have left him a few practical improvements, together with some wonderful new machinery for weaving red tape.

A certain large business has been steadily developing good methods of its own since it was established twenty years ago. Product and production are full of human nature. As each department for making and selling the goods grew into importance it seemed as though precisely the young man needed to run it would appear, perhaps from some wholly different line of business. He would take hold of the problems on their merits, however, and solve them, and this concern has become an inspiration and a standard for methods in its field. Today the important departments are in charge of the men who built them up, and these men are stockholders in the company.

About two years ago the general manager began listening to efficiency experts who came to see him. They discussed methods and costs, pointed out shortcomings in his organization, and were so certain they could help him do things to better purpose that for months he had one expert after another going through the plant, visiting the branch offices, questioning employees, compiling data and bringing about changes supposed to be scientific.

An Over-Standardized Plant

It was found, however, that the general tendency of these experts was to standardize the work and reduce it to forms, without any clear understanding of the nature of the business. A lot of figures would be gathered in an office department to show how many letters were sent out daily. One clerk sent two hundred, and another maybe but a dozen. The experts would fix upon a reasonable average number that each clerk might be expected to send. They would arrange a routine meant to help him send as many as possible, add a bonus for all over the set average, and perhaps effect a moneysaving by cheapening the stationery, smut sheets, carbon paper, and so on. What they utterly failed to see was that individuality plays a vital part in business correspondence, and that one letter sent by a certain intelligent clerk may be worth a hundred sent by a purely routine man. Again, a factory department would be investigated and saddled with blanks and reports intended to yield all possible information about its daily work, but much of the information might be quite useless because the men who planned the system did not see the trend of that department. Worst of all was the lack of sympathy between experts and employees. Systems were imposed rather than introduced. They were arbitrary creations of the expert, instead of mutual developments based on both his outside point of view and the inside knowledge of employees about that business; so, long before the efficiency man was ready to leave, his system had enemies where it needed friends, and was certain to be discredited and abolished.

It took more than a year of such experimenting to make the general manager see that little in the way of improvement to such an organization could be expected from the outside, and that the man capable of effecting sweeping improvements would be, not an expert working for a fee but very likely general manager for some live competitor. Since then it has cost considerable money to get rid of remnants of systems entangled in the business and to return to logical inside development.

The business world has listened to the discussion of efficiency for more than two years now. Most of the talk has turned on the particular systems, but it is gradually coming to be seen that the efficiency expert matters a good deal more than the system.

Uncle Sam appointed a committee to look into the various systems of scientific management with a view to adopting what might be good in Government work. The investigators were thorough and fair. They came to the conclusion that, though most of the systems had excellent points, not one was comprehensive enough to justify the recommendation that it be adopted, as a whole, in Government arsenals and shops.

This is about the conclusion of the business world.

No matter how successfully a given system of management may work in a given case, there is always a manager at the bottom of it, adjusting it to human conditions and adapting it to the business in hand. That manager has often been an outside expert, but more often he is an inside man.

System and Then Something

When the expert comes to the average business man to enumerate the beauties of the system he would like to install for him, the average business man who wants to get at the net of efficiency will do well to disregard the system and keep his eyes on the expert.

Complete systems of scientific management, capable of improving any business, simply do not exist. As one investigator puts it, no universal pink pill for all pale industrial plants has been discovered. The successful system is one that has been developed to meet conditions in the business where it is in operation, with plenty of time, tact and human sympathy added to the scientific principles. If anybody tries to carry that system bodily to another business there is sure to be trouble, and the expert who offers to do this may well be questioned.

The outside expert is often able to install some fairly complete scheme for running a special department in a business. Perhaps the executive busy with manufacturing details has not had time to look into his power plant very closely. Expenses in that quarter are too high. A consulting power-plant expert will come in, study the equipment, analyze fuel, flue-gases, and so on, determine the most economical supplies, lay out specifications for buying them, find the best way of running that department, teach employees to follow it, and turn over something in the way of a system that really produces results. So with cost-keeping and routine matters, technical advice and research—business is making better and better use of the consulting specialist every year.

The efficiency expert puts himself forward as a specialist in general management also. He says, in effect, that he believes he can run your business better than you are running it yourself. He is out canvassing for a large order. If the business is not running so very well now perhaps he can fill it, but if it is a pretty efficient business already the chances are not so good.

None of the systems of scientific management in themselves will run a business. The expert must add experience, executive ability, knowledge of human nature, the knack of arousing corps spirit, and similar qualities. Along with scientific management goes a good deal of management that might be called unscientific and old-fashioned, yet nevertheless necessary. If the outside man's record and ability indicate that he can bring more of this than the business itself possesses, then perhaps, with scientific management added, he can make good.

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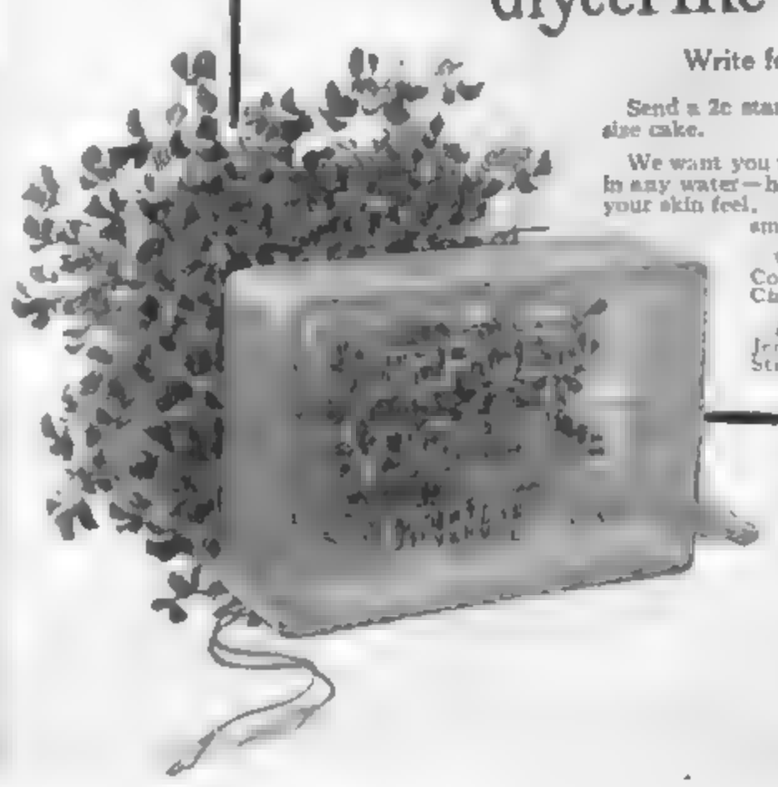

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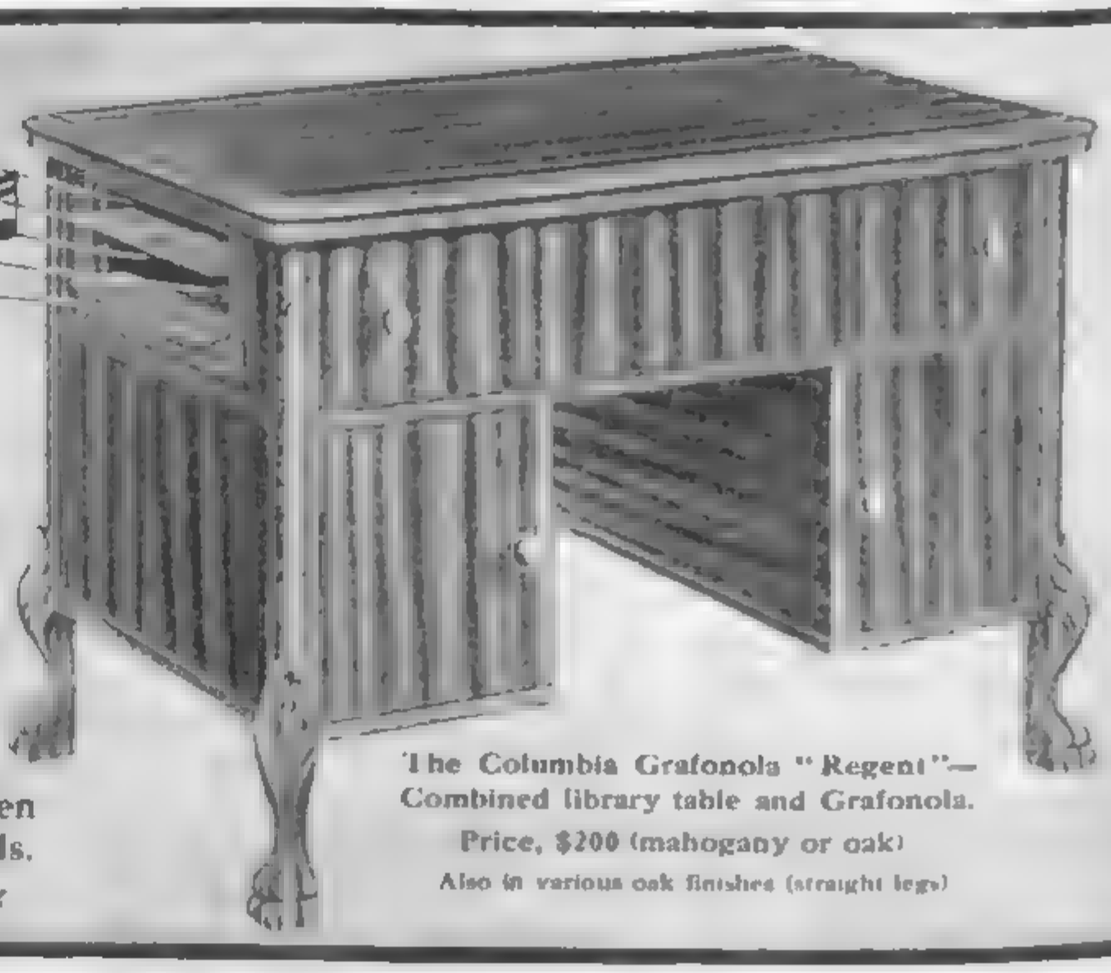

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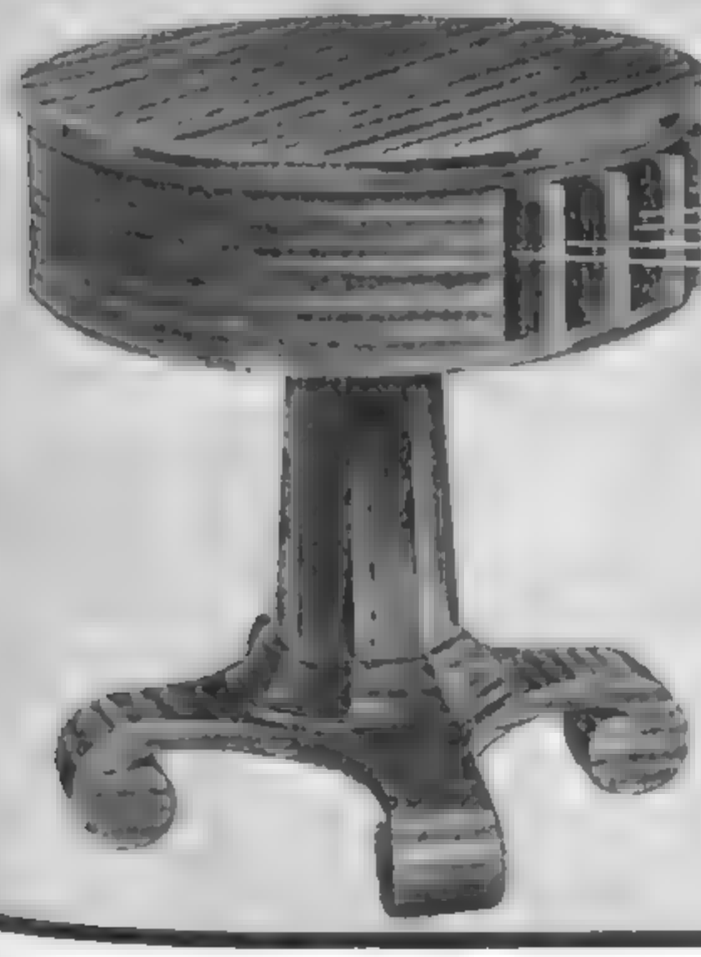

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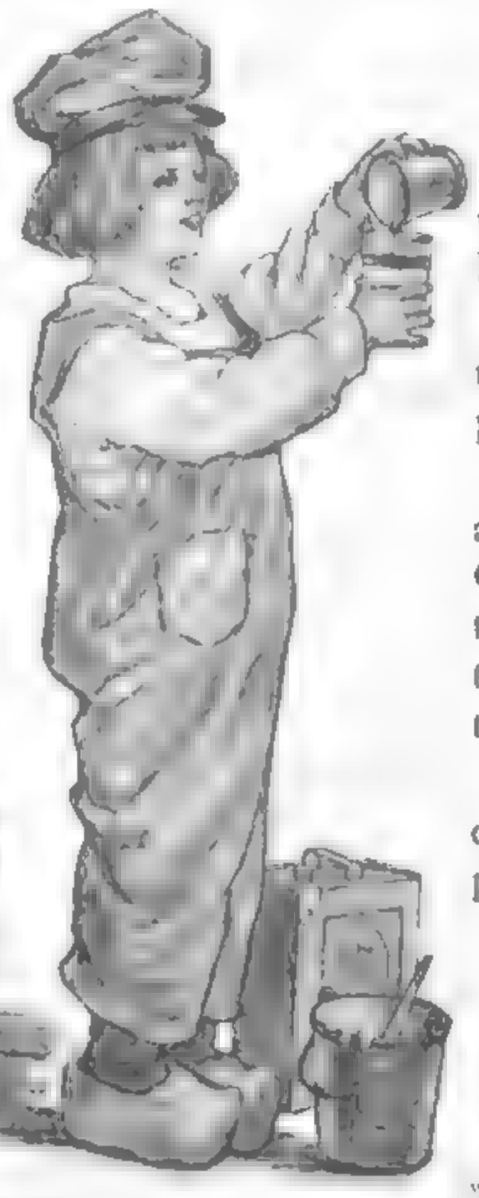

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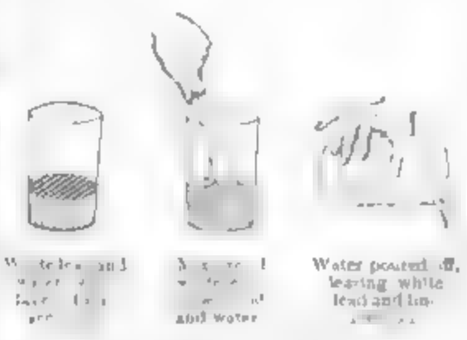

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JOHN BARLEYCORN

(Continued from Page 5)

drunken youth of seventeen, who proceeded to resuscitate me by jumping on my chest. Dimly I remember this and the squalling of the girls as they struggled with him and dragged him away. And then I knew nothing, though I learned afterward that Larry wound up under the bridge and spent the night there.

When I came to it was dark. I had been carried unconscious for four miles and been put to bed. I was a sick child; with the terrible strain on my heart and tissues I continually relapsed into the madness of delirium. All the content of the terrible and horrible in my child's mind spilled out. The most frightful visions were realities to me. I saw murders committed and I was pursued by murderers. I screamed and raved and fought. My sufferings were prodigious. Emerging from such delirium, I would hear my mother's voice: "But the child's brain he will lose his reason!" And, sinking back into delirium, I would take the idea with me and be immured in madhouses, and be beaten by keepers and surrounded by screeching lunatics.

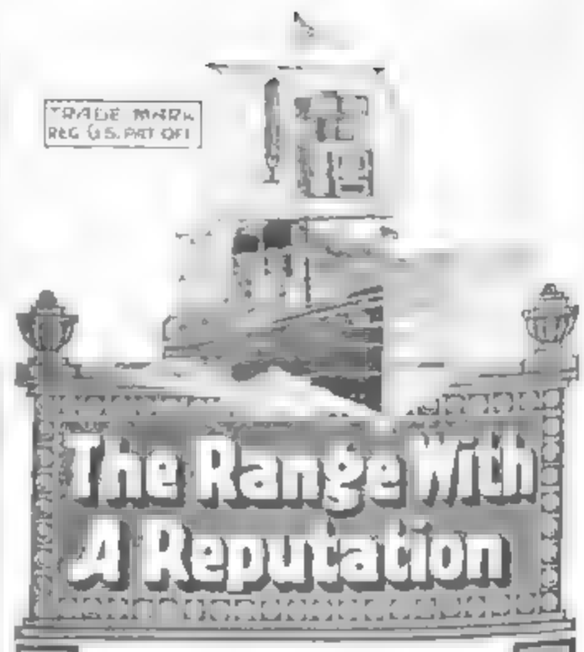
One thing that had strongly impressed my young mind was the talk of my elders about the dens of iniquity in San Francisco's Chinatown. In my delirium I wandered deep beneath the ground through a thousand of these dens, and behind locked doors of iron I suffered and died a thousand deaths. And when I would come upon my father, seated at a table in these subterranean crypts, gambling with Chinese for great stakes of gold, all my outrage gave vent in the vilest cursing. I would rise in bed, struggling against the detaining hands, and curse my father until the rafters rang. All the inconceivable filth a child running at large in a primitive countryside may hear men utter was mine; and though I had never dared utter such oaths they now poured from me, at the top of my lungs, as I cursed my father sitting there underground and gambling with long-haired, long-nailed Chinamen.

It is a wonder I did not burst my heart or brain that night. A seven-year-old child's arteries and nerve-centers are scarcely fitted to endure the terrific paroxysms that convulsed me. No one slept in the thin, frame farmhouse that night when John Barleycorn had his will of me. And Larry, under the bridge, had no delirium like mine. I am confident that his sleep was stupefied and dreamless, and that he awoke next day merely to heaviness and moroseness, and that if he lives today he does not remember that night, so passing was it as an incident. But my brain was seared forever by that experience. Writing now, thirty years afterward, every vision is as distinct, as sharp-cut, every pain as vital and terrible, as on that night.

I was sick for days afterward, and I needed none of my mother's injunctions to avoid John Barleycorn in the future. My mother had been dreadfully shocked. She held that I had done wrong, very wrong, and that I had gone contrary to all her teaching. And how was I, who was never allowed to talk back, who lacked the very words with which to express my psychology—how was I to tell my mother that it was her teaching that was directly responsible for my drunkenness? Had it not been for her theories about dark eyes and Italian character I should never have wet my lips with the sour, bitter wine. And not until I was man-grown did I tell her the true inwardness of that disgraceful affair.

In those after days of sickness I was confused on some points and very clear on others. I felt guilty of sin, yet smarted with a sense of injustice. It had not been my fault; yet I had done wrong. But very clear was my resolution never to touch liquor again. No mad dog was ever more afraid of water than was I of alcohol.

Yet the point I am making is that this experience, terrible as it was, could not in the end deter me from forming John Barleycorn's cheek-by-jowl acquaintance. All about me, even then, were the forces moving me toward him. In the first place, barring my mother, ever extreme in her views, it seemed to me all the grown-ups looked upon the affair with tolerant eyes. It was a joke—something funny that had happened. There was no shame attached. Even the lads and lassies giggled and snickered over their part in the affair, narrating with gusto how Larry had jumped



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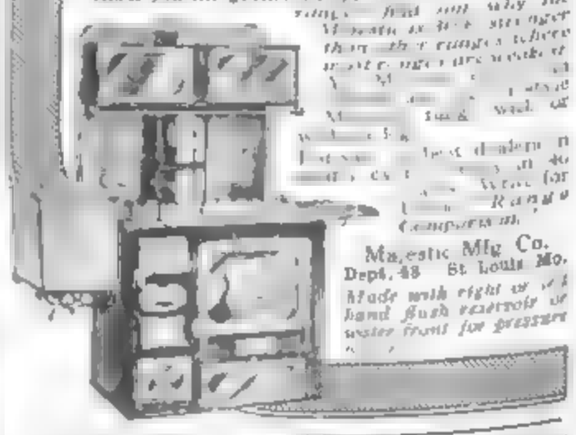

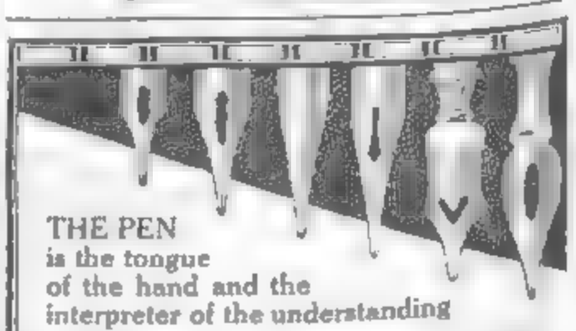

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on my chest and slept under the bridge; how So-and-So had slept out in the sandhills that night; and what had happened to the other lad who fell in the ditch. As I say, so far as I could see there was no shame anywhere. It had been something ticklishly, devilishly fine—a bright and gorgeous episode in the monotony of life and labor on that bleak, fog-girt coast.

The Irish ranchers twitted me good-naturedly on my exploit and patted me on the back until I felt that I had done something heroic. Peter and Dominick and the other Italians were proud of my drinking prowess. The face of morality was not set against drinking. Besides, everybody drank. There was not a teetotaler in the community. Even the teacher of our little country school, a graying man of fifty, gave us vacations on the occasions when he wrestled with John Barleycorn and was thrown. Thus there was no spiritual deterrence. My loathing for alcohol was purely physiological. I did not like the stuff.

V

THIS physical loathing for alcohol I have never got over. To this day I conquer it every time I take a drink. The palate never ceases to rebel, and the palate can be trusted to know what is good for the body. But men do not drink for the effect alcohol produces on the body. What they drink for is the brain-effect; and if it must come through the body, so much the worse for the body.

And yet, despite my physical loathing for alcohol, the brightest spots in my child life were the saloons. Sitting on the heavy potato wagons, wrapped in fog, feet stinging from inactivity, the horses plodding slowly along the deep road through the sandhills, one bright vision made the way never too long. The bright vision was the saloon at Colma, where my father, or whoever drove, always got out to get a drink. And I got out to warm by the great stove and get a soda cracker—just one soda cracker, but a fabulous luxury. Saloons were good for something. Back behind the plodding horses I would take an hour in consuming that one cracker. I took the smallest nibbles, never losing a crumb, and chewed the nibble until it became the thinnest and most delectable of pastes. I never voluntarily swallowed this paste. I just tasted it and went on tasting it, turning it over with my tongue, spreading it on the inside of one cheek, then on the inside of the other cheek, until at the end it eluded me and in tiny drops and oozelets slipped and dribbled down my throat. Horace Fletcher had nothing on me when it came to soda crackers.

I liked saloons. Especially I liked the San Francisco saloons. They had the most delicious dainties for the taking—strange breads and crackers, cheeses, sausages, sardines—wonderful foods that I never saw on our meager home table. And once, I remember, a barkeeper mixed me a sweet temperance drink of syrup and soda water. My father did not pay for it. It was the barkeeper's treat, and he became my ideal of a good, kind man. I dreamed daydreams of him for years. Though I was only seven years old at the time I can see him now with undiminished clearness; yet I never laid eyes on him but that one time. The saloon was south of Market Street in San Francisco. It stood on the west side of the street. As you entered the bar was on the left. On the right, against the wall, was the free-lunch counter. It was a long narrow room, and at the rear, beyond the beerkegs on tap, were small round tables and chairs. The barkeeper was blue-eyed and had fair, silky hair peeping out from under a black silk skullcap. I remember he wore a brown cardigan jacket, and I know precisely the spot in the midst of the long array of bottles from which he took the bottle of red-colored syrup. He and my father talked a long time, and I sipped my sweet drink and worshiped him. And for years afterward I worshiped the memory of him.

Despite my two disastrous experiences, here was John Barleycorn, prevalent and accessible everywhere in the community, luring and drawing me. Here were connotations of the saloon making deep indentations in a child's mind. Here was a child forming its first judgments of the world, finding the saloon a delightful and desirable place. Neither stores, nor public buildings, nor all the dwellings of men ever opened their doors to me and let me warm myself by their fires, or permitted me to eat the food of the gods from narrow shelves

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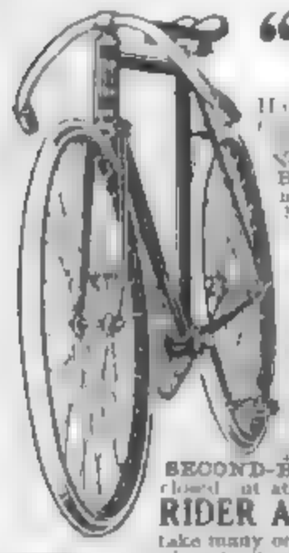

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against the wall. Their doors were ever closed to me; the saloon's doors were ever open. And always and everywhere I found saloons, on highway and byway, up narrow alleys and on busy thoroughfares, bright-lighted and cheerful, warm in winter and in summer dark and cool. Yes, the saloon was a mighty fine place; and it was more than that.

By the time I was ten years old my family had abandoned ranching and gone to live in the city. And here, at ten, I began on the streets as a newsboy. One of the reasons for this was that we needed the money. Another reason was that I needed the exercise. I had found my way to the free public library and was reading myself into nervous prostration. At the poor ranches on which I had lived there had been no books. In ways truly miraculous I had been lent four books, marvelous books; and them I had devoured. One was the Life of Garfield; the second, Paul du Chaillu's African travels; the third, a novel by Ouida, with the last forty pages missing; and the fourth, Irving's Alhambra. This last had been lent me by a school-teacher. I was not a forward child. Unlike Oliver Twist I was incapable of asking for more. When I returned the Alhambra to the teacher I hoped she would lend me another book. And because she did not—most likely she deemed me unappreciative—I cried all the way home on the three-mile tramp from the school to the ranch. I waited and yearned for her to lend me another book. Scores of times I nerved myself almost to the point of asking her, but never quite reached the necessary pitch of effrontery.

Then came the city of Oakland; and on the shelves of the free library I discovered all the great world beyond the skyline. Here were thousands of books as good as my four wonder-books, and some were even better. Libraries were not concerned with children in those days, and I had strange adventures. I remember, in the catalogue, being impressed by the title, The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle. I filled an application blank and the librarian handed me the collected and entirely unexpurgated works of Smollett in one huge volume. I read everything, but principally history and adventure, and all the old travels and voyages. I read mornings, afternoons and nights. I read in bed; I read at table; I read as I walked to and from school, and I read at recess while the other boys were playing. I began to get the "jerks." To everybody I replied: "Go away! You make me nervous!"

And then at ten I was out on the streets—a newsboy. I had no time to read. I was busy getting exercise and learning how to fight; busy learning forwardness and brass and bluff. I had an imagination and a curiosity about all things that made me plastic. Not least among the things I was curious about was the saloon; and I was in and out of many a one. I remember, in those days, on the east side of Broadway, between Sixth and Seventh, from corner to corner there was a solid block of saloons.

In the saloons life was different. Men talked with great voices, laughed great laughs, and there was an atmosphere of greatness. Here was something more than common every day, where nothing happened. Here life was always very live, and sometimes even lurid when blows were struck and blood was shed and big policemen came shouldering in. Great moments these for me, my head filled with all the wild and valiant fighting of the gallant adventurers on sea and land. There were no big moments in my hours of business when I trudged along the street throwing my papers in at doors; but in the saloons, even the sots, stupefied, sprawling across the tables or in the sawdust, were objects of mystery and wonder.

And more—the saloons were right. The city fathers sanctioned them and licensed them. They were not the terrible places I heard boys deem them who lacked my opportunities to know. Terrible they might be, but then that only meant they were terribly wonderful; and it is the terribly wonderful that a boy desires to know. In the same way pirates and shipwrecks and battles were terrible; and what healthy boy would not give his immortal soul to participate in such affairs?

Besides, in saloons I saw reporters, editors, lawyers, judges, whose names and faces I knew. They put the seal of social approval on the saloon. They verified my own feeling of fascination in the saloon. They, too, must have found there that

Let Me Send You Five

Here is a private cigar, made up specially for me, banded with my monogram.

It is made from a special Havana leaf, selected in Cuba by a man who resides there, a rare connoisseur of tobacco.

This is the sweetest smoke I ever discovered, though I've smoked for 40 years. I have never found in a ready-made cigar such delicacy and exquisite aroma. So I have this leaf made up for me in the size and shape of this picture.

This cigar is rather a hobby of mine. And I am glad to supply it to other men with a taste for dainty Havana. But I seek only men who want something exceptional—rare, delightful smokes.

I send the cigars by Parcel Post, so supplies are very convenient. The price is $5 per hundred—$2.60 for 50—charges paid. That price is not far from my cost.

Smoke 5 With Me

To make sure that your taste agrees with mine, let me send you five. Send me 10 cents to partly cover expenses and I will supply the cigars.

If this leaf delights you as it does me, then order cigars as wanted. You may, if you wish, open a charge account.

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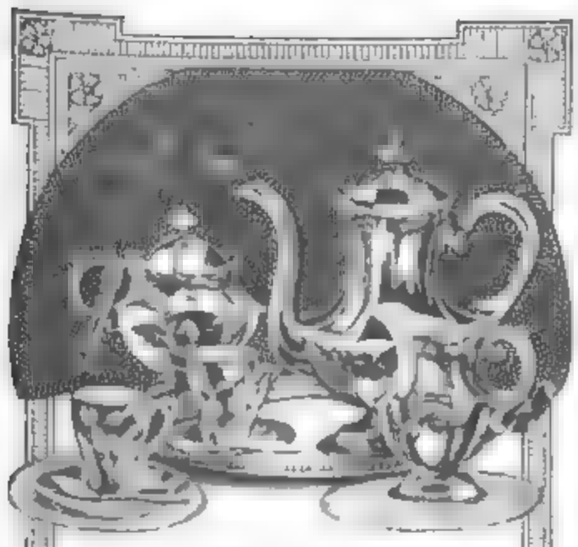

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PAUL von BOECKMANN, R. S.
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something different, that something beyond, which I sensed and groped after. What it was I did not know; yet there it must be, for there men focused like buzzing flies round a honey pot. I had no sorrows and the world was very bright; so I could not guess that what these men sought was forgetfulness of jaded toil and stale grief.

Not that I drank at that time. From ten to fifteen I rarely tasted liquor, but I was intimately in contact with drinkers and drinking-places. The only reason I did not drink was because I did not like the stuff. As the time passed I worked as boy-helper on an ice-wagon, set up pins in a bowling alley with a saloon attached, and swept out saloons at Sunday picnic grounds.

Big, jovial Josie Harper ran a roadhouse at a certain avenue and Thirty-ninth Street. Here for a year I delivered an evening paper, until my route was changed to the water-front and tenderloin of Oakland. The first month I collected Josie Harper's bill she poured me a glass of wine. I was ashamed to refuse, so I drank it. But after that I watched the chance when she was not about, so as to collect from her barkeeper.

The first day I worked in the bowling alley, the barkeeper, according to custom, called us boys up to have a drink after we had been setting up pins for several hours. The others asked for beer. I said I'd take ginger ale. The boys snickered, and I noticed the barkeeper favored me with a strange, searching scrutiny. Nevertheless he opened a bottle of ginger ale. Afterward, back in the alleys, in the pauses between games, the boys enlightened me. I had offended the barkeeper. A bottle of ginger ale cost the saloon ever so much more than a glass of steam beer; and it was up to me, if I wanted to hold my job, to drink beer. Besides, they said beer was food. I could work better on it. There was no food in ginger ale. After that, when I could not sneak out of it, I drank beer and wondered what men found in it that was so good. I was always aware that I was missing something.

What I really liked in those days was candy. For five cents I could buy five cannonballs—big lumps of the most delicious lastingness. I could chew and worry a single one for an hour. Then there was a Mexican who sold big slabs of brown chewing taffy for five cents each. It required a quarter of a day properly to absorb one of them. And many a day I made my entire lunch off of one of those slabs. In truth, I found food there, but not in beer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Last Straw

IN THE old Dodge City days the cowboys were hard citizens. One time a traveling evangelist came along and converted Circle-Bar Bill, the toughest cow wolloper of the lot.

Circle-Bar Bill decided to convert his old companions, and he determined to convert them with the illustration of the necessity and the value of patience and long-sufferingness. He hired a dance hall for an evening, and the cowboys all flocked in to hear his discourse.

"Now," said Circle-Bar Bill, "I'm goin' to show you leather-skinned geezers the long-sufferingness and patience a man gits when he is really and truly converted. I'll stand up here, and you fellers kin heap any indignity on me you feel like, and I won't kick, although you know before I was converted they warn't ary cowpuncher on the range who was handier with his gun or his dukes than me, Circle-Bar Bill, who is now here personifyin' meekness and lowliness in the hopes of winnin' some of you unregenerate sons of the devil to the proper mode of life."

Bill folded his arms across his chest and the cowpunchers began. They threw potatoes, tobacco quids, dead prairie hens and other things at Bill, and he made no move, but smiled sweetly. Then Greaser Ike, of the Oxbow outfit, produced an old and timeworn wild turkey egg and let Bill have it smack in the face.

The egg exploded, and its contents spread over and obliterated that sweet smile. Bill jumped down among the crowd, shouting: "Fellers, there is now goin' to be an intermission in this here long-sufferin' business until I lick the everlastin' tar outen the white-livered, bowlegged, chicken-stealin' coyote who thrun that egg. I ain't lost my faith in religion none, but they ain't no Scripture that forbids me to whip hell outen a man who would thrun a egg like that."

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We have been making soaps for very many years, and
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We travel the largest force of specially trained factory experts and pay more individual attention to manufacturers and owners than any other speedometer manufacturer in the business.

The expense is enormous. But our big production makes it practical.

Over 90% of all the high priced cars that are carrying standard equipment are equipped with Warners.

POSSIBLY the vital necessity and many advantages of speedometer service has never occurred to you—so listen: Suppose you were touring, we'll say, out West. Approaching Denver you had a slight accident, and disabled your speedometer shaft, or put your road wheel gear out of commission. The minute you got into Denver you would go straight to the Warner branch—have a fresh shaft put on—your Warner inspected, and tested by an expert—then you're off

Or if you wanted your Warner transferred from one car to another; or if you wanted your odometer reset at the end of a season; or if you had larger tires put on your car which would necessitate changing your road wheel gear, all you have to do is to go to our service station in your city and have the adjustment properly made by a factory expert. Such local service as this no other speedometer manufacturer can give.

That's real convenience and prompt service—isn't it? No bother, worry or trouble. But, suppose the speedometer on your car had no service behind it. Suppose you had to send to the factory and wait days or weeks for the necessary part. All distance, speed, routes, mileage, and connections would be lost track of. And probably what is most important of all, you would lose your check on your tire service (most tire companies make these adjustments strictly on odometer readings). That would be mighty inconvenient and annoying, for there is nothing more aggravating than a dead speedometer.

All Over The World

Warner users are extended Warner service in every important city in America—in the world, for we maintain a permanent branch in every country—the world over. You will find Warner stations all over the United States, England, France, Germany, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, South America and India. Warner users are never inconvenienced. No matter where you are, you can find Warner service within your reach. On the opposite page we show a few of our numerous branches.

Each one of this great chain is maintained and run by our home office. Each service station is a direct factory branch; has a Warner manager (factory trained) under whom is a complete force of factory trained Warner men. Each service branch carries a complete stock of all parts, in addition to a full stock of complete instruments.

Field supervisors make regular monthly visits to each one of our service branches This force of supervisors examine the daily report of each man of each department. Each individual tester and inspector must report on every test, inspection and adjustment in detail.

In addition to this we travel a special corps of men to inspect, assist, and superintend all factory installations. We protect every automobile manufacturer by assuring him of correct installation.

Besides this we travel a staff of engineers to visit all factory engineering departments.

A Tremendous Investment

We have hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in this service. These branches form the most thorough and comprehensive chain of speedometer service stations in existence.

The expense is enormous. No smaller manufacturer could stand it.

But our tremendous volume of business makes it possible.

We are constantly opening and equipping new service stations.

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Our Expert Organization

We employ the best men in the business. We have the best speedometer engineers—the best production men—the most skilled watch makers. Our whole organization is made up of young—live—speedometer experts who are eager to serve you as you would be served—quickly—courteously—and promptly.

Thus you have a faint idea of Warner service—what it is, and what it means to you as a car owner.

The car that is equipped with a magnetic Warner Auto-Meter is on a par with a Warner itself—which is acknowledged, by the majority of the world's leading automobile manufacturers, to be the best speedometer made—both in principle—operation and construction.

Handsome catalogue—gratis.

Be sure your car is equipped with a magnetic Warner—for Warner service is at your service in every part of the world.

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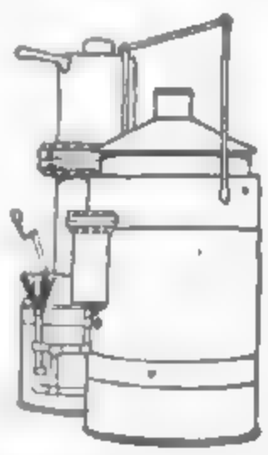
Service Stations in all principal cities

Cooking Fuel and Illuminating Gas Made at Home with a Little Machine Like This

ABOUT once a month this machine must be refilled with gas-producing stone and wound up like a clock

Then obediently it stands idle until you start to cook or turn on the lights.



Then, with no attention whatever, it gets busy and makes gas automatically just enough to keep your stove and your lights going.

The stone, known commercially as "UNION CARBIDE," gives up its gas when the machine drops a few lumps into plain water—a little at a time as the gas is wanted.

The gas is genuine Acetylene. Burned in handsome chandeliers it gives a flood of brilliant pure white light.

Burned in the kitchen range, it makes a hot blue fire that can be instantly turned up or down, on or off.

For both cooking and lighting it is used exactly as city gas is used by over twenty million city people.

As a fuel, it flows right into your stove without handling and burns without soot or ashes.

As a light, its white, sunlike beauty is unrivaled. Reflected from handsome globes suspended from brass or bronze chandeliers, it supplies the up-to-date effect and appearance of refinement and elegance which the average country home lacks.

Moreover, it is not poisonous to breathe, and the flame is so stiff the wind can't blow it out.

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The UNION CARBIDE you dump in the machine once a month won't burn and can't explode.

In a nutshell, one of these gas machines installed in the cellar or an outbuilding of a country home solves the *lighting* and *cooking* problems for all time.

And they are so easy to install in any home without injuring walls or carpets that there are now over 200,000 Acetylene Gas Machines in actual use.

We manufacture and our agents arrange for installing thousands of them every month in all parts of the world.

There are, of course, many crude imitations of our machine on the market, but the genuine is easily distinguished by its name and our trade-mark

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Model H	Lightweight	$[illegible]
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Reliable Shawknit Socks are made in all styles and weights, including the sheerest silk and lisle. Sold by good dealers everywhere. If you can't find them, write to us.

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"Look for the Store that Sells Shawknit"

THE ISLAND OF ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 22

its shell, between stiff boards strapped to him front and back; and one displayed a dangling row of sample shoes swung on a steel trellis that rested upon his shoulders and reared itself high above his head. Both of them were of a huskier build and a more resolute mien than one generally finds among the draggled failures who recruit the ranks of the army of living advertisements. There was a shoe-string peddler who seemed deeply interested in the watch-chains and scarfpins of those who pushed by him, but not at all in shoe-strings. There were two robust newsboys, or newsmen, rather, shoving early editions at all and sundry, being meanwhile oblivious to the curses and scowls of younger rivals. There was an apple girl, and a Salvation Army lass with keen eyes under her poke bonnet and a tambourine outstretched for contributed coppers; and there was a woman with collar-buttons to sell, but not selling many, though she looked eagerly this way and that, as though for custom—and there were others who seemed to have no business there except to thrust themselves across and through the human tide-rips.

Small things befell. A plainclothes man recognized a purse-snatcher in the press and snatched him. A smirking and smiling youth of flirtful tendencies had both smirk and smile slapped off his face by a Wall Street stenographer with deep prejudices against being ogled by strange young men. A woman fainted on the stairs going up to the L. Two trucks jammed their wheels, and the drivers swapped the fighting words. Toward nine the strain of the rush relaxed and the crowds thinned perceptibly, for the worst of it was over. Still, though, there were thousands yet coming and yet to come of all classes and conditions—rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief. And, as if in living illustration of the rhyme, here came now, coupled fast together, one who seemed the thief and one who, if not the chief, was at least the chief's deputy.

Off a street car that crossed the bridge and swung broadside on at the street level there climbed a tall man with a black mustache, and directly behind him, bumping against him awkwardly, a shorter, darker man whose coat collar was turned up and whose hatbrim was turned down. Watching from a point close up to the tracks, two of the Evening Planet's reporters instantly noted why this pair kept such close company. They were linked together by handcuffs; the smaller man's right wrist was made fast to the taller man's left wrist. As the reporters, with casual interest, surveyed this not uncommon spectacle, they saw a uniformed policeman on duty at the switch step up inquiringly and swap brief speech with the taller of the two. Then the policeman jerked his thumb backward over his shoulder and the tall man half steered, half pulled his prisoner through the thinning tides of foot travel and drew him aboard a northbound car, their united arms making an arch as one preceded the other up the steps of the car's rear platform. For an instant the steel chain of the cuffs was drawn taut and glittered in the sunlight.

One of the reporters was a very new reporter and had the new reporter's inquisitiveness, which is boundless as the sea and extends to things not connected with the day's work. Moved by this fledgling curiosity, he approached the guardian of the trolley switches.

"Who were your friends," he asked, flashing his reporter's card—"the two that just spoke to you?"

"Never seen either of 'em before," said the policeman; "that's why I stopped 'em. The officer said he come from borough headquarters over in Brooklyn—one of that batch of plainclothes men the commish promoted the other day, I guess. He's taking the other party up to court for a witness in some trial, I believe."

"Did you get the prisoner's name?" inquired the young reporter, wondering whether the case could amount to anything.

"He give it to me, but it sort of slipped my mind. Funny sounding—a wop name, I take it to be. Let's see! Seems like to me it began with a P—I know it put me in mind of a cigar. Panetela? No; that wasn't it."

"Was it Pandora?" demanded the young reporter abruptly.

"You got it, kid," said the policeman and then stared, for the young reporter had turned and had shouted something to his partner and both of them were skittering across the cobbles, gathering up recruits as they went. But it was too late. Spaced off at irregular intervals, four trolley cars were in sight moving briskly up Center Street. The fleetest of foot in all the Planet's squadron of vedettes had hard work catching the last car of the four; and the man he sought was not on the last car.

By a tedious process of elimination, there was found in the carbarns at noontime a conductor who remembered among his forenoon fares two who rode shackled together. He would not be sure, but he thought these passengers got off at Franklin Street, where the Bridge of Sighs arches over from the Tombs to the Criminal Courts. There, no doubt, the bonds had been slipped off the wrists and the pair had vanished. Pandora had kept his word. He had crossed the bridge; he had worn his jewelry in plain view—a broad steel bracelet—he had given his name, and he had gone up Center Street. Dana Grist raised the young reporter's salary five dollars a week and scolded the others and had to be satisfied with that.

Three days passed before he called again upon his friend, Gramercy Jones. It was of a Sunday morning that he came. This time Mr. Max Furst was present.

"I'm only going to stay a minute," stated the caller; and it was plain that worry berode him heavily and roweled him deeply. "Well, I've been hearing from our friend Pandora again," he said. "He's still playing tag with us. I hope he's enjoying it more than we are!"

"I think I'll have to go after that guy in earnest," said Max Furst, his professional pride inflamed.

"I wish you luck," said Dana Grist. "Night before last he sent us another telegram. It came from Jersey City. He said he would pass up and down Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street on Saturday morning, riding and walking—those were his words—and that he would pass up and down Broadway at Twenty-third Street on Saturday afternoon, riding and talking!"

"Picks out nice quiet places—don't he?" Max Furst grinned.

"He does—and he gets away with it too," said the Planet's acting city editor. "Of course we had men watching yesterday. Like idiots, we couldn't think of any one who would be riding and walking on Fifth Avenue except a mounted policeman, and while our men were watching for a made-up imitation traffic man Pandora was calmly going by all morning at hour intervals."

"How was he disguised?" inquired Gramercy Jones.

"He wasn't disguised at all," said Grist disgustedly—"or at least not much. He was a conductor on a Fifth Avenue motor bus."

"Walking and riding," said Gramercy Jones softly, and Max Furst vented his admiration in a low whistle. "And in the afternoon when he was to be riding and talking—how did he do that?"

"Oh, that was simple—almost as simple as we were," explained Grist bitterly. "He bribed the megaphone orator on one of those sightseeing cars to let him take his place. He wrote us afterward—Pandora wrote us—and told us how he had turned both tricks; and I sent men to the bus line's stables and to the rubberneck hack people and they confirmed the statement."

"Why don't you drop him?" asked Gramercy Jones.

"We can't," confessed Dana Grist; "he won't let us! I heard from him this afternoon—it was a special-delivery letter, postmarked Newark. He offers to give us one more chance to find him—it's to be the last one, he says. If we fail he promises to write to the Journal and tell how he fooled the Planet's bright young men. Kindly little joker—isn't he? I guess he's going to make the Planet the laughing-stock of Park Row. Here is what he says."

He slipped a typewritten note out of its envelope and found a certain paragraph:

"'Meet me Monday of this week'—that'll be tomorrow—'on the south side of Fourteenth Street between Broadway on the west and Third Avenue on the east, any hour from ten to six. Look for me behind the spinach.'"

"Might I ask what the plan of campaign is?" asked Gramercy Jones.

"Oh, we're going to do the best we can," said Dana Grist. "We still cling to hope. There are three restaurants on the south side of Fourteenth Street in that block.

Loved by All

Johnston's appeals to everyone—to the *recipient*, who is doubly appreciative — to the giver, who is *doubly appreciated*.

CHOCOLATES
"To Suit Every Taste"

T-R-I-A-D Chocolates
Original Dutch Bitter-Sweets
Swiss Style Milk-Chocolate Almonds
Swiss Style Milk-Chocolate Creams
Chocolates Extraordinary
Quintette Chocolates
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Johnston's, "the appreciated Chocolates," are winning ever-increasing favor because of their wonderful purity, flavor and freshness.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send an 80c or $1.00 package of any of the Johnston favorites, express prepaid, upon receipt of stamps or money order

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Disfigured walls of stucco, concrete or brick beautified and waterproofed by

TRUS-CON
STONETEX
APPLIED WITH A BRUSH

A liquid cement coating which becomes an inseparable part of the wall, sealing all pores and filling hair-cracks. Hard as flint. Dampproof weather resisting. Gives uniform, artistic color.
FREE Color Card showing variety of tones with valuable suggestions. Write for it.
If troubled by damp basements, walls or interiors, ask for free expert advice

The TRUS-CON LABORATORIES
101 Trus-Con Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Waterproofings, Dampproofings, Technical Finishes

SALESMEN WANTED A house of 25 years' selling exclusively to garage owners wants salesmen calling regularly on garages to sell a complete line of tires and tubes. Good proposition for the right men. Write for particulars.
AMERICAN ART WORKS, Coshocton, Ohio

We've arranged to have a man in the cashier's booth of each of those restaurants on the lookout for the first man who orders a bale of spinach to eat; and we'll also have men dressed as private policemen on duty in front of a couple of the moving-picture places along there, and they're to keep their eyes open for a man carrying an armload of spinach or wearing spinach in his buttonhole. That's all that I can think of to do, and I've thought until I'm woozy."

He stood up to go.

"I'd be glad enough," he said, "if you two cared to take an independent whirl at this job. If you caught our friend the adventure would be yours—and the story would be the Planet's."

Gramercy Jones opened his lips to speak; but Max Furst telegraphed him a silent message to be silent. The door closed behind the departing Grist.

"The trouble with that Grist," said Max Furst, "is that he's been cooped up in an office so long he ain't wise to what's going on in this town. He's actually forgot how people talk; and when it comes to picking out a place to look for a party in Fourteenth Street he's overlooked the one best bet."

"What do you mean?" inquired Gramercy Jones.

"Well," said Furst, "I've got a notion. It might be worth something and then again it might not. Chief, you know what spinach means, don't you?"

"I think I do," said Jones, "but I shall make sure." He got a dictionary from a bookshelf, opened it and sought the right page.

"'Spinach,'" he read off. "'an annual pot-herb, usually eaten boiled.' That's spinach as I understand it."

Max Furst had a constantly growing admiration for his young employer. He also had a high regard for his own job. Something respectfully akin to the pity that one feels for the worthily innocent accented his next remark.

"And so that's all the word spinach means to you," he mused softly. "Chief, we may be dubbing round on a dead card, but the idea I've got is worth trying out, I think. Will you just trail along a while and let me play my own string out?"

"I'll promise to go and ask no questions," pledged Gramercy Jones. "I always learn something when I go with you."

"Thanks!" said Max Furst. "Get your hat and coat and let's take a little walk. Even if my dope goes wrong on this other thing, I'll give you a peep at old Mamma Brockway's lodging house and that's worth seeing itself."

"I never heard of it," confessed his employer. "Is it far from here?"

"Not more'n half a mile," said Max Furst, "and I guess there ain't another boarding house in the world just like it."

It was as this highly competent person had said. A walk of not more than half a mile brought them to where East Eleventh Street, butting headlong into the marble rear of Grace Church, stops dead short, as though dazed by the collision, and gives itself over to a stunned contemplation of the dingy dwellings, now mostly made over into shops and flathouses, that line its seamed and fractured pavements. It is right round the corner from Broadway, and yet miles away, buried and hidden like an appendix burrowing blindly in the midriff of the city. Max Furst, leading the way, crossed to the south side and went along the block until he came to a red-brick house that was tall and narrow and old, with a succession of fire-escape ladders cascading down its front. In the parlor window was a framed sign that read simply:

BROCKWAY
Lodgers and Meals

"Here we are," he announced. "I was down here once the best part of a week, off and on, working on the tattooed-man murder mystery. That was sure a mighty pretty murder."

They mounted the steps of the stoop and in the areaway paused, while the leader of the expedition considered the names scrawled on cards stuck behind the bleared glass fronts of a battery of mailboxes. As they stood there the front door opened and they scrouged aside while a queer-looking pair passed them. One was a dwarf not much over three feet tall, who seemed to be all head; and the other was a giant not much

New Styles For Spring

Four of the advance ideas in Dorothy Dodd footwear are shown herewith. The snap and go that attracts young women is a dominant note in every one.

Dorothy Dodd
SHOES

This alluring style is combined with faultless fit and durability.
The Dorothy Dodd dealer has the full line. Ask for them and look for the trade mark.

Description of shoes illustrated below.

5116a	White Washable Buck, Button, Welt.
3619	Gun Metal, English Oxford, Welt.
1901	Patent Button, Black Cloth Top, Welt.
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Prices range $3.50 to $5.00
A few $5.50 and $6.00

Dorothy Dodd dealers can supply you through Parcel Post Service

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A pocket KNIFE SHARPENER GIVEN AWAY

The tough, sharp crystals of a Pike India Oilstone just *eat* steel. It's fun to see how quickly they put a dandy, keen edge on carvers, kitchen knives, tools, etc. No other stone cuts so fast without losing its shape. Adopted now by manual training schools, big machine shops, etc. Nothing like it. This is only one of the famous

PIKE SHARPENING STONES

"The only line that includes EVERY sharpening substance — natural or artificial — each the best for some sharpening need."

Every home needs one. Hardware and tool stores everywhere sell them

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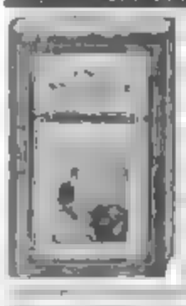
How to Write Letters that Win



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How to Get it FREE ...

Modal Letters

Tell how

SYSTEM Wabash & Madison CHICAGO

This is the Cleaner You CAN and WILL Use Every Day

THE FRANTZ PREMIER is easy to use because it is light. It does good work because it is strong. It is popular because it is low priced. It weighs only nine pounds and sells for $30.00. It is used in more than 30,000 homes, stores and offices. It was not advertised until we were sure it was right.

Frantz Premier

Electric Suction Cleaner, $30.00

Scientific design makes the Frantz Premier compact, puts the working parts where they are most efficient, and reduces weight. All parts are finely polished aluminum excepting motor, which is made by the General Electric Co. The Frantz Premier has a long cord with detachable plug that fits any lamp socket. The switch is in the tip of the handle. Automatic suction. Revolving brush picks up lint.

The Frantz Premier takes up little room, can be carried in one hand and is always ready for use.

Complete for floor use, $30.00. With soft hose and [illegible] $37.50. If you can't [illegible] send your order to us. Booklet free.

Dealers wanted in [illegible] territories. Write for [illegible]

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The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd.
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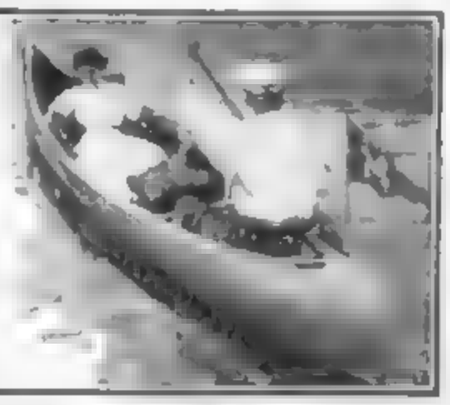
That New Canoe is Ready for You

Thousands of canoeists have been promising themselves a better canoe some day. Decide now for this summer. Don't experiment any longer. Come to canoe headquarters. Buy a real canoe this time. Your

"Old Town Canoe"

is waiting for you. Designed for speed, ease in handling, safety, durability. Paddles as light as a feather, as true as an arrow. 3000 canoes in stock assure prompt deliveries. Agents everywhere.



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As high as eight to ten thousand dollars yearly has been made by a number of purchasers of our Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work and has some money to invest in a money-maker. We make everything in the Riding-Gallery line from a hand-power M[illegible] Co P[illegible] to the highest grade Carrousels. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write to-day for catalogue and particulars.

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Try the "Porto" 30 Days Free

This simple, light boat engine makes a motor boat of any boat in a jiffy—as quickly detached. Will take you 28 miles per gallon of gasoline in an 18 foot boat.

"PORTO"

The original portable motor [illegible] 10000 in use [illegible] and [illegible] a month's trial. Will [illegible] test it at our risk? Write for catalog of this and other Waterman Motors

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USE UNITED STATES NOBBY TREADS

The world-famous Non-Skid Tires Extra Safety Extra Mileage

under seven feet in height, who seemed to be all legs. They went down the steps and turned into a basement dining room beneath the stoop; and such were their widely divergent modes of locomotion an illusion remained with Gramercy Jones that it had been the dwarf who strode and the giant who paced along. As they disappeared from his view, the giant said something in a strangely thin, conciliatory tone and the dwarf snapped back an answer so gruff and deep it seemed to come from the bowels of the earth beneath his majestically mincing feet, whereat the giant spoke even more apologetically than before.

Finding the particular letterbox of his search, Furst pressed the button that was below it and in response the doorlatch clicked its hospitable triple click. Furst turned the knob and they entered a narrow hallway, half dark and odorously reminiscent of bygone baits of fried cabbages and stewed onions. The blue-haloed ghosts of many a boiled dinner haunted that hallway and followed them while they climbed the creaky stairs into the musty upper precincts of Brockway's. Also it was evident that at no very remote date somebody had spilt the coal oil and that somebody else had let the gas escape.

As they felt their way along the second-floor landing, a man came out of a room and brushed by them. Surprised at this person's noiseless tread, Gramercy Jones followed him with his glance and saw that he had no arms, but only stubs of arms, and that his feet were incased in mittlike socks which left his ten toes bare.

"Hennessy that's the next floor up, ain't it?" asked Max Furst of the armless one, who merely grunted an affirmative without turning his head, and continued to pad noiselessly away.

By now young Gramercy Jones was prepared for almost anything, and when at the third floor his conductor rapped on a door and the door began to open a begrudging inch at a time, he looked hard to see what there might be to see. What he saw framed in the narrow opening was a rather stout woman of thirty-five or so, with a shrewish blue eye. Her hair was twisted into a careless and casual knot upon her head and her kimono gaped at the throat. She had heavy eyebrows meeting in an unbroken line above her nose, and she was further distinguished by having a long, silky, inky black beard. It was a beard to remind one of French artists and Dunkard preachers and those pictures of hermit saints painted by Old Masters of the early Flemish school. It was indeed a beautiful beard—and a woman wore it. Gramercy Jones sustained a shock. His guide, though, seemed not in the least surprised.

"Hello, Miss Hennessy," said Max Furst briskly.

"Do I know you?" inquired the woman suspiciously.

"Sure you do," Max Furst told her. "Don't you remember—I was up here from the old Central Office the time of the Thomas J. Wakeley murder case?"

"Oh, yes, I do place you now," she answered, and her voice warmed with curiosity. "Say, has there been something turrible happenin' round here again?" she queried eagerly.

"No," admitted Max Furst, "I just came to see you on a little business matter. Can I bring this gentleman into your room?"

"You can if the gentleman can stand a mighty mussed up place," and the bearded lady tittered apologetically. A statement so truly feminine, issuing from a set of whiskers so excessively masculine, struck Gramercy Jones as the queerest thing he had ever heard in his life.

Miss Hennessy threw open the door hospitably and they entered a room where a screen half hid a rumpled bed. Upon the walls there were many photographs of unusual-looking subjects and the top of a dressing table bristled with a most variegated and complete collection of hair restorers, dandruff cures and dye products, both domestic and imported. Also on a table was a partly emptied bottle of beer and one and a half cheese sandwiches and an article of china in pink and white, identified from the memory of one like it which he had seen in childhood. It was a mustache cup.

"You gents'll have to excuse the looks of everything," said the tenant as she waved them to chairs and let her own plump frame drop upon a sofa that emitted dust from its cushions and an agonized squeak from its sore-burdened springs. "I really ain't

(Continued on Page 61)

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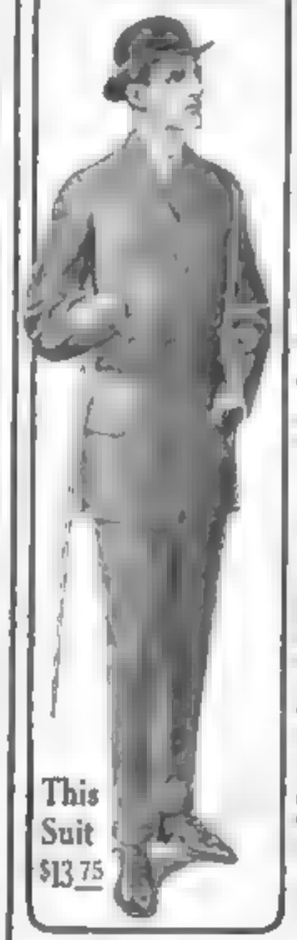

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$92.50—Our Price for Next 30 Days!

We now offer the Edwards "Steelcote" Garage (1913 Model), direct from [illegible] Boston prepaid, ourselves from advan[illegible] steel, we [illegible] a time limit upon the [illegible] price for 30 days only. Just now we can save you $35 or more.

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THE Klaxon is the STANDARD automobile warning signal. It is regular equipment on practically every high-grade car—costing $2500 or more—and on thousands of cars of more moderate price.

More than 150,000 Klaxon users know that it is essential to the safety of motoring. The Klaxon is recognized by pedestrians and drivers as a public safeguard—a warning to which they are entitled—always heard and in time—unmistakably expressing danger.

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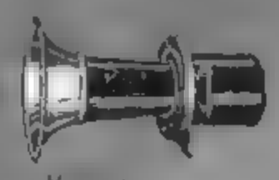

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Alco	Chalmers-Detroit	F.A.L.	Lexington	Mercer	Premier	Templar
H. H. Babcock	Chevrolet	Flanders	Locomobile	Metz	Reo	Velie
Bailey	Chicago Electric	Hudson Super-Six	Marathon	Moon	Saxon	Westcott
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The crowning evidence of perfect taste among clean-cut, correctly dressed men is a **von Gal made hat.** It gives to the wearer that distinctive individuality made possible only by up-to-the-minute style, honest workmanship and perfect fit. This season, as usual, men are looking to the **von Gal made** styles as standards.

Whether your choice be a stiff or soft hat—insist it be **von Gal made.** Among the many styles and shapes at your dealer's is a hat that just suits you. See them and you'll find it.

Prices $3, $4 and $5. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for Spring and Summer Style Book E. Orders filled direct from factory. Give style wanted, your hat size, height, weight and waist measure. Add 25c to cover postage.

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"Correct Styles for Men"

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

"Why not learn Why?"

For particular men
The Stein-Bloch dealer in your city

(Continued from Page 58

had time to tidy up yet. I slept kind of late today," she continued, "and I was just taking my lunch here in my room instid of going downstairs. I do hate to talk about people that's in the profession, but I must say, if you was to ast me, that there's certain parties in this house that I can't stand for or abide. It's enough to take a strong man's appetite, let alone a lady's that's had refined family raisings in her time, to watch that there Arno, the Mexican glass eater, taking his coffee out of a saucer. Besides all of which, he ain't Mexican either—he's South Clark Street, Chicago.

"Calling theyselves genuwine human curios!" went on the bearded lady acidly. "With the exception of me and maybe a couple of others, I want to tell you, Mister—Mister ——"

"Furst; and this gentleman with me is Mister Jones."

"Is that so? Glad to meet you, I'm sure, Mister Jones. Well, Mister Furst and you, Mister Jones, as I was saying, I don't mind telling you in confidence that the most of them is just plain snides and fakes. That's what's crabbing this profession and making it so hard on us real artists—the fakes, them and the movies. How many swell dime musées did there used to be right here in this town? And how many is there now, I ast you? Just one, and it ain't so much."

"The last time I saw you down there you certainly was the hit of the whole show, all right," stated Mr. Furst diplomatically.

"Yes," she assented purringly; "I suppose I was." One plump hand stole up soothingly and smoothed down the beautiful flossy beard. The conviction was imprinted upon the tablets of Gramercy Jones' understanding that, deftly applied, flattery might prove as soothing to a bearded lady as to any other lady.

"You've got your own following down there too," persisted Furst. "You know all the regulars too—don't you? And if some stranger was to be snooping round down there off and on all day tomorrow, with maybe a make-up on, I'll bet any amount you could spot him in a minute—couldn't you?"

"I could if I was there," assented Miss Hennessy; "any artist's bound to get to know their own public."

"Why, you're still working down to Gruber's, ain't you?" inquired Max Furst, betraying surprise.

"Well," said Miss Hennessy, "I am and then again I ain't—I'm laying off for a day or two. Of course I'll go back soon, but right this minute I'm laid off—with full salary."

"Any time they lay you off they're cheating the public," stated Max Furst with gallantry.

"I didn't do it myself," she informed him; "and right there comes in the funny part. If you two gents knowed Moe Fineberg as well as I do you'd know he ain't the one to throw away good money, especially with the business fell off like it's been lately. But here just yesterday he comes to me and says he wants me to take a few days off and sort of rest up and he'll send for me again when needed. Now what do you know about that?"

Judging from his manner, it might be figured that Max Furst knew a good deal about that. He hitched his chair forward. "So that's the way it is," he said half to himself. "I might have guessed it." Then in a brisker tone: "Miss Hennessy, you still wear a make-up when you go out on the street, the same as you used to, don't you?"

"It's rare I go out except evenings," she stated with dignity. "A genuwine human curio can't afford to cheapen herself. It's poor business; so I always wear my special costume when going out—you know, Mister Furst; it's the same one you seen me in oncet or twicet before."

He nodded, beckoning to his employer to draw nearer.

"Lady," he said confidentially, "I'm going to put you in the way of making a nice piece of extra money."

The Hall of Human Curios at Gruber's Dime Musée in Fourteenth Street opened directly off the zoo, where a mangy black bear found entertainment in his own mange and a cageful of parrots conversed together stridently, and a few flea-ridden monkeys gazed through their wire-fronted homes, contemplating the casual spectator with that look of unbounded contempt for the Caucasian races that is only seen in the eyes of caged monkeys and Oriental laundrymen. But, though situated thus, within easy smelling distance of the zoo, the Hall of Human Curios had a vastly different aspect. Here, upon a low platform stretching the length of a long room, in stiffbacked chairs, each with a row of photographs on sale at his or her feet, sat the chief attractions of Gruber's. There was a very short, very aggressive gentleman, and a very tall, very mild one; a fluffy Circassian beauty with a head like a bushel and eyes like a white rat's; a gentleman who was tattooed all over with lodge emblems, gallant firemen and bold sailor laddies; a sword swallower and a glass eater talking shop together; and others besides.

They sat at ease, having cast off for the moment the professional pose, for this was of a morning, with midday nearly two hours off, and the real audiences of the day had not yet begun to appear. Two straying spectators, plainly of a rural breeding, had passed through and on again into the zoo, leaving the hall deserted of patrons for the moment. A group of three came in together and halted a moment by the door. One of the trio the reader of these stories would have recognized as Gramercy Jones. The second naturally was Max Furst. The third was a short, stoutish-appearing person muffled from neck to heels in a checked ulster and with a peaked fore-and-aft tourist's cap drawn well down over the face. This visitor was adorned by a handsome black beard.

Entering at this precise moment from a doorway at the back, Mr. Moe Fineberg, the manager of the establishment, beheld the whiskered new arrival in the group of three at the door and uttered a single word of profanely profound alarm. He started forward; then hesitated for a second of indecision, shrinking behind a pillar that was painted blue and ornamented with dusty bunting.

The sharp blue eye of the bearded one swept the hall. The glance traveled along the line of forms upon the platform—past the dwarf, past the giant, past the tattooed man, past the albino lady, past—there was a shriek that permeated and filled the hall! It made Mr. Fineberg shrivel in his tracks and his hiding-place. It caused the freaks to rise as one from their several stiffbacked chairs. What they saw with unfeigned astonishment, what Mr. Fineberg saw with poignant distress, what Max Furst saw with great satisfaction and Gramercy Jones with the deepest interest, was the overcoated figure leaping forth from its place between its two companions, and darting nimbly across the intervening space, and seizing the silk-shod ankles of a bearded lady sitting in the center of the row of freaks, and heaving her bodily off the platform, and with shrill cries attacking her upon the floor.

Now then this widely diversified audience was to witness occurrences more disconcerting still, for as these two struggled together they uttered loud words, the one of rage and the other of protest; and the strangest thing about this was that, though one of these voices was evidently masculine, the other was indubitably feminine; yet the soprano sounds came through the beard of that one who was appareled as a man, and the bass notes issued from the beard of that one who wore the silken trappings of a woman.

Not for long, however, was this perplexing puzzle of sex and gender to endure. The peaked cap dropped off in the struggle and a great fall of disarranged hair sprayed down the back breadth of the checked overcoat; in this same instant a plump hand twined itself in the luxuriant whiskers of the ostensible bearded lady who had been removed so violently from the platform, and fetched away a good half of them, thereby revealing them to be mere crape-hair counterfeits.

At this Mr. Moe Fineberg ran forward, spattering the air with moist appeals and lamentations, whereupon the ulstered belligerent, now fully revealed in her true person as Miss Milly Hennessy, turned upon him.

"You big stiff!" she shrieked. "You big stiff! You lied to me! That's my wrapper this fake is wearing! And my stockings! And my slippers!"

Calling him a scoundrel and a deceiver and a dissembler, or words to those effects, she raked her finger-nails down his face with a sudden, quick clawing motion and scraped off much cuticle, which Mr. Fineberg, for the sake of his looks, could ill afford to spare. A stout person never has any more skin than just enough, anyhow, and Mr. Fineberg was undeniably stout.

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Freed from the detaining grip of Miss Hennessy, the person who had been posing as the bearded lady rose and sought to get away. He was rather a stout man, with small hands and feet and staring brown eyes; and he cut a comical figure, with his silken wrapper half on and half off his coatless back and his trouser-legs rolled up high above the heeled slippers that he wore. The mangled fragments of his false whiskers clung to his chin. Max Furst reached out a hand and plucked him back and held him fast.

"Nix on the getaway," he said happily. "You belong to me, Mister Foxy Pandora." And at that, curiously enough, the captive ceased to struggle and became passive. He coolly removed a high-coifed woman's wig, kicked out of his flowered robe and stood quiet. Not so Miss Mildred Hennessy. Like the enraged tigress of the jungle, she had tasted blood and, also quite like the aforesaid tigress, she struck clawingly at Moe Fineberg again and again. He backed away from her with his eyes, his eyebrows, his tongue, his shoulders and his hands—especially his flapping hands—all moving rapidly in his efforts to coin excuses.

"Milly, Miss Milly, please shut up yelling; I can explain," he begged.

"Explain nothing!" she cried, artistic temperament all ablaze within her. "How come that scoundrel yonder to be wearing my exhibition things—explain that! How come you to lay me off and put a fake on in my place—explain that!"

Overcome by her emotions Miss Hennessy collapsed in a heap of checked ulster and black whiskers, and the preliminary symptoms of acute hysteria sounded forth shrilly.

Opportunely saved from further mutilation by this manifestation of feminine weakness, Mr. Fineberg became once more the master of his own destinies.

"Hey, get back to your chairs where you belong!" he ordered the platform audience harshly, and the clustering human curios shrank to their places—only the dwarf did not shrink, but stalked defiantly; but the giant on his spindly legs almost ran. "Otto," he bade a uniformed man just entering, "keep that door shut and shoo any rubbernecks away." He faced Furst and Jones. "Are you the guys that're putting me in Dutch here?" he demanded. "What's the idea? What's coming off?"

"My name is Furst," said the ex-sergeant—"from headquarters," he continued curtly. He might have added that, though from headquarters, he was three full years from there; but half a truth, like half a loaf, can be made to serve as well on occasion as a full measure of either truth or loaf. It served here.

"It's a pinch then," opined Moe Fineberg sagely and sadly. Before continuing he glanced nervously over his shoulder toward the palpitating and vocal mound of ulster prone on the floor alongside the platform.

"Say, you know, officer, I suspected something when this party here braced me to lay Milly off and let him take her place. He tells me it's to win a bet, which I didn't believe at the time; but his money looked good to me and I fell for his play." He glared at the strangely passive prisoner balefully. "Say, ain't there no way to square this? If it gets in the papers it'll cripple business."

"You and your bunch keep your mouths shut and it's squared already," said Max Furst. "This is strictly a private pinch—see? Ain't there some quiet way me and my friend here can get out of this place with our man—a back entrance or something like that?"

"Sure there is," agreed Mr. Fineberg eagerly. "That there hallway yonder leads to Thirteenth Street. Look here," he added anxiously; "I don't want no patrol wagon round drawing a crowd—lemme get you a cab."

Gramercy Jones spoke up for the first time. He had been studiously eying the trapped Pandora.

"We have a car out in front," he said. "You might tell my driver to bring it round into Thirteenth Street."

Moe Fineberg started off to obey. From behind came a calliope-like blast of particular vehemence, halting him.

"Say," he plaintively beseeched, "how'm I going to square this here matter with Milly yonder when she gets over that fit she's having?"

"That," remarked Max Furst, as he slipped off his overcoat and draped it round the shoulders of his charge—"That, bo, is your little job."

The captured stranger plucked the last shreds of his arboreal disguise from his chops and went with them without resistance. During the short ride to Gramercy Jones' house he maintained an uncanny silence, answering no questions and smiling his inscrutable and silent smile, like a person well content with himself. Indeed he said but little up until the time some two hours later when, safely locked in a closed ambulance belonging to a discreet private asylum in Staten Island and amply escorted by two square-jawed attendants, he started upon a much longer ride.

Shortly thereafter Gramercy Jones, sitting down to a belated luncheon with Max Furst and Dana Grist for his guests, was enlightened as to certain phases of the case that still mystified him. By now he knew the elusive Mr. Pandora was no other than Howland Grainger, he of the large income and the vividly eccentric tendencies, who, after being adjudged in New York mentally incompetent, had escaped from Captain Wigramme's grasp into New Jersey and from there had ventured back maliciously to harry the feelings of the constituted authorities.

"But why can't you print the story?" Jones asked of Dana Grist.

What with coming post-haste in a cab, and what with telephoning and telegraphing to divers persons and ordering the ambulance and all, Dana Grist had not until now had time for breathing properly, let alone for elucidating puzzles.

Sorrowing like a true newspaper man for what could never be, Grist gazed at him mournfully.

"Because," he explained, "the chief financial backer of The Planet—I'm telling you this in confidence—happens to be J. Reeves Grainger, the brother of the person who just left us bound for Staten Island. It was J. Reeves Grainger who had Howland Grainger declared insane. That is why Howland, with his twisted notions of revenge, picked out The Planet to have fun with, and that is why The Planet will never print this story. It's all in the family."

"Ah," said Gramercy Jones, "I am constantly adding to the deficient education I acquired at Cambridge."

Glancing over the table he noted that the potted tongue was garnished with green herbage. He touched a morsel of it with his fork.

"Furst," he said, "if in the Manhattanese tongue chin-whiskers are spinach, would you mind telling me what is your pet name for the genuine article?"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Irvin S. Cobb. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

The Black Cupid

RICHARD SCOTT is a young man of a fine Kentucky family who has gone upon the stage. He is with Otis Skinner this season in Kismet, playing the part of the Nubian headsman, Kafur. Those who have seen the play may recall that Kafur's costume consists mainly of a coat of grease-paint, mixed with glycerine, to give to the headsman's bare limbs and torso the polish of ebony.

When young Mr. Scott was promoted to the part he had photographs taken in character and sent copies home for family consumption. The old cook, known as Aunt Clara, is of a deeply religious nature, and she was shocked to observe a likeness of Mister Dick in garb so scanty and paint so black. She brooded over this for several days, but one morning when she came to cook the breakfast her expression had marvelously cleared. Presently Aunt Clara saw fit to explain.

"Ise been rastlin' wid de good Lawd in prayah," she stated. "I been worryin' 'bout Mister Dick runnin' round befoah all dem No'thern folks wid hardly any clothes on him, and las' night de Lawd come to me in mah sleep and splained ever'thin'. 'Don't you worry no mo',' He says to me, 'dat boy is all right—he's jess playin' he's a cullid cupid.'"

Better Service

VINCENT BRYAN, the song writer, was breakfasting—at 1 P. M.—in a restaurant not many miles remote from Forty-second Street and Broadway. A process server who wanted Bryan for a witness in a lawsuit slipped in and dropped a subpœna in his lap as he sat at the table.

"Ah," said Bryan, "the service here is improving!"

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tells its own story in simple words: "It's the goods." Realize, men, that it has doubled the number of pipe smokers in a few years. Think how downright delicious it must be, to set pipe-shy men "going to it" and to bring into line old-timers who suffered with "biters" and "ranks" till Prince Albert blazed the way!

Unlimber that jimmy pipe. Buy some P. A.—*and cheer up!*

THE TRAINING OF BETTY

(Continued from Page 13)

I never knew quite what sort of understanding Laura and her mother came to that night. Whatever it was, it insured a peaceful though sometimes solemn carrying out of the very letter of Chadwick's plan and, in the months and years that followed, of the various additions thereto I personally instituted. I know Mrs. Nicolls too well to claim the credit of conquering her. It undoubtedly belongs to Laura.

When I told Chadwick of the encounter and its result he shook my hand heartily.

"Young man," he said with that everlasting twinkle in his eye working overtime, "I didn't believe it was in you! My heartiest congratulations—until the next time."

"There won't be any next time, doctor. I've got Laura with me, though it's breaking her all up. It's only the baby's being so well and hearty that keeps her going now. It's a pretty rough deal on her, you are bound to admit."

I got very little pleasure out of my daughter during the first few months of her life. It was a supreme joy for Laura to hold the tiny bundle of humanity in her arms at nursing-time, and at other times to sit quietly by the crib, sewing on little garments—or simply looking at her baby. Long afterward she told me how her arms would actually ache to snatch her up and hold the precious mite close to her heart; and how she dreaded the day to come when Betty would no longer be the helpless little pink-and-white babe that clung so tightly to her and whose tiny hands fluttered gently over her face—the tenderest caresses she had ever known!

Making Betty Howl

Betty was not quite three months old when, by chance, I found occasion for the first of my innovations in her training. I was standing beside her as she lay kicking up her heels on the bed after her morning bath. I bent over her, catching her tiny hands in mine. The little fingers closed tightly over my own; and, just to see how she would take it, I grasped her wrists gently and put her arms through the regulation "setting-up" exercises. The young lady gurgled with glee at the unusual proceeding, while her grandmother stood aghast at such strenuous treatment of a baby in arms!

The next day I repeated it, also working her tiny legs up and down ten times, counting aloud as I did so. It was not long before Betty began to show the effects of her calisthenics. She had never been a fat baby and was a trifle under normal weight. Within two months she was up to normal, her pink-and-white flesh was firm, and her demands for her morning exercise whenever I was absent were insistent. Laura, who could not get used to seeing her baby handled so roughly, was forced to meet the demand with as fair an imitation as she could prevail upon herself to give. Mrs. Nicolls absolutely refused to "treat a darling baby like a street urchin."

As the months passed and night feedings were abolished, the result of our abstinence from ever rocking or singing to Betty became apparent. She was placed in her crib at nightfall and, being blissfully ignorant of any assistance to be obtained in wooing Morpheus, would lie in her dark room by herself and go to sleep. Never, during her entire babyhood, was any one ever called upon to get up in the night to quiet Betty. As she grew older and was awake later, with only one nap during the day, the result was and still is the same. Always she has been put in or sent to her crib, to which she went willingly, having no knowledge of any other procedure, to lie talking and playing by herself in the dark until she finally fell asleep.

I think the first real discovery she made in this life by reasoning was that nothing could be gained by crying. We made it a point to ascertain if she was in physical pain; and if not she had her cry out. When it was all over and she was quiet, her wish, if possible, was complied with. The upshot of this was that before she was six months old the lesson was thoroughly learned; and I doubt if Betty really cried once a week. I was beginning to get interested in her now; and to please Laura, as well as myself, I took many snapshots of her.

One day, when she was about six months old, I thought of getting a picture of Betty crying, as proof that she did once in a while. After waiting three days we again outraged the grandmother's feelings by premeditatedly making the baby cry. We went out on the lawn, placed Betty on some sofa pillows, and then tumbled her over on her little snub nose. She thought it was a joke and laughed. Before the ruse was successfully accomplished Laura was almost in tears herself. At the fourth attempt Betty got frightened and let out a howl which served the purpose excellently. A moment later, safe in her mother's arms, she was smiling again.

Baby talk was taboo. I do not mean to say that Mrs. Nicolls always observed this rule, and I imagine Laura had her own weak moments as well. As I lacked any desire to maltreat my mother tongue for the doubtful—very doubtful—pleasure of Betty, I never changed my manner of speech when talking to her nor curtailed my vocabulary. As a result I derived one of my great pleasures—and they were many as she grew older—from this very source.

Being a perfectly normal, superlatively healthy little animal, Betty began getting into every kind of trouble and mischief just as soon as she could crawl about. Within a very short time she had her household beautifully sized up, and I am convinced that it was based on our various methods of talking to her. As with all babies her curiosity was insatiable, and she wanted to finger and play with everything in sight. In her grandmother's room she was allowed her own way, and it soon became a settled fact that anything which belonged to her grandmother was hers as well. Such protests as Mrs. Nicolls made—and she made them often—were in a childish way, to which Betty paid absolutely no attention. Later her vehement "I'll spank you, Betty, if you don't let Grandma's things alone!" had no effect whatever, as the spanking never materialized. Laura's quiet manner and voice were more conducive to obedience, and Betty would usually give up the article in question without protest.

A Course in Library Manners

My daughter and I had become quite chummy by the time she could crawl about, and she would spend hours with me in my den. The room was filled with wonderful things from Betty's viewpoint, particularly my desk—a huge, flat-topped affair which is always littered with every conceivable convenience for my work and comfort. Yet I have placed the young lady on top of that desk scores of times, asked her to pick out her desire of the moment and—if it seemed reasonable—given it to her, while I went on with my work. When she tired of it and wanted something else I would hear a sound that cannot be conveyed by type any nearer than A-ah!—and Betty, with a query in her eyes, would be pointing at the object she wished. More often than otherwise it would be something unwise to give her; and this brings me to the point I want to make. I never refuse to give Betty anything or ask her to cease any amusement without a full statement in good English of the reason why.

I have no doubt it would have been a very amusing spectacle to an outsider to see a middle-aged man gravely explaining to a six-months-old baby, in the choicest language at his command, the natural functions of a small mailing scale, and why it was not advisable to use it as a plaything. I know that Betty never—for the first year of her life at least—understood a word of it. The fact remains, however, that she invariably gave me a courteous hearing and never at any time disobeyed me or touched, without first asking permission, any possession of mine.

Gradually the rest of the family were forced by Betty into explaining, and the resultant natural development of her little brain was startling to those unfamiliar with how it was accomplished. Scores of instances could be given, but one will suffice. I often took my breakfast in bed; and Betty, now about twenty months old, would invariably come in and sit on the bed while I ate my toast and coffee. There was a window near the head of my bed and a door opposite the foot, leading into a short passage that entered our sitting room. One morning my window was open—also the window in the sitting room. I was

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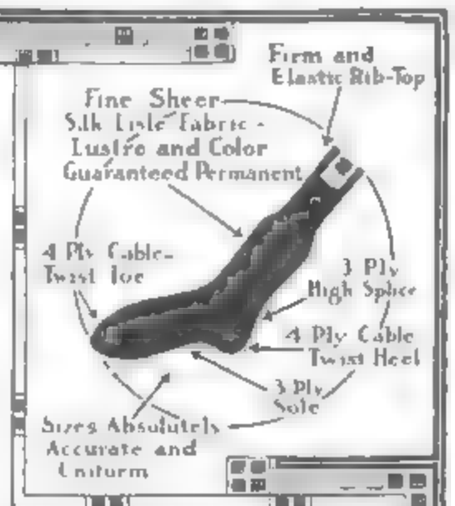
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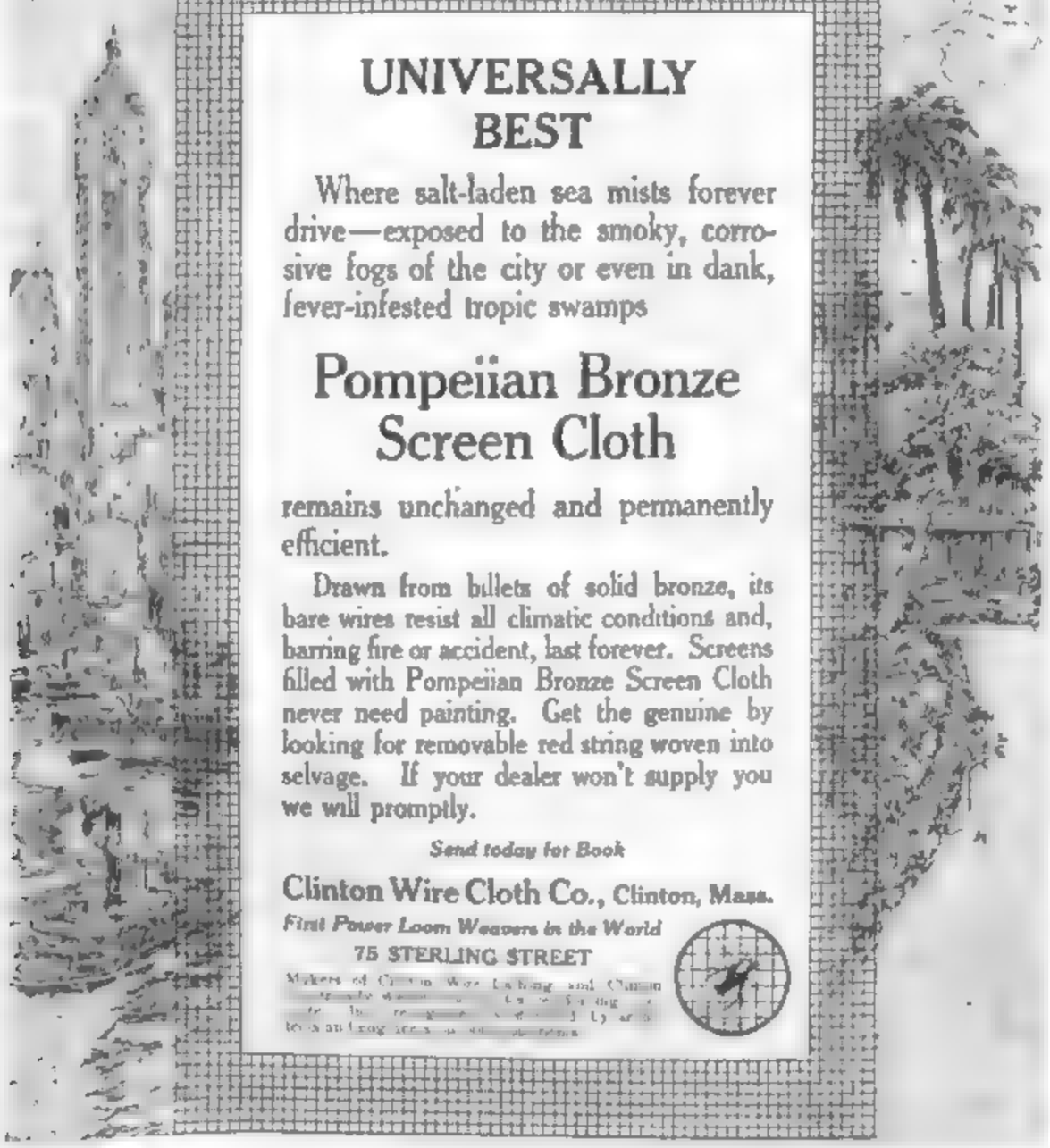

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smoking a cigarette after my coffee and the draft through the open windows carried the smoke steadily out. Betty noticed it, studied over the matter for a moment, and then:

"Wat dat, daddy?"

I explained to her the action of the air, the draft created by the open windows, and how the smoke was carried out by it. A friend came in and stood by my door during the lecture, as he laughingly termed it.

"You don't expect that baby to know anything of what you are talking about, do you?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Let's see if she does," I replied. I turned to Betty. "What makes the smoke go out the window, Betty?" I asked.

"D'aft come in winnow sittin' woom, come fu door, take smoke out daddy's winnow," was the prompt response.

I reached over and closed the window. Then, with Betty watching me intently, I blew smoke up to the ceiling.

"It won't go out now, will it?"

Betty gravely shook her head.

"How shall I make a draft to carry the smoke out again?"

"Open daddy's winnow," she answered promptly. My friend ceased to scoff.

Betty was considerably under a year old when I undertook to explain to her my dislike for crying under any circumstances, and offered for her consideration the plan of "swallowing" it. It is almost unbelievable to those who have never tried it how quickly and willingly a baby will accept the plans of one in whom the child has absolute confidence.

The Swallowing Scheme

The first time the swallowing scheme was tried out Betty had fallen down in one of her early efforts to take a step unaided. She was frightened, not hurt. I came to her quickly, got her attention, went through the motion of swallowing, and suggested that she do the same. It was not long before not even a hard fall, a cut, or anything else, could get more than a yell or two out of her. If I chanced to be about she would always come to me and inform me that she had "swallowed it." Whereupon I thanked and congratulated her on her bravery. Mrs. Nicolls insisted it would ruin the child's health—precisely the argument she offered against letting her cry less than a year before!—and all the mothers in the neighborhood said Betty would grow to hate me, but could not offer any very logical basis for their predictions.

When Betty was about eight months old she began to evince a real interest in the various picture books that had been purchased for her. One of these happened to be linen, and I asked the reason.

"Why," replied Laura in a tone showing surprise at my ignorance, "it's made of linen so baby won't tear it up!"

"Why should she tear it up?" was my next question.

Laura laughed amusedly.

"I'll admit, Tom, that your system is getting on famously, and I'm glad we have all lived through it, for Betty is really a good baby; but I don't think even you can stop her natural inclination to destroy her first paper books."

"Well, at least I can give a first-rate imitation of a man trying," I retorted as I stuffed the linen one in my pocket.

During the following month Betty and I had several sessions and many discussions about books and their uses. Eventually we arrived at a sort of compromise, for until then I had never fully appreciated the joy to be derived from tearing up a piece of paper. She was not to destroy any book whatsoever, or any paper, until she had asked me about it. We finally got this basis firmly established, and the necessity for linen books vanished for all time.

Betty is four years old now, and pretty thoroughly grounded in her health and habits. So far, from the day of her birth, we have never had to call in a doctor. Colic, croup and all the terrors of babyhood passed her by. She is a clean-limbed, well-built youngster, her flesh solid and healthy, with muscles firm and strong.

Her intelligence is keen as a natural result of the constant study and training it has had; but, at that, she is only a normal child, happy, high spirited and well behaved—just such a child as most parents can have who will follow preventive instructions as we did, and then treat their baby as a human being, with an individuality to be studied and reckoned with.

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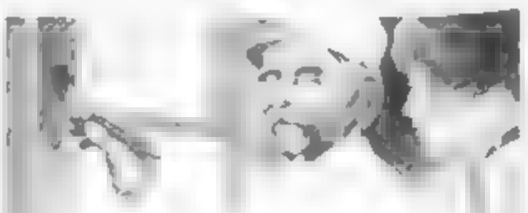

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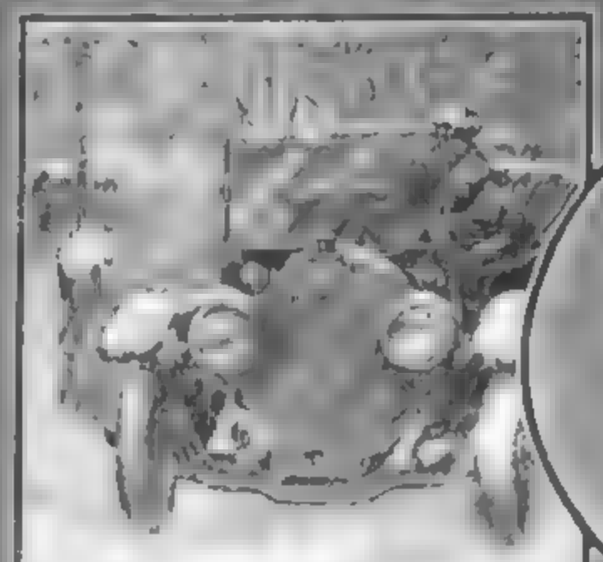
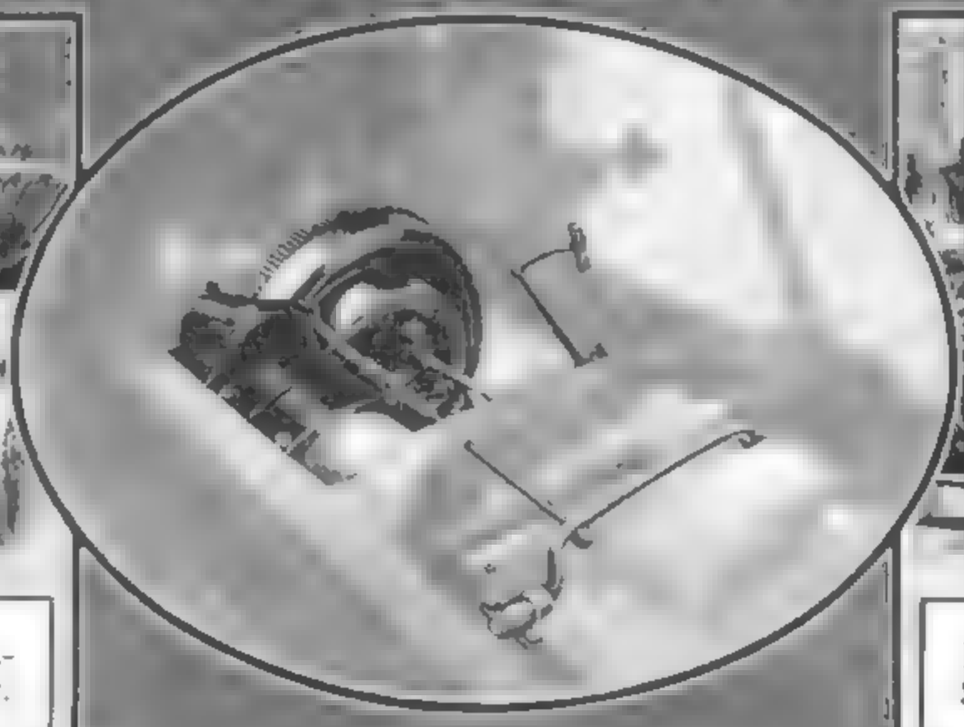


Starts any car under any conditions—even in zero weather.



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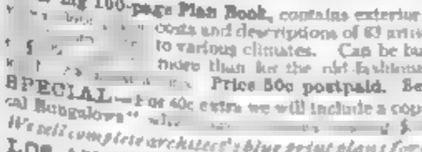

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A STUDY OF THE AIR CURRENTS

(Continued from Page 19)

When the upward gust had spent its force and I had reached the top of my upward glide I commenced another descent. This time I diverted my flight so that I would slide into an adjacent valley, where it appeared to me a down current of air must exist. And surely enough it did. With a rush it swept me downward, and it was with the greatest of difficulty that I checked the force of the fall before striking the ground.

Once again I wish to say that this experience teaches perhaps other and more important lessons than those of the air currents, but just now I am only interested in the air and the lesson was indeed very illustrative.

Unlike land-flying, where mountains, valleys, woodlands, buildings and fences produce disturbing air whirls, water-flying—over large bodies of water—is particularly steady, free from difficulties, and consequently very safe; in fact, the greatest difficulty is in getting out of and landing in the water. As soon as the air has passed over a body of water for a considerable distance it assumes a horizontal course and its deflections become obliterated. The fact that the water does not become noticeably heated in some spots, whereas others stay cool, does not allow vertical air currents to be produced; and the fact that there are no obstructions causes the wind to become unusually steady. Currents of air emanating from the ocean are as steady and smooth from the standpoint of the aëroplane as are dead calms and are much more reliable. The wind may blow strongly or mildly from the ocean, but to the aviator it is always steady sailing.

The Steady Upper Currents

As yet very little is known of the nature of the air currents above five thousand feet high, except that they are steady and are generally accompanied by exceedingly low temperatures. They seldom contain any sharply defined changes of velocity; and even if they did the aviator has plenty of time and room in which to rectify any disturbances to his plane. High flying is by far the safer kind of flying, but not necessarily the pleasanter.

The upper currents are of the greatest assistance in determining what the lower currents are going to do a few hours following. The upper currents contain the clouds and the clouds are pretty good evidence of the near-by future weather conditions. In other words, a knowledge of the upper streams of air is very essential, so far as it allows one to forecast the conditions of the lower strata. To become a good prognosticator of the weather is a profession in itself that can only be acquired by close observation and considerable experience. It is a study that every airman should familiarize himself with most thoroughly.

The fact remains, however, that sometimes the aviator skilled in weather prognostications may be deceived or mistaken in the assumptions he makes before leaving the ground; and the vital question, therefore, is how to see the change in weather while he is in the air, and far enough ahead to enable him to get to the ground in perfect safety. In other words, how can an aviator watch the air while he is flying?

There are many ways of watching the air, some of which are always reliable. In the first place, the nature of the clouds generally tells part of the story, but cannot always foretell immediate changes. Uniform cloudiness or uniform clearness usually denotes steady, unchangeable weather for at least a few hours. Thin, high clouds—sometimes called "horses' tails," sometimes "fan" clouds, but technically called cirrus clouds—denote high surface winds over the territory they cover. A mackerel sky almost always denotes calm weather beneath it, with stormy weather following. Low-hanging scuds indicate immediate stormy or at least squally weather. Land clouds—fog—indicate calm, even winds, but they carry with them a condition far more serious—foggy weather.

The most reliable and efficient means of watching the air is the smoke from chimneys. It is very seldom when flying that there are less than two or three smoking chimneys in any direction, all of which tell the aviator the approximate velocity and steadiness and direction of the wind. If the smoke blows

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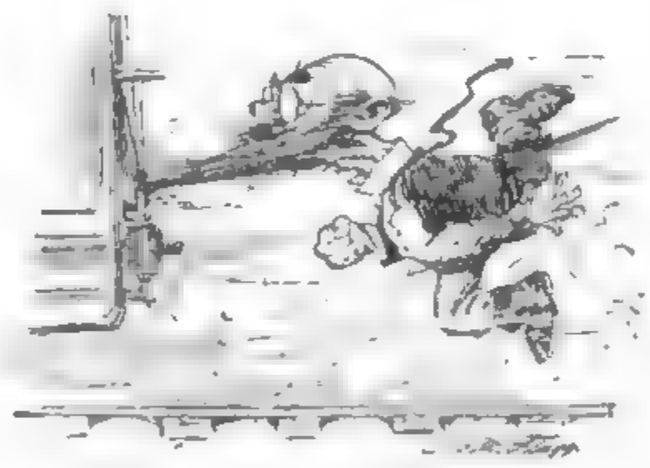

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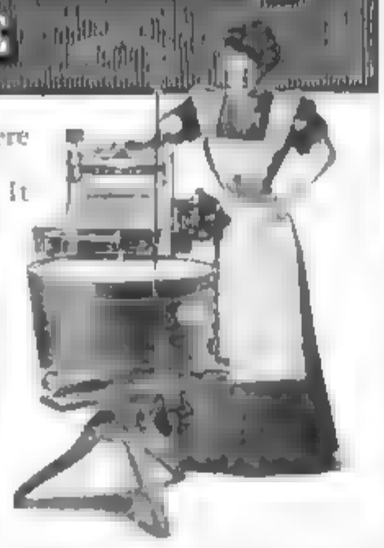

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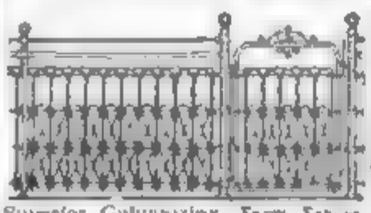

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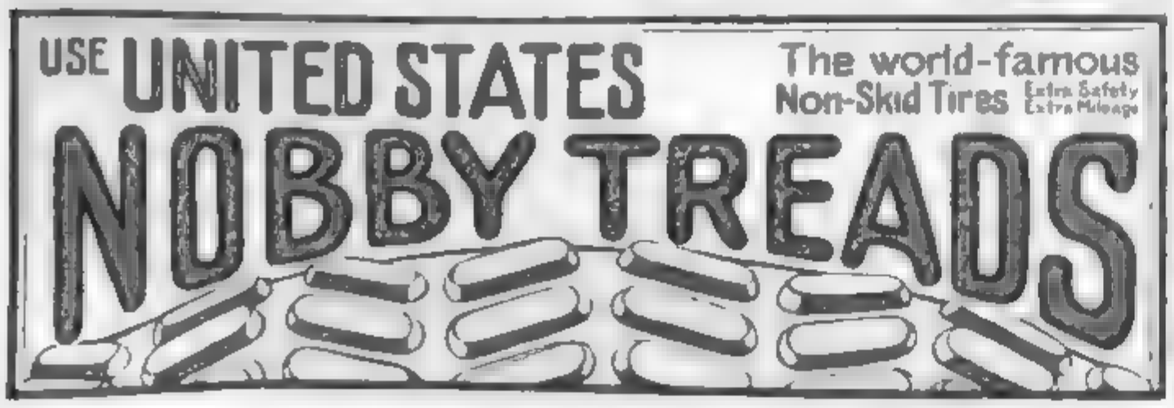


from a chimney in a straight line the air is sure to be uniform and without flaws. If it has high spots and low spots—hunches as it travels from the stack it shows an unsteadiness of velocity or else the presence of up-and-down heat currents. If it rises straight upward it, of course, shows calm air—horizontally—in the immediate vicinity, but not necessarily vertically. If the smoke blows from all chimneys in the same direction a change of wind in the intervening zone need not be feared. The velocity of the smoke leaving the stack is, of course, a correct indication of the velocity of the air currents. The smoke from chimneys is, I believe, the aviator's best weathervane. Flags are good indicators of the wind condition when smoke from chimneys is not available.

Still another method of watching the air, applicable when flying over water regions, is to observe the surface and nature of the water. If it is dotted with little squalls it indicates an unsteadiness of the adjacent air currents. If it has a regular ruffled surface it shows steady air. If the little squalls do not assume a general direction, but seem to spread in circles, it indicates the presence of well-defined down currents.

Whirlwinds can always be detected and avoided; and, as a matter of fact, they do not seriously menace the safety of the aëroplane's flight unless they are particularly violent.

Swiss Cheese Effects

There is one more condition of the air that, by virtue of the notoriety it has received in connection with many of our late aëroplane disasters, needs a little explanation. It is the "hole in the air." Many aviators have been credited with having met their fate by so-called holes in the air, and many have encountered holes and returned to the earth considerably concerned. The general public believes that the hole in the air is the greatest danger existing in aviation.

The only holes in the air that can really be called holes are those caused by the whirl of a violent tornado or similar disturbance. In order to produce a hole it is necessary for the surrounding air to attain a whirling velocity, with centrifugal force sufficient to cause a cylindrical airwall to be formed capable of withstanding fifteen pounds to the square inch. Such a whirl would and does pick up trees, houses, fences, boulders, railroad tracks and even forests. Such a disturbance would scatter an aëroplane and its occupants into so many fragments that their disappearance would always be a mystery. Technically these are the only airholes that exist.

A hole in the air, as applied to aviation, is nothing more or less than a sudden change in the wind, the direction of which is the same as the direction in which the aëroplane is making its flight. An aëroplane needs from two to three pounds' pressure to the square foot upon its plane surfaces in order to support its weight in the air. To obtain this pressure the air must be forced into the aëroplane—or, rather, the aëroplane forced into the air—at a speed sufficient to produce this pressure; but suddenly the wind changes and travels momentarily in the same direction in which the aëroplane is traveling. All pressure upon the planes immediately ceases. The machine accordingly sinks toward the earth.

This sinking toward the earth continues until the fans of the machine have speeded it up sufficiently to once again produce the required pounds of pressure on the plane surfaces. The machine then stops sinking. The effect of this series of events upon the aviator is such as to lead him to believe he has run into a hole where there is no supporting air; but if he will stop and think for a moment he will recollect that his respiration did not cease, and, in fact, there were no conditions that tended to show a vacuum. Moreover, holes are not dangerous if the aviator is performing straight, conservative flying. If he is engaging in a "stunt" which is in itself very near the danger limit the hole may do the rest; but otherwise it will bother him very slightly.

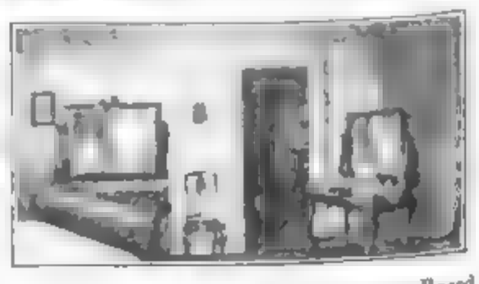
There is nothing in the air or connected with the air currents that is in any way mysterious or which comes upon the aviator without warning. It is possible to fly in any wind and "get by" with it. It is preferable to fly when the weather is good and to enjoy it. A little study of the air and its workings will be of no detriment to any one.

Compo-Board

The Only Wall Board that Can Be Successfully Papered

BECAUSE it is the only wall board that is strong enough and stiff enough to stand the "pull" that wall paper exerts when adhered to another surface.

Compo-Board is also the only wall board that doesn't have to be paneled. You can panel it if you wish, but you can also have walls and ceilings smoother than plaster that lend themselves to artistic decoration by any method.



The exclusive construction of Compo-Board as illustrated by the cross-section view at the side explains this strength as well as its many other qualities—its durability and imperviousness to cold, heat and moisture. A layer of kiln-dried wood slats form the core or "backbone," then on each side is a layer of air-tight cement, then a layer of specially prepared paper. The whole is subjected to heavy pressure and intense heat until it becomes one integral piece, a stiff straight sheet ½ inch thick with the strength of a twelve-inch plaster wall.

Sample and Interesting Books Free

These will give you a better idea of what Compo-Board is, and a chance to test, compare and prove its superiority over lath and plaster, "Wall Boards" and [illegible]. Write for them today.

Compo-Board is sold in strips four feet wide, and from six to eighteen feet long, by dealers in most every town.

Up-to-date manufacturers have found it the ideal material for [illegible], cafe backs, [illegible] lining and a lot of other uses. Write for interesting data.

Northwestern Compo-Board Company

4303 Lyndale Avenue North, Minneapolis, Minn.

The border of this advertisement is a slightly reduced cross-section illustration of Compo-Board.

When buying shirts insist on this label—*Emery*. It stands for Guaranteed *fit—color—wear*, at $1.50 up. Your satisfaction assured.

A New Shirt for One that Fails.

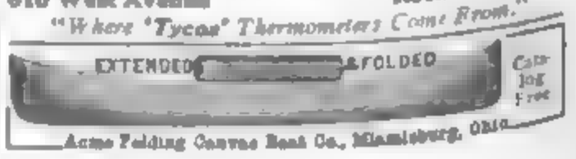
Write for The Emery Style Book. A Gentleman's Guide to Correct Dress—Free.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Philadelphia

When the Doctor Comes

Save him the necessity of sterilizing his thermometer. Have your own personal "*Tycos*" Fever Thermometer, just as you have your own tooth brush. If your druggist hasn't it, send us $1.50 for a 1-minute "*Tycos*" Fever Thermometer. *Accept no other.*

TAYLOR INSTRUMENT COMPANIES
610 West Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.
"Where 'Tycos' Thermometers Come From."



Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

Vitralite

THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

WOODWORK and furniture finished with Vitralite, *The Long-Life White Enamel*, is so easy to clean. Just wipe with a damp cloth, or, if necessary, wash with soap and water.

Yet, cleaning is so seldom necessary, as its porcelain-like gloss sheds dirt. Vitralite is economical, so easy to apply and will not show brush marks nor turn yellow like most enamels. Send for

Free Vitralite Booklet and Sample Panel

Your floors will cease to trouble you if you use "61" Floor Varnish. They will require almost no care and will be wear proof, mar proof and water proof. Test "61" yourself. Ask for

Free Floor Booklet and Sample Panel

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects, sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.
Address all inquiries to Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright St Bridgeburg, Ont

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

AMERICAN FACTORIES
NEW YORK BUFFALO CHICAGO
BRIDGEBURG, CANADA

ESTABLISHED 64 YEARS

FOREIGN FACTORIES
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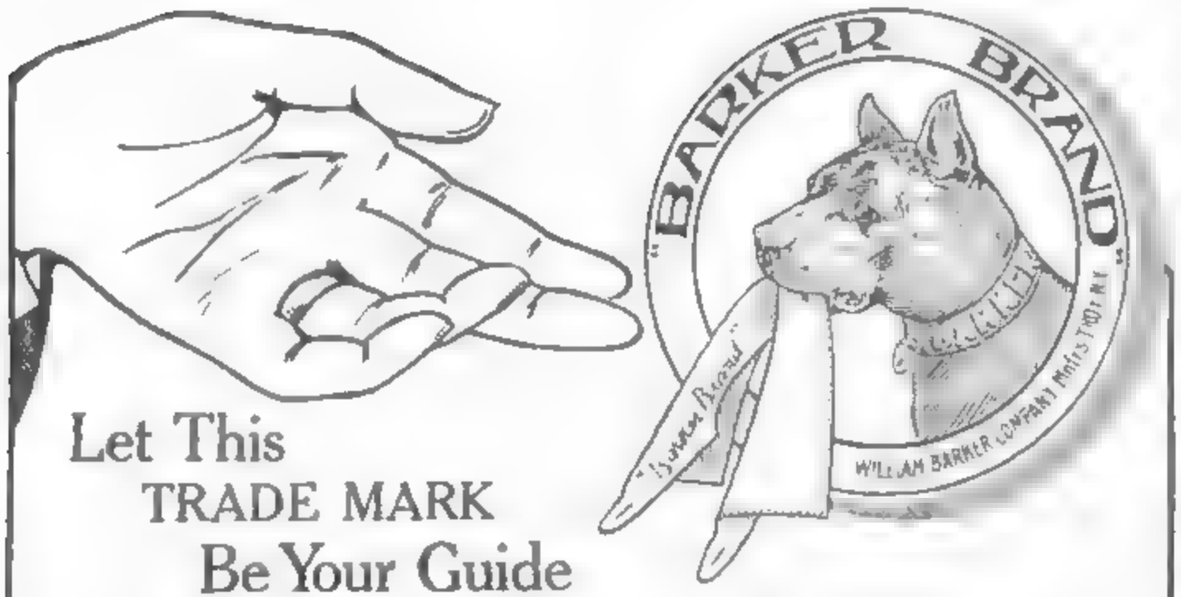


Let This TRADE MARK Be Your Guide

in collar buying. It is a safe guide because it leads you straight to linen collars. And linen collars are the collars that always give satisfaction. So look for the dog's head trade mark. (Established half a century.)

BARKER BRAND
WARRANTED LINEN COLLARS

2 FOR 25c

Any linen collar at the 2 for 25c price. Over 100 styles to select from—one or more to suit and fit you perfectly—all will give long wear.

¼, ½ and ¾ sizes

At the leading dealers everywhere. Drop a postal for our new style book. Write us if you cannot get the right grade.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us $1 and we will send you 8 collars, prepaid.

WM. BARKER CO.
(Makers)
Troy, N. Y.

The Dining-Car Beverage

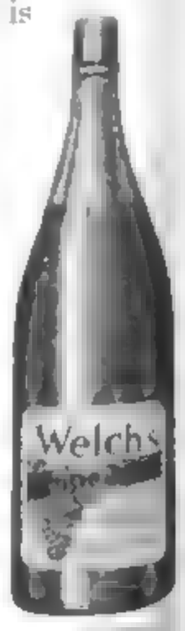
Get the Welch habit it's one that won't get *you*.

Wherever you are, in the diner, at the hotel, in your favorite club or café, the best away-from-home drink is

Welch's
"The National Drink"

It relieves thirst without creating more. It is a soft drink that has character to it. It is an appetizer and a refreshing, beneficial beverage when you are travel-tired.

It goes "to the spot" whether served plain or as the universally popular Welch Ball—made in a big glass half filled with Welch's, and the rest charged water. Always keep a supply in the house for the folks at home, and start by ordering a case today. Tell your grocer to send it and get our booklet of recipes.



The Welch Grape Juice Company, . Westfield, N. Y.

10¢ TINS
Handy 5¢ Bags—or one pound glass Humidor Jars

Velvet
THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

A great smoke for busy people! The choicest of old Burley leaf matured to a perfect mellowness.

A flavor rich and wholesome—A smoothness in the smoking that men like. Once you smoke Velvet you will find yourself in the circle of pipe contentment.

It's a big treat!

Ask your dealer for Velvet.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Continued from Page 17

"Who hired you for this job?" he roared.

"Larry Doyle," replied the first workman; and, with his pick between his knees, he spat on his hands.

"Then you're fired!" Tim Corrigan informed him. "I'm runnin' this job, not Larry Doyle!"

The first workman, who had yellow hair, grabbed his pick by the handle.

"I look to Larry Doyle for my pay," he observed. And his eye marked the spot where he meant to bury six inches of his pick.

Tim Corrigan cast his gaze down the length of the street and found Larry Doyle in the midst of helpful Matt McCarthy and a tall Irishman and a chunky Irishman and an Irishman with a broken nose.

"Get off of this street!" Tim ordered, waving his hands like a man shooing cows as he approached Larry.

"Get off yourself, Tim Corrigan!" ordered Larry, glancing up at Eighteenth Street where a longnosed gray auto had stopped with little Tom Boles at the wheel and Deacon Jameson by his side.

"I told you your subcontract was canceled!" yelled Tim, approaching still closer. "Get your gang away from here!"

"It's no subcontract I'm workin' under, Tim Corrigan!" Larry informed him, stepping forward a pace; but the tall Tipperary Irishman followed close at his shoulder, while the broken-nosed one from County Mayo looked hopeful. "I've the contract of yours that the mayor canceled and it's my job!"

Tim Corrigan turned toward the toolhouse to look for his righthand man, Jerry Callahan; but Jerry Callahan was already halfway of the distance with his fist in his hand.

"Clear the street, Jerry!" shouted Tim; and something that twanged like a harp filled the bosom of every American in Larry Doyle's gang.

"I will that!" promised Jerry Callahan heartily; but as he ran back to the toolhouse he muttered under his breath: "I don't know will them dagoes do it."

"If you make any trouble I'll have you all pinched," warned Larry Doyle; "but, if you must have any, start with me!"

Tim Corrigan glanced at the tall Tipperary man and the chunky Killarney man and the broken-nosed man from County Mayo, and he sneered a mighty sneer.

"If any of you'll step alone with me into the middle of the street I'll grind you to a pulp," he kindly offered.

The Tipperary man had waited long enough.

"Pick on a man of your size, Tim Corrigan!" he indignantly challenged, and stepped forward into his rightful place just as Tim Corrigan, much relieved, threw a heavy fist at him.

There was a cheer from Eighteenth Street and Larry Doyle's Americans, who had been edging up all along the line from Fifteenth, dashed eagerly in that direction, shedding their picks; for there is little feel at the end of a weapon.

Glancing backward for a brief second—only the least trace of a glance—Tim Corrigan, whose fist had missed the Tipperary man's ear by a quarter of an inch, saw his sixty Americans from the middle of Europe inspired by some wonderful magic of Jerry Callahan's tongue come sweeping down from the toolhouse. And just then Tim Corrigan, who should have known better than to glance backward from a Tipperary man, toppled sidewise four feet and put his hand hastily to his nose to see whether his finger would come away red.

Oh, it was a beautiful scrimmage, though it was somewhat uneven, for the sixty mid-Europe Americans tried to use their picks and were somewhat hampered thereby. Poor Poppel Street! It was a surging whirl of heads and flying arms, from fence to fence; and it was full of shrieks and howls and curses in the seven languages!

Larry Doyle, as was his right, sought Jerry Callahan, between whom and himself there was scarcely a matter of five pounds' difference; and the first compliments they exchanged sounded like a muscular butcher slapping steaks on a marble counter.

The first workman had the most fun, for he was the quickest into action; and his yellow head could be seen bobbing among the black ones in an almost rhythmical sway as, swinging both wire-strung arms, he mowed a pathway for himself like a reaper heading through a field of alfalfa.

What does history tell us of those thrilling moments when Latin and Slav met Celt? Well, it happened again on Poppel and Seventeenth Streets when, massing themselves for comfort and courage, the squat Americans made one final stand against the onslaught of the happy Doyleites.

There was a clear, vibrant shout from the exhilarated Irish and a shrill echo from the huddled Corriganites, who had nearly all lost their picks; then the flailing began again and the hosts of Corrigan, dreading those bony fists as they would not have feared knives and revolvers, broke and ran down Seventeenth Street, where a cordon of bluecoated officers, under the personal direction of Chief Satterly in his automobile with Mayor Birchland, arrested them all for disturbing the peace and interfering with lawfully employed workmen in the discharge of their vocation, and also for obstructing city improvements.

Leaving such of his men as were necessary to round up the Corrigan gang, Chief Satterly and the mayor took the remainder of their forces up to Poppel Street to complete their work. That thoroughfare was now comparatively peaceful, though it looked like a three-ringed circus.

Tim Corrigan and the tall man from Tipperary, in the center ring, were still pommeling away at each other with mutually growing admiration, and neither man had yet been off his feet. Larry Doyle and Jerry Callahan had taken turns at waiting while the other rose from the ground, but at one time seven had been counted over Jerry. The chunky man had found a Milanese Italian who could box with skill and steam, and they were the center of the third admiring circle; but the broken-nosed man from County Mayo sat against a picket fence, nursing a dent that had been made by a pickhandle.

Chief Satterly and the mayor drove down to the edge of things, but the chief shook his head.

"I haven't the nerve to pinch Tim Corrigan," he said, watching the fight. His decision was justified almost as he spoke it, for just then Tim Corrigan landed the beautiful uppercut that lifted the Tipperary man in the air and laid him on the flat of his back for twice the full count.

"It was a grand fight, Tim," complimented the chief, while the mayor nodded at him with a grin.

"I win, but I lose," panted Tim. "What trick have you worked on me, Birchland?"

"Injunction," answered the mayor, still grinning—and they drove away.

The gray car at the corner had waited until the mayor's machine came down, and the mayor said to Jameson as they paused:

"Well, dear, this puts an end to the private-contracting idea."

"You can't kill a noble thought," grinned Jameson. "It always bobs up in a new dress. I'm going to rename my club the Casino."

"Drop in at the office," invited the mayor with renewed hope, and drove on.

The gray car trailed in after the mayor's machine, but Tim Corrigan jumped on the running-board.

"You're the boy that pulled the wires for all this!" he shouted and, still with an appetite for fight, shook his fist at Deacon Jameson.

Little Tom Boles, who had started at a good clip, let go of his wheel with both hands and, swinging on his spinal column with a short, sharp jerk, flung his hard fist indiscriminately among Tim's freckles.

"Huh!" grunted Tim, and fell off the running-board, while Deacon Jameson, grabbing the wheel, saved Pet from climbing a tree.

Tim Corrigan, gathering himself up in fury and gazing after the retreating gray car, stood on that corner and hopped for minutes.

"That makes three!" he howled, gritting his teeth and smacking his fists—"three runts; and they all get away with it!"

VI

"I'M ALMOST tempted to come back into politics," chuckled old Dan Fox, surveying the contented quartet in Deacon Jameson's luxurious private salon at the Casino.

"Welcome home, Dan," laughed Chief Satterly, who had operated for years under Boss Fox.

KNOX GELATINE

KNOX GELATINE comes in two packages—Plain and Acidulated—both alike, except the latter contains an envelope of concentrated lemon juice, taking the place of lemons in flavoring. Each package contains a tablet for coloring.

A package makes two quarts (one-half gallon) of delicious jelly.

Knox Recipe Book Free

More than 100 recipes for Desserts, Salads, Candies, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, etc., have been reproduced in our illustrated recipe book sent FREE for your grocer's name

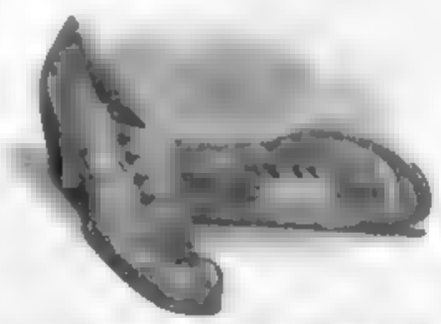
Post sample for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
23 Knox Avenue
Johnstown, N.Y.

LA FRANCE SHOE for WOMEN

ONE of the new LA FRANCE masterpieces is illustrated herewith, modelled on natural lines and embellished by good workmanship, without freakishness. LA FRANCE provides for the even distribution of weight in walking. This means scientific construction that preserves the shape of the shoe.

There are LA FRANCE stores everywhere. If you are not in touch with one, we'll see that you are supplied. Write for Spring 1913 LA FRANCE Style Book, free upon request.



No. 6453 comes in four or six buttons in gun metal or Hague last with welt sole. Also to be had in Spartan (tan) calf, and in White Nu-Buck

Williams, Clark & Company
277 Washington Street, Lynn, Mass.

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

LOOK at the photograph, and you have the facts of the RUBBERSET Tooth Brush. Here is a tooth brush sawed in half, and in spite of this, every bristle is held fast, in a solid base of hard, vulcanized rubber. This test given to the ordinary tooth brush would have scattered the bristles to the four winds. The bristles cannot come out of a RUBBERSET Tooth Brush.

The perfection and superiority of a RUBBERSET Tooth Brush is just as apparent on the outside. Examine a RUBBERSET Tooth Brush and note the fine imported bristles we use; the correct and scientific shaping of the various tufts, designed to clean in between the crevices and the hard-to-get-at teeth; the convenience shaping of its handles; the individual sealed box that keeps clean the RUBBERSET Tooth Brush after it is *sterilized* at the factory. Withal the price is that of an ordinary tooth brush.

Your druggist or department store will sell you the RUBBERSET. If they fail to have the RUBBERSET in stock, write to us and we will see that you are supplied.

RUBBERSET COMPANY (R. & C. H. T. Co., Props.) **Factories, Newark, N. J.**

A Young Man Took Stock of Himself

HE was thirty years old, had had a fair schooling and possessed average ability. Eight years he had worked conscientiously and with an aim, but he never worked himself out of the $20.00 a week class. He analyzed himself—he analyzed the men who had been promoted above him. He was their equal in natural ability, character and personality, but in practical education they were his superiors—he was untrained.

They earned $2500.00, $3500.00, $5000.00 a year—he earned $20.00 a week. He resolved to secure the technical training he needed. He registered as a student in an advertising course and for months applied himself conscientiously. He is now Manager of the Southern office of one of the big national advertising agencies and his salary is $4500.00 a year.

Are you working for a meager salary because you are untrained? Over 1500 men and women have defrayed college and school expenses by Curtis scholarships. We will arrange a Curtis scholarship for you in any business college, technical school or university. We'll help you to command the salary to which your natural qualifications entitle you. If you are interested, write today.

Educational Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Sit down and have a drink," invited Jameson, placing a comfortable chair for him.

"It's a pleasure," accepted Dan, sitting among them. "That municipal construction thing you boys put across, along with your smart anti-noise crusade, tickled me so much I had to come down and look you over."

"It will be a splendid thing for the city," asserted the mayor with a beaming eye. "It eliminates the contractor, the subcontractor and all the other wasteful middlemen."

Dan Fox closed his eyes to chuckle.

"Just nothing between you and It," he foretold.

"I consider it the triumph of a clean business administration," stiffened the mayor, ignoring whatever Dan meant.

"That's what the public thinks," retorted Dan; "and it will reelect you if Deacon Jameson stays in town and the works don't blow up. Shall I tell you how the Municipal Construction Bureau operates?"

Everybody was silent, but Chief Satterly grinned broadly.

"All right, then, I'll tell you," went on the ex-boss, accepting a cigar. "Birchland owns eight out of twelve in the city council; so Birchland appoints the president of the Bureau. All the material men—for paving or buildings or whatever it is—come to the president and hand him their graft. He keeps track of the padded payroll; and I've known a thousand men asleep in the cemetery to draw pay. He appoints good capable foremen on salary—and commission. He —— Oh, what's the use! It ought to cut up a million a year."

"The public was highly incensed at the revelations of graft in the paving contracts," grinned Jameson. "Now the public is so pleased; it loves our Municipal Bureau."

"A good deal depends on the trustworthiness of the president of that Bureau," thoughtfully considered Dan Fox, his jeweled hand flashing as he lighted a cigar. "You need a safe man. Have you selected one?"

There was a moment of smiling silence and all eyes turned to the member at the end of the sandalwood table.

"Me," meekly announced little Tom Boles.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth story of a series by George Randolph Chester. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Safe Savings

LAST year the comptroller of the currency sent a circular to all national banks asking whether they would favor a law specifically authorizing them to operate savings departments, there being no such specific authorization at present. Sixty-eight per cent of the banks replied in the affirmative. But the same circular asked: "Would you favor the segregation of savings deposits and the restriction of their investment as provided by the mutual savings-bank laws of certain states?" To that question fifty-four per cent of the banks replied in the negative. They wanted to operate savings departments but did not want to set savings deposits aside and invest them exclusively in high-grade securities because they could make a greater profit out of the deposits if they were free to use them as they saw fit.

Savings depositors are entitled to absolute security, and the question of their security is far more important than the question of any profit that can be made for stockholders on the deposits. At the same time the savings departments of the mixed banks afford a highly useful medium for attracting savings deposits, and the country could not afford under present conditions to do without them. It will come finally to setting the savings deposits strictly apart from commercial deposits and investing them exclusively in high-grade securities.

In time it will come also to paying savings depositors all their money earns, with no profit to anybody in handling the deposits. It should be added, however, that as a rule these mixed commercial and savings banks, whether national, state, or loan and trust, perform a useful investment office that does not appear on the face of the returns. Nearly all of them, along with their savings departments, now maintain bond departments, in which they keep a stock of well-selected securities. Instances have been known in which a bank has taken advantage of this situation for the purpose of working off bonds in which it was interested that were not all they should have been, but undoubtedly as a rule the bank's recommendation is a safe guide.

LOWNEY'S Crest CHOCOLATES

No chocolates have ever been made that so completely meet the demands of the lover of chocolate confections as this new Lowney product.

Lowney's "Crest" Assorted Chocolates
Lowney's "Crest" All Fruit Nut and Hard Centers
Lowney's "Crest" Assorted, All Soft Centers
Lowney's "Crest" Nougatines
Lowney's "Crest" Caramels

ONE DOLLAR A POUND

Lowney Crest on every piece

The Walter M. Lowney Company Boston

Greatest Wear Lowest Price

is the story of Signal $1 Coat Shirts. They are *guaranteed* to outwear ordinary shirts, giving you full measure of shirt comfort.

SIGNAL $1 Coat Shirts

slip on easy, peel quick. Open all the way down with *extra button* at bottom of breast plait for smooth fit; *rip and gap-proof sleeve-slit; overlapping skirts;* attached or two detached collars; two pockets—one a pencil, watch and handkerchief *combination;* buttonholes for attaching white cuffs.

Made from tested percales in big variety of neat patterns and guaranteed for wear and comfort.

UNION MADE

SIGNAL SHIRT

Trade Mark

The Sign of "QUALITY"

Get a couple tod[illegible] his name and yo[illegible] will express you a couple[illegible] If not satisfactory, on[illegible] nation, return at our expense.

Hilker-Wiechers Mfg. Co.

Manufacturers of "Signal" Work Clothes

1260 Mound Ave. Racine, Wis.

REDUCE LIVING EXPENSES BY RAISING POULTRY

Thousands are cutting down living expenses and making money this way with

Successful INCUBATORS and BROODERS

Write for FREE catalog and facts. Booklet, "How to Raise 48 out of 50 Chicks," 10c

Des Moines Incubator Co., 949 Second Street, Des Moines, Ia.

The New Grape Juice with the Better Flavor

Grape juice will mean more than ever to you from now on.

Thousands are already marveling at the new combination of flavor and quality in Red Wing Grape Juice—marveling at the true grapy flavor which is mellower and richer—marveling at the increased drinking pleasure and healthfulness.

Red Wing Grape Juice has better quality, better flavor because it is made from better grapes. We have paid twice as much for our grapes as some makers. We use only the top-notch selected grapes grown by the most expertly cultivated vineyards in the great Concord Grape Belt.

RED WING GRAPE JUICE

is distinctly a quality product because we spend more in money and effort to make absolutely the finest grape juice offered under any brand.

For example, we not only use the first pick of Concord Grapes but we use from these only the first crush of fruity juice. We do not press and press to get the last drop. We extract only the richest juice of the heart of the grape.

This extreme carefulness gives a richer juice, a juice of higher flavor, a juice free from sediment, clear as crystal with a beautiful deep ruby hue. You can see as well as taste this higher quality in every bottle of Red Wing. It costs you no more than the ordinary kind.

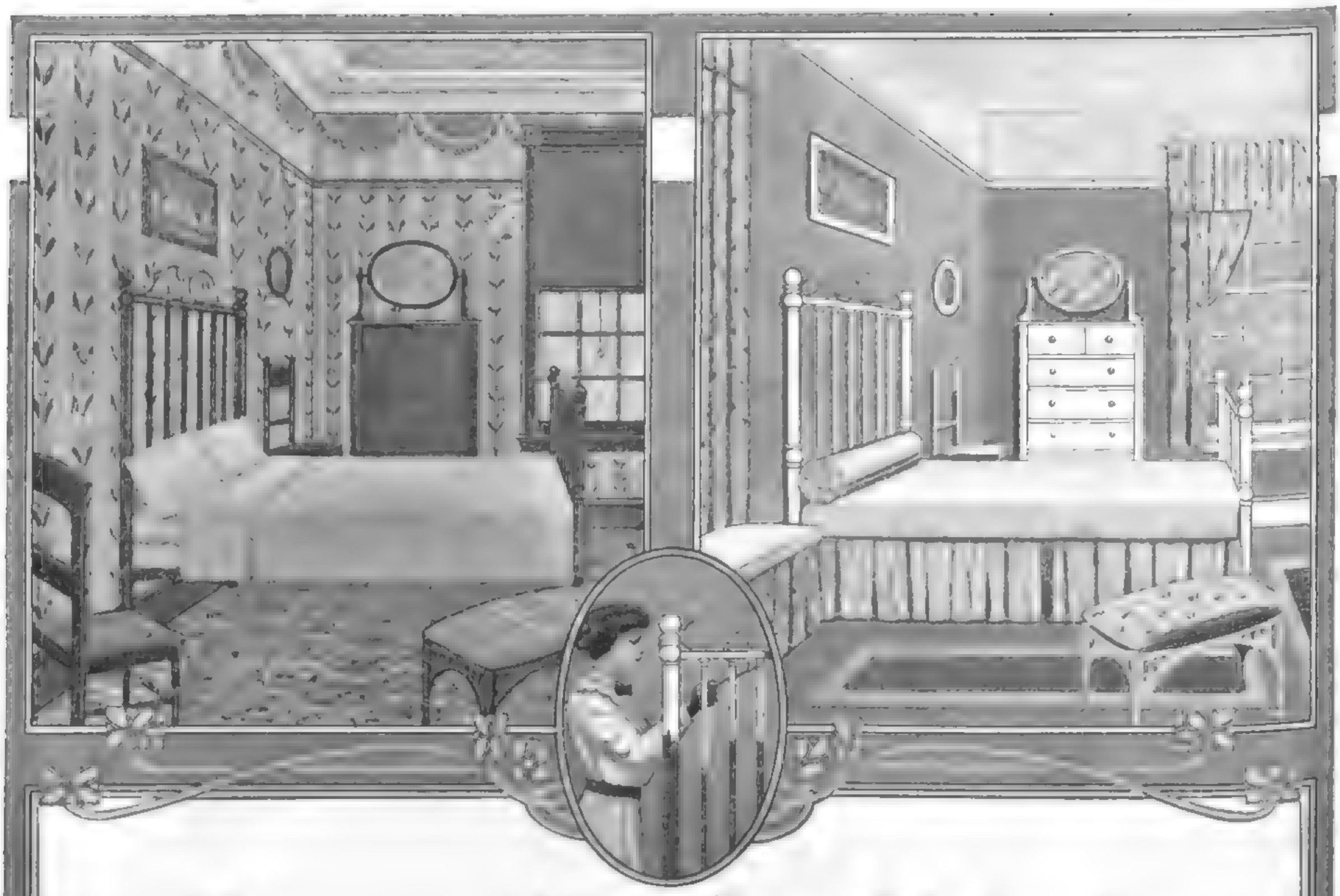
Nothing added—nothing needed. In new sterilized bottles—airproof, with new top which you can open with your fingers—no opener needed.

You need only one Red Wing experience to *insist* on "Red Wing" always.

Manufactured by

Puritan Food Products Co., Inc.

FREDONIA
N. Y.



Home is What You Make It

The transformation from clashing color designs to harmonious tints, from hit-and-miss arrangement to artistic orderliness can easily be effected. A little time, a minimum of effort, a trifling expense and the proper selection and use of

ACME QUALITY

Paints, Enamels, Stains, Varnishes

work wonders in home beautifying. The variety of Acme Quality Paints responds to every taste and every decorative scheme. There is a sweetness, a freshness and cleanliness about tinted walls, enameled woodwork, varnished or painted floors unapproached by any other finish.

Such homes know, too, their delightfulness, and, on the more practical side, their economy, their sanitary virtues and their advantages for lightening the tasks of housekeeping. If you would know how you can accomplish these wonders in your own home, write us for a copy of

Home Decorating

and the Acme Quality Painting Guide Book. You will be delighted with their helpfulness and their suggestions of easy methods of attaining the home ideal. Send for them. Learn what you can do, how to do it, and, best of all, that it can be done.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q, Detroit, Mich.

Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, St Louis, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Toledo, Nashville, Birmingham, Fort Worth, Dallas, Topeka, Lincoln, Salt Lake City, Spokane, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego.

Neal's Enamels

For beautifying by finishing or refinishing furniture, woodwork, [illegible] ture a new beauty. The hard, smooth enamel surface is easy to keep clean. Dust and dirt will not cling to it. Wiping with a damp cloth is sufficient to keep it [illegible] of the most desirable of finishes. Among the more popular color combinations are pure white [illegible] white or light blue for bath rooms, and ivory or white and gold for the parlor or living room.

No-Lustre Finish

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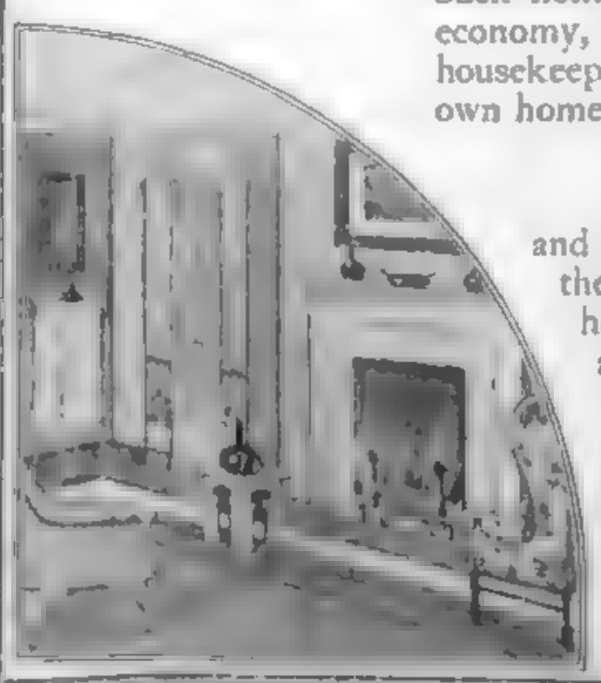

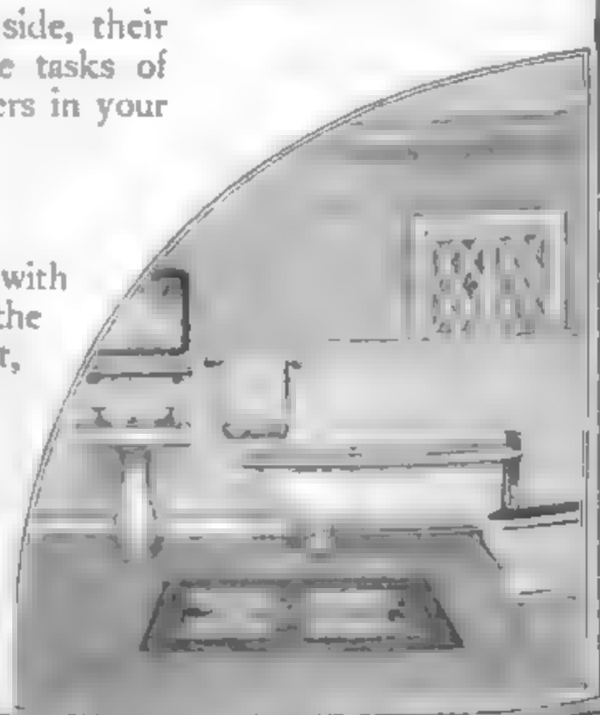

DINING WITH THE LORD MAYOR

Continued from Page 15

rose with him. He simply held up his glass and said: "The King!"

"The King! The King!" shouted these men—these great soldiers who had fought for the King in Africa and in Egypt and in India; these great judges who preside over the courts; these members of his ministry; these ambassadors to his country; these peers of the realm; these lords of the church; these men who finance the government and who conduct its municipalities; these heads of the learned societies—all these Englishmen charged their glasses and shouted "The King! The King!" and drank to him—to the shy little man up at Buckingham Palace, whose implied authority they reverence and for which they fight and toil, but whose real authority is less than that of scores of the men—yes, hundreds of them who so fervently acclaimed him their sovereign. It was an inspiring sight! They stood there and sang God Save the King! as the big band in the gallery played it—these Englishmen who hold their monarchical forms so sacredly—and have so little respect for the substance of what they acclaim with such loyal emotion!

The Mayor of Islington sat on one side of me and the Mayor of Wandsworth on the other—both fine, sturdy Englishmen. I was specially taken by these mayors; for the Mayor of Islington, a big, beefy, bearded man, contemptuously refused all the flummydiddles on the menu and demanded huge slices of the barons of beef. "The only food fit for an Englishman!" he said. "I can't abide this mixed-up, messed truffles, and such like. Give me honest roast beef three times a day and I am happy." He was happy that night, for what he did to several plates of beef was a joy to behold! Neither had been to America, although the Mayor of Wandsworth told me he had an affectionate interest for the country, inasmuch as one of his boys had gone to Chicago and had become chief engineer of the Pullman Company, the Mayor of Wandsworth being by way of an engineer and contractor. And just across sat Mr. Thomas Dunnell who specially recommended the orange jelly because, as he said, "I ought to know. This is my thirty-eighth Lord Mayor's banquet, and I have eaten this orange jelly at every one of them and know what I am talking about." He was right too. The orange jelly was excellent.

"Gentlemen," announced the toastmaster, "I give you the toast of The Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the royal family, coupled with the name of the Right Honourable, the Lord Mayor of London. Pray silence for the Lord Mayor."

Churchill on German Relations

The Lord Mayor made a little speech about the Queen and the royal family, and the toast was drunk. Then the toastmaster rose again. This time he gave the toast of Their Excellencies, the Foreign Ministers, and prayed silence for the Brazilian minister, who read a few words and sat down hurriedly. Each announcement of the toastmaster was preceded by a fanfare of trumpets from one end of the room and a fanfare from the other end. These were only preliminaries. The first big speech was to come next.

"My lords and ladies and gentlemen," said the toastmaster, "I give you the toast of The Imperial Forces of the Crown, coupled with the names of the Right Honourable Winston Spencer Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Colonel Seely, Under Secretary of State for War. The Right Honourable Alderman Cooper will propose the toast. Pray silence for the Right Honourable Alderman Cooper."

The Right Honourable Alderman Cooper, resplendent in a big red robe, proved to be a rather portly, pink-faced, fluent gentleman who spoke with high regard for the imperial forces of the Crown, said something about the present period of European unrest, and coupled again the names of Messrs. Churchill and Seely.

"Pray silence for the Right Honourable, the First Lord of the Admiralty!" exhorted the toastmaster; and Churchill rose and was loudly cheered. He spoke readily, without notes, and toward the end eloquently. A pronounced believer in ultimate war with Germany, his views were listened to with great attention. He said the navy was increasing in power and efficiency and that no harm had been done by plain speech on naval questions.

"The Germans are a nation with robust minds," said Churchill, accompanied by salvos of "Hear! Hear!" "They look at affairs in a practical, military spirit, and the relations between the two countries have steadily improved during the year; and the best way to make those relations thoroughly healthy and comfortable is to go right on and put an end to this naval rivalry by proving that we cannot be overtaken!"

They cheered tremendously at this. "Hear that 'right on'?" asked the Mayor of Wandsworth. "Shows his American blood by that, I say!"

Then came Colonel Seely, the Under Secretary for War, with his half of the toast to the imperial forces of the crown. He had a hard time of it. I gathered from the comments at the table where I sat that the army is not in especially high favor; that the national reserve attempt has not been a success, nor the colonial reserve plan; and that every one there feared conscription will be the ultimate result if the army is to be kept efficient. They listened respectfully to Colonel Seely who made his claims for the army forcibly; but they thought what he said was mostly bosh, and did not Hear! Hear! him much. It is reasonably hard to fool a gathering of Englishmen!

Premier Asquith's Speech

The toast of His Majesty's Ministers was next. The toastmaster made his pronouncements, the trumpets flourished, and the Lord Mayor called on Premier Asquith; the toastmaster prayed silence for him and the Premier came up. He is an extraordinarily self-possessed man, is Asquith—apparently well convinced of what his position is and not afraid to state it. Usually at the Lord Mayor's banquet members of the ministry announce governmental policies. This was to be a momentous speech, for England is vitally interested in the war in the Balkans and its results and, as one of the great Powers, is also vastly concerned about territorial and other questions. Here was the Premier of Great Britain, the man who was at that time in daily consultation with the representatives of the other great Powers; and everybody was sure he would make a pronouncement concerning the war.

They applauded him vigorously, and he stood looking steadily ahead as if he realized the importance of what he was about to say; as if he realized—which undoubtedly he did—that every word he uttered would be telegraphed instantly to the chancelleries of Russia and France and Germany and Austria and Italy, and read with fevered eagerness by the statesmen of the countries that were at war.

After a few graceful phrases he plunged into the matter at hand. He referred to the war, sketched its results thus far, said the great Powers were working in unison and harmony; and then he made his pronouncement:

"Upon one thing I believe the opinion of Europe to be unanimous—that the victors are not to be robbed of the fruits that have cost them so dear!"

All jumped up and cheered that, rattled on their plates with forks, and waved napkins at him; while the Premier stood impassive, gazing straight ahead. It was what they wanted—to know whether the Powers intended to step in and preserve Turkey against the allies of the Balkan states.

"There is, so far as I know," continued Asquith, "no disposition anywhere either to belittle the magnitude of the struggle or to dispute the decisiveness of the result." And they cheered again.

Then the Lord Mayor gave the toast of The Lord Chancellor, and Lord Haldane responded, eulogizing the House of Commons and saying a few kind words for the Corporation of London. Sheriff Bower proposed The Judges and the Bar of England, and Lord Justice Farwell responded for the bench and Attorney-General Isaacs for the bar. Lord Sandhurst proposed The Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen; and the Lord Mayor just retiring, Sir Thomas Crosby, responded. A most remarkable man is Sir Thomas. He is eighty-four years old, looks fifty, and went through the terrific banquet-routine of the

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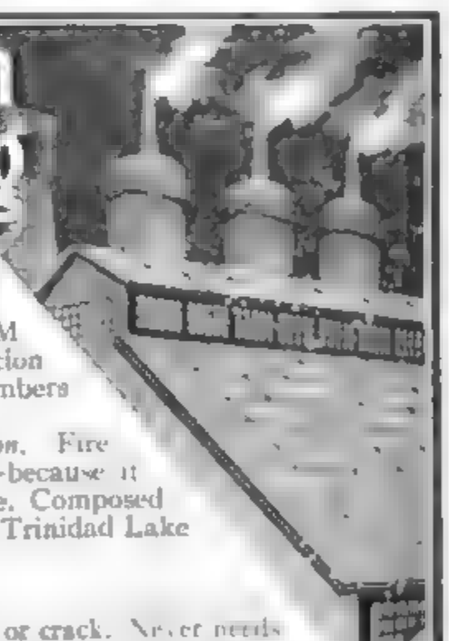

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Lord Mayor's office without a break. Sir Thomas said he came to be Lord Mayor of London at the age of eighty-three by working seven days a week, and three or four nights also; and he defiantly demanded: "I should like to know what the trade-unionists think of that!"

No trade-unionist being on hand to reply the dinner closed. The dinner closed, I said—not the party. When you got outside of the big Guildhall you discovered that when the Lord Mayor of London gives a party he gives a party! Two hours having elapsed since those present had eaten nine or ten kinds of meat and game, the guests were bidden to go into the supper room and eat nine or ten more kinds of meat and game. Great tables were spread with all sorts of cold meat, pastries, cold fowl, and stacked with bottles of wine. Coffee was served at a buffet that was fifty feet long. In another part of the building a concert was in progress, and there was dancing upstairs for all who wanted to dance.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir David Burnett, Knight, who has just succeeded to the office, is the six hundred and ninety-ninth Lord Mayor of London—or practically that. The office has been in existence that long anyhow. He has been in municipal politics for twenty-five years, beginning as a lay representative for the ward of Candlewick. He is an auctioneer and surveyor by business, and one of the recognized real-estate experts in London. Once a man is elected an alderman of London, a member of the Court of Aldermen, he has only to remain an alderman and keep his popularity to become Lord Mayor; for the senior alderman is elected Lord Mayor each year, the succession being regular—unless the senior alderman has not sufficient money to maintain the position.

Banquets as a Business

The Lord Mayor's duty is principally to act as official entertainer for London. He has an allowance of fifty thousand dollars from the city for that purpose; but that isn't half enough. Also, he lives in the Mansion House if he wants to, has a gilt coach drawn by eight horses, the fattest coachman in England, and servants of innumerable ranks and uniforms and liveries. He goes to a banquet every weeknight in the year, and sometimes on Sunday nights; has to preside at all sorts of functions and attend many luncheons in the daytime. Just how a Lord Mayor lives through three hundred heavy English banquets in a year is a question I cannot answer; but Sir Thomas Crosby, aged eighty-four, did it. Sir David Burnett is a small, pale man, who looks as if it might be a task for him; but he probably will be equal to it. Ordinarily the Lord Mayor is knighted. Sometimes this honor is withheld, but not frequently. Mrs. Hollins pointed out a couple of former Lord Mayors to me who had been grievously disappointed about knighthood and their wives thrice grievously disappointed.

Mrs. Hollins? Oh, yes—her husband came and carried her off after the triumphal entrance of Premier Asquith, and there was no finding her in the crush after the dinner.

The last person I saw was the Mayor of Islington—big, ruddier than ever—jangling his necklace, stroking his whiskers and declaiming about the value of beef as an article of diet.

"You Americans," he said, "have nothing like it! Why, sir, I fancy I ate some pounds of that baron of beef—and very good beef it was too! Nothing like that in America, I'll warrant!"

"Oh, I don't know!" I replied. "Ten to one that beef you ate came from America!"

The Mayor of Islington jangled his big chain again, stroked his whiskers—and did not deign to reply.

On the Job

PREPARATIONS were going on for the funeral of a colored resident in a Southern town. As the negro undertaker bustled in and out of the house his progress was somewhat impeded by the body of a small darky who had taken his position in the doorway.

"Move on, niggah, move on," ordered the undertaker, "an' quit projeckin' yo'-se'f 'roun' heah whar you ain't wanted."

"Move on nothin'!" was the answer as the piccaninny backed against the door-jamb. "Ise de crêpe!"

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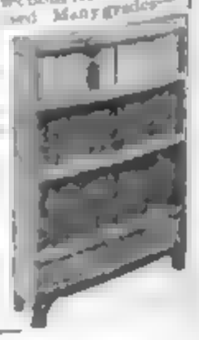

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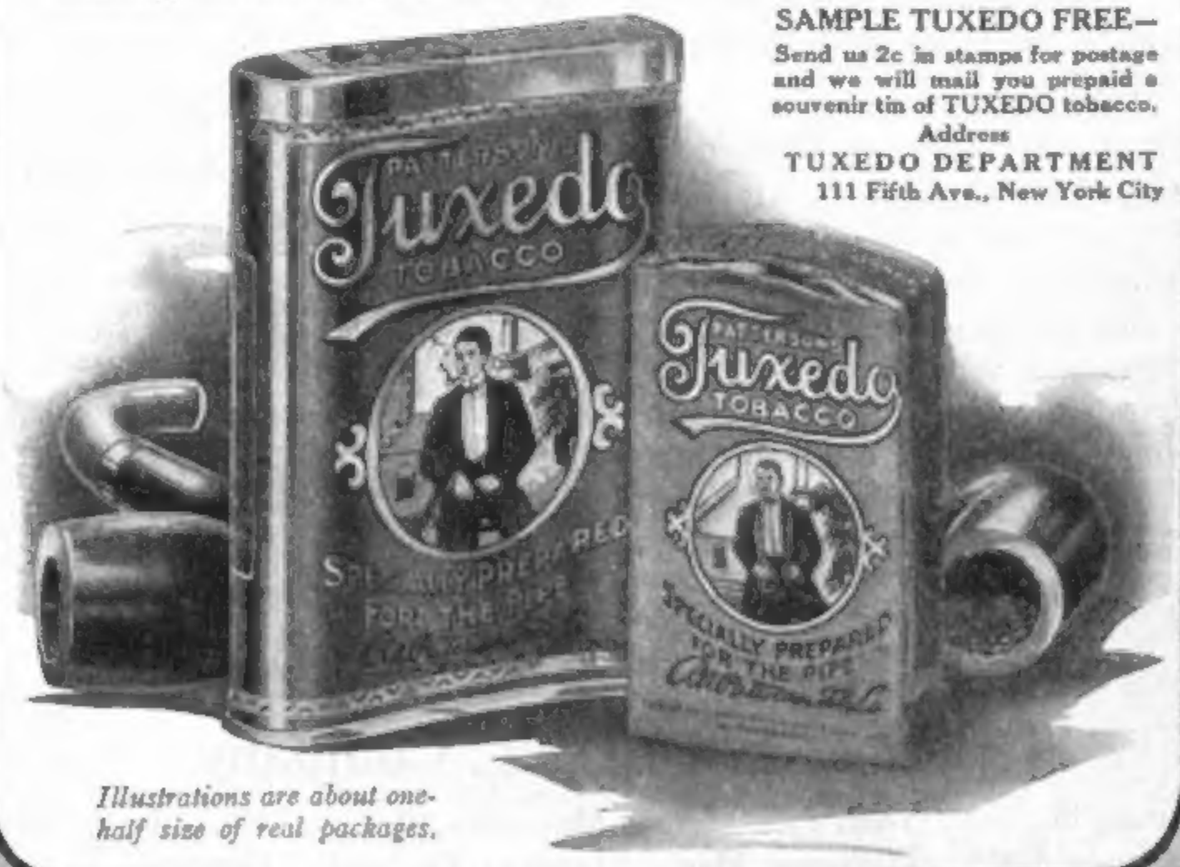

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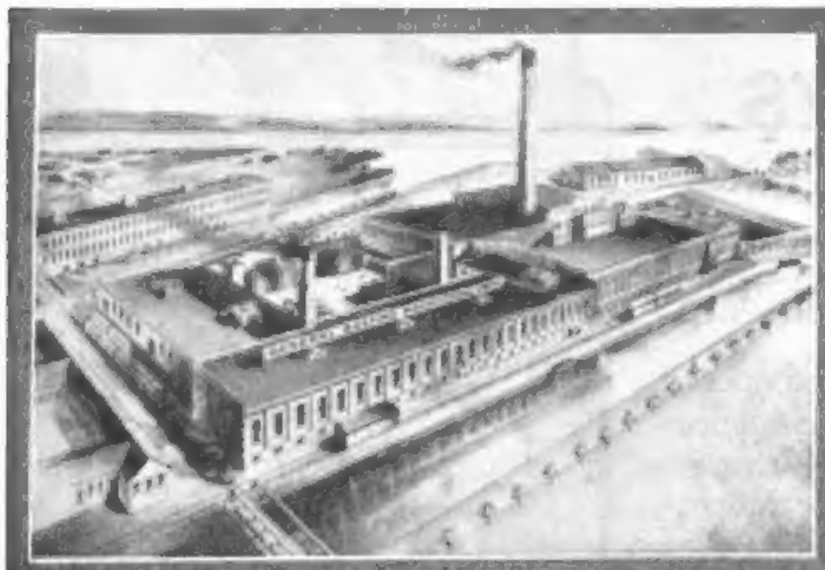

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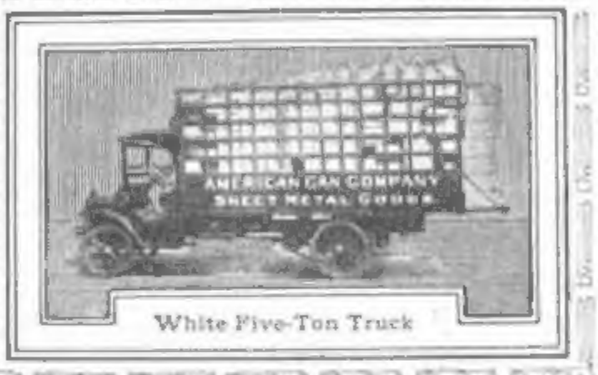

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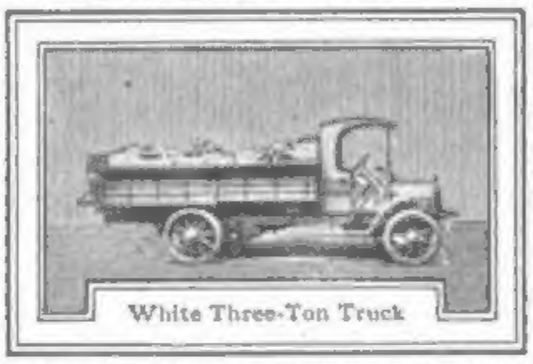

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